ollier's

TEN CENTS

CTOBER 6, 1945

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

## CHIANG KAI-SH

Discusses The Future Of C

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE ALEXANDE

# K AND DAGGER

. By LT. COL. COREY FO

ALASTAIR MacBAIN

## JOBS FOR EVERYBOD

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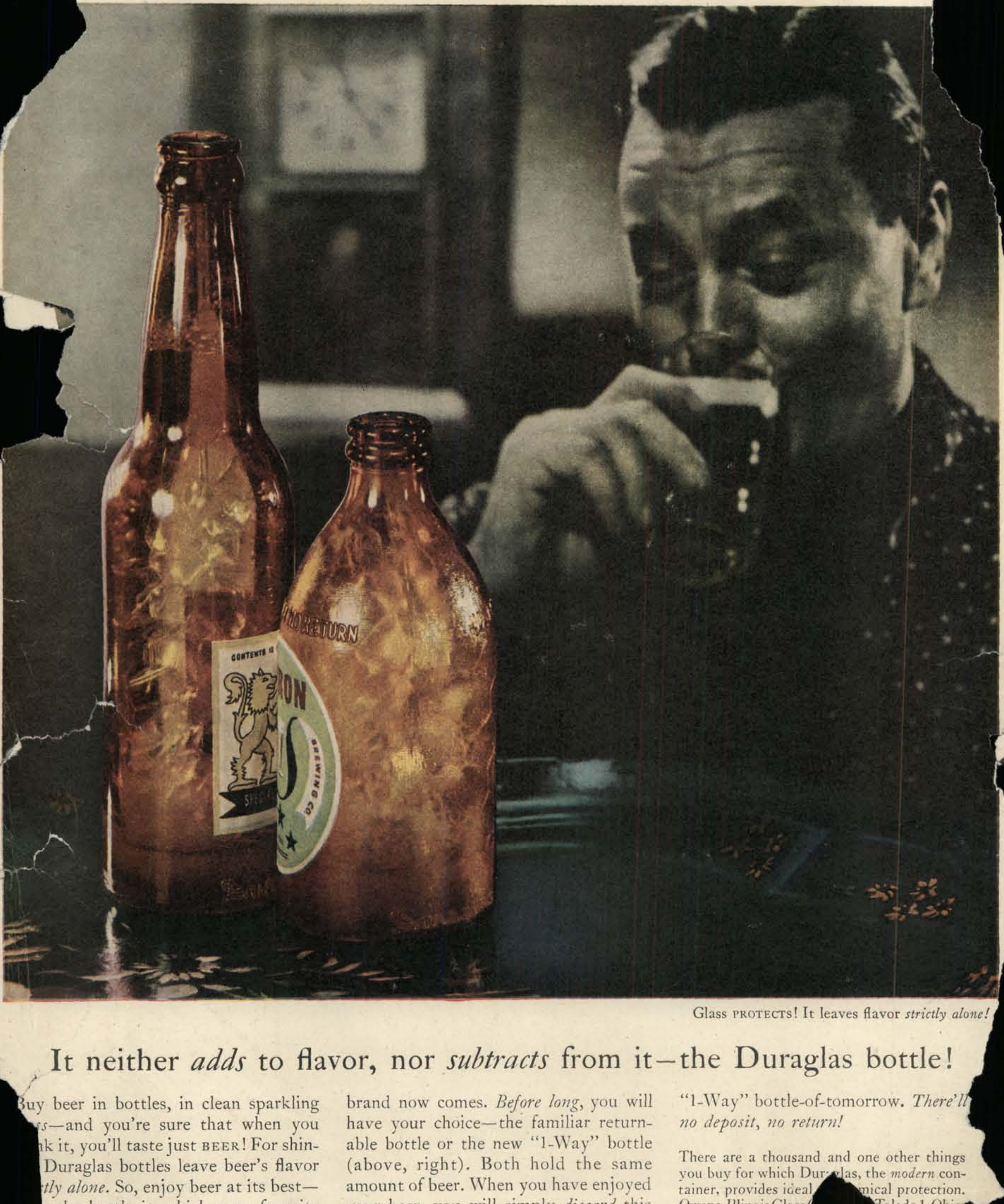
C



Glass PROTECTS! It leaves flavor *strictly alone!*

# It neither *adds* to flavor, nor *subtracts* from it—the Duraglas bottle!

uy beer in bottles, in clean sparkling ss—and you're sure that when you k it, you'll taste just BEER! For shin- Duraglas bottles leave beer's flavor *tly alone.* So, enjoy beer at its best— the bottle in which your favorite brand now comes. *Before long,* you will have your choice—the familiar returnable bottle or the new "1-Way" bottle (above, right). Both hold the same amount of beer. When you have enjoyed your beer, you will simply *discard* this "1-Way" bottle-of-tomorrow. *There'll* *no deposit, no return!*

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Dur las, the *modern* container, provides ideal mical protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Toledo 1, Ohi

**Duraglas** CONT

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

# COVER GIRL...MODEL MOTHE

### Francine Co
### "No one knows bette
### important a sn

MOVIEGOERS who sa
Counihan in "Cov
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robust youngsters – B
aged 4.

And Mother's lovely
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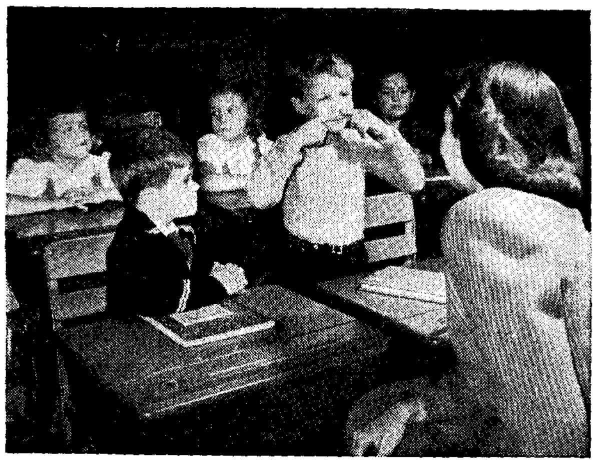
with it. And she does! S
children on the dental
of the credit for her own
*followed by gum massage w*

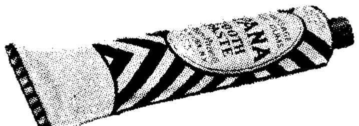
For Francine knows wha
tists and schools are teac
radiant smile depends on sp
that sparkling teeth call for fi

**With Daddy in the Marines,** it's early to bed for mother and daughter these nights. But not before teeth and gums get a stimulating workout with Ipana and massage. For Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need to keep them firm and healthy—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to speed circulation in lazy gums.

**Her favorite likeness.** Mother and daughter laugh at Lynn's first "portrait." But they're downright serious about the care of teeth and gums. Yes, gums, too. For neglected gums often signal their warning to "see your dentist" with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. He may merely suggest, as so many dentists do, the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



**If parents only knew** what children are learning in thousands of classrooms today: the importance of gum massage in the proper care of teeth and gums! Too, 7 out of 10 dentists recommend massage, according to a national survey. (Same survey shows dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own use* over any other dentifrice!)



*Product of Bristol-Myers*

## Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth with
## Ipana and Massage

**Behind the scenes** with a model smile. In the bathroom of her New York apartment, Francine shows her daughter how to guard the health of her teeth and gums with Ipana and massage. After brushing, Lynn massages a little extra Ipana on her gums to speed up circulation and help keep gums from becoming tender.

2 6 - 1945

GRINE

REGRINE,
ımn appears in
from time to
for 20 years a
ıler. He calls
sees 'em.

ı whole, what's
ık in use today?
old Victor Dog—

ȷ MASTER'S VOICE"

ıdigree that little fox terrier has,
ıere so faithfully, head cocked to one
ıistening to "His Master's Voice." Re-
ıınds me that with fox terriers *or* radio sets—

*"There's Something in Heredity..."*

JUST HOW OLD *is* that trade mark, I asked myself. Well, the RCA Victor people over in Camden, N. J., say it was registered with the Patent Office by the Victor Talking Machine Company way back in 1906... Whew! Think of the millions of phonographs and radio-phonographs and the *hundreds of millions* of Victor Records that have carried that mark around the world in the past thirty-nine years!

AND HERE'S something you ought to know before you buy any of the radio sets coming on the market fairly soon now. Only the radio-phonographs bearing the name Victrola (also a registered trade mark) will bring you, combined in one set, the twenty-six year *engineering* heritage of RCA and the forty-seven year *musical* heritage of Victor. Remember—

*"There's Something in Heredity..."*

AND IF you like fox terriers, don't miss the RCA Victor advertisement in next week's issue of Collier's . . . That's the October 13th issue of Collier's—next week. The illustration is an original drawing of a mother fox terrier and her puppy by the famous American animal artist, Rutherford Boyd. Maybe you've already guessed what the puppy looks like . . . Anyway you'll want a beautiful, sepia reproduction of the illustration when you see it and the advertisement will tell you how to get one.

AS FOR ME, look for this column, right here beside "this week's" Table of Contents in the November 3rd issue of Collier's . . . I'll have a few words to say about something that fox terriers don't like—which is *cats*! In the meantime—

*Yours for Better Listenin'*

*Paul Peregrine*

Advertisement

Collier's
FOR OCTOBER 6, 1945

**HENRY LA COSSITT** • *Editor*
**WILLIAM L. CHENERY** • *Publisher*
**JOE ALEX MORRIS** • *Managing Editor*
**KENNETH LITTAUER** • *Executive Editor*
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AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
IFOR THOMAS *Studio*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*

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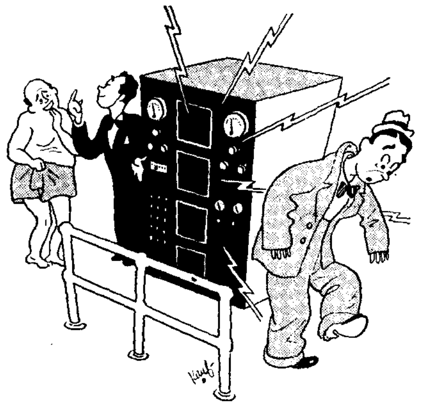
COVER By *GEORGE ALEXANDERSON—GUILLUMETTE*

# any week

THERE was a time when this would have surprised us. One of the big rubber manufacturing corporations has notified us that it has developed a new fabric principally from chicken feathers. This fabric will soon appear as suits, dresses and sweaters just as a starter. However we're way ahead of that. We've heard from Professor O. Bell Swackhammer of Dover, Ohio, again. Now that the atom too is cracked, the professor says that he is building a radioactive machine that we shall have only to walk past, nude, and emerge from the room clad from head to feet inclusive. Eventually, the professor assures us, there'll even be an extra pair of pants.



IF THIS seems to you to be more than you can reasonably bear you might retire to a farm that we see advertised in an Indiana newspaper: "Eighty acres. No electricity. No telephone. No well. No cistern. No basement. No fishing, hunting, loafing. Four-room house. Ordinary barn. Some trees. Can be farmed, but foolish to try. Priced accordingly. If you have no money don't waste my time and patience."

FURTHERMORE we have a letter from an outfit which wants to do our proofreading. We staggered through the salutation: "Mr. Henry LaPossitt, Editor; P. F. Collier and Son Corporation; 11 West 42nd Street." Well that isn't his name, that isn't the company title and the address is wrong. In what follows there are seven words misspelled. So we've written back to say that for a very modest sum we'll do their proofreading.

OUR fiction department which is always at grips with the improbable was discussing the atomic bomb when an even more unlikely thing happened: a large iridescent soap bubble came dancing leisurely past their office window. It took us a considerable while to calm them down.

*(Continued on page 68)*

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# "Please, Daddy! Don't let 'em take Pal!"

"I'd never let Bill down before . . . in the eight years of his life. And even on that day when our home and most of our furniture were put on sale, he trusted me to come through.

"It was heartbreaking to watch him clutch the dog he'd owned almost since he could remember—panicked with fear that Pal would be taken, too. He didn't understand the reason for the sudden collapse of the life he'd known. But I did! I'd had an auto accident . . . injured a man badly . . . and I had to satisfy the court judgment *myself*.

"Because I'd neglected such a trifle as auto insurance."

Auto insurance a trifle? Yes, but what a *tremendous trifle*—tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. Yet all auto insurance is NOT alike. State Farm's is different in ways that we sincerely believe give you the most for your insurance dollar. That's why State Farm Mutual is now the largest auto insurance company in the world, with more than 1,100,000 policyholders and over 6,000 agents at your service.

**Hold Your War Bonds**

Two of the soundest investments a man can have in the postwar world are his War Bonds and his insurance. Hold your War Bonds to maturity . . . and carry adequate insurance to safeguard your family's future.

IMPORTANT NOW! You may save 3 ways when you buy your next car! Through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN you (1) save on the purchase price; (2) save through lower cooperating bank-financing rates; (3) save on insurance. Send to the State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this 3-way savings plan. It also gives you basic facts about life, fire, auto, personal and residence liability insurance before you buy. Or get in touch with your friendly State Farm agent *today*.

*See Your Local Banker Before You Finance Your Next Car*

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PIPE TYPES........ by VIP

**THE BORROWER.** Considered by many as Pipe Nuisance No. 1. He always leaves his tobacco at home, digs into your pouch, and then complains about the brand! If he'd switch to Briggs he'd *never* fail to take along this wonderfully satisfying, mellow smoke.

**THE EXPERT.** He's a one-man encyclopedia of pipe and tobacco information. Can deliver a two-hour lecture on "Why Every Man Should Smoke Briggs". Our condensed version: Briggs is aged in oaken casks for YEARS—*extra aged for extra flavor.* Try Briggs!

BRIGGS

A LUXURY TOBACCO
AT A POPULAR PRICE

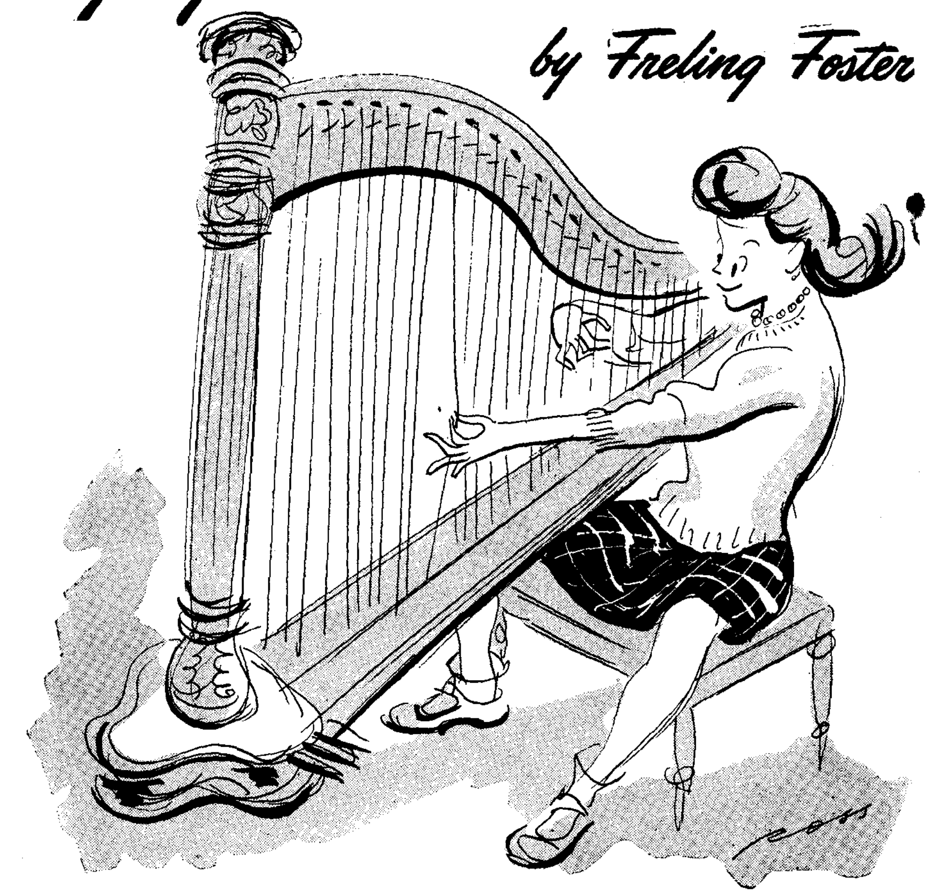
BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

PRODUCT OF
P. LORILLARD
CO.

CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

# Keep up with the world

## by Freling Foster



AL ROSS

*The* harp has been a woman's instrument since the latter part of the 18th century when it suddenly became popular in the salons of France. This adoption of the instrument by the ladies is attributed chiefly to its ornamental shape and its unique aptitude for expressing the grace and tenderness of romantic melodies.

*In the* early 1930s, the London Zoo had three large timber wolves, two males and a female, which had attacked their keeper and were considered so ferocious that signs warning the public they were "Dangerous" had to be put on their cage. Only after grave consideration, therefore, did officials allow a certain businessman to enter the cage to make friends with these animals. Having won their confidence, the man came to romp and play with them every afternoon for several years, during which time the wolves became so affectionate and obedient that he was permitted to take them out walking daily with only a leash.

*Until* the 10th century, the Christian peoples of Europe continued to marry themselves in the home, despite the efforts of the clergy for hundreds of years to have weddings held in the church. At that time, however, the laity began to yield, but only to the extent of performing the ceremony outside of the door of the church in the presence of the priest. This custom lasted until the middle of the 16th century when an ecclesiastical council passed and enforced a law making invalid all marriages held outside the church.

*While* domesticated horses and ponies of mixed and minor strains have been bred in nearly all countries for centuries, the 38 distinct and best-known breeds in existence today originated in 13 countries, three of which developed 26 of these breeds: Great Britain 16, France 6, and the United States 4—the Standardbred, the Morgan, the Mustang and the American Saddle Horse.

*As a service* to both inventors and companies seeking new articles to manufacture, the Patent Office now publishes in its Official Gazette each week a list of devices that are available for licensing or sale, and then periodically classifies and prints the items in separate lists for various manufacturing groups. The inventions are registered without charge and the lists are mailed gratis to anyone upon request.

*The* world's largest bank vault is in the Bank of Japan in Tokyo. Built and installed in 1932 by a company in York, Pennsylvania, this vault is 187 feet long by 152 feet wide, weighs 7,000 tons and cost $1,500,000. Access to its separate compartments is through six outside doors and 11 inside doors, the majority of the 17 being equipped with both time and combination locks. Moreover, the vault is constructed to withstand earthquakes. Incidentally, anyone attempting to cut its locks with an oxyacetylene torch would be asphyxiated because the steel contains a secret chemical that, under intense heat, generates a deadly gas, which will penetrate any kind of gas mask.

*Although* not official, the record for having flown the longest distance in a 24-hour period is held by the private plane of the President of the United States. In bringing Mme. Chiang Kai-shek from Rio de Janeiro to Washington on September 9, 1944, the "Flying White House," despite two stops, covered the 5,300 miles in 22 hours, 55 minutes.

*A secret* Nazi document, recently discovered, reveals the plans that Hitler had for England after its occupation by the German army, which he had scheduled for the summer of 1940. To obtain weapons to conquer Russia, he was going to make Great Britain into one vast arsenal; and to avoid sabotage, he was going to deport and imprison in Europe the entire male population between the ages of 17 and 45, which consisted of approximately 12,000,000 men and boys.

*The* word "gas," in its true sense, is virtually in a class by itself because it was not derived from any other word, being the outright invention of Jan van Helmont, the Dutch chemist, who coined it about 1625. As the languages of the world then contained no word of similar meaning, the majority of them have since adopted "gas" as their term for the gaseous form of matter.

*Wisdom* teeth, being useless and cumbrous, are not included in plates of artificial dentures. . . . A bound-volume index is published by only two newspapers in the world—the New York Times and the Times of London.

**Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission**

*Conventional Radio — lacks color and richness. Something is missing.*

*FM Radio by General Electric — you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.*

***JANE FROMAN,** star of radio, stage and cafe society, just returned from a tour of army and navy hospitals overseas.*

# Lovelier than ever—Jane Froman in natural color tone on a great new radio

AT LAST, all the charm—all the irresistible appeal of Jane Froman's voice will be yours to enjoy. On the coming General Electric radio, you'll hear her as though she stood within the very room.

### Revolutionary New Developments

In the revolutionary new General Electric, new electronic discoveries—new G-E developments fling wide the gates to a new world of enjoyment. Never before have there been such radios . . . responsive to every delicate shading of voice and instrument . . . recreating every note and syllable with a new vibrancy . . . a glorious new realism.

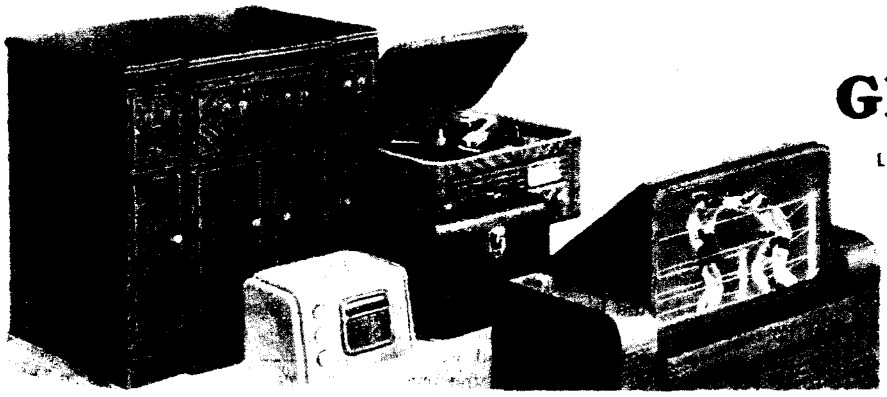
### "Natural Color" Tone Gives New Realism

Now you will hear music in all its radiant beauty. You'll marvel at the miracle of General Electric "natural color" tone — bass deeper than conventional radios can reproduce—full rounded middle register—delicate shimmering overtones. All that the composer dreamed is yours through the magic of General Electric FM, just as the artists interpret it. And this glorious "natural color" tone comes to you unbelievably freed from the annoyance of static. Fading and station interference, too, now are reduced to the vanishing point.

Whether you want a radio or radio-phonograph—an attractive table model or a fine period console—you'll discover that the coming General Electric radios surpass your greatest expectations.

### Everything in Radio and Television

Coming also are the revolutionary self-charging G-E portables, radio-phonographs with the amazing new G-E Electronic reproducer that reveals new beauty in recorded music, and television receivers by General Electric with pictures large enough for the most spacious living room. You'll want a General Electric because you want the finest.



**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

170-D10

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

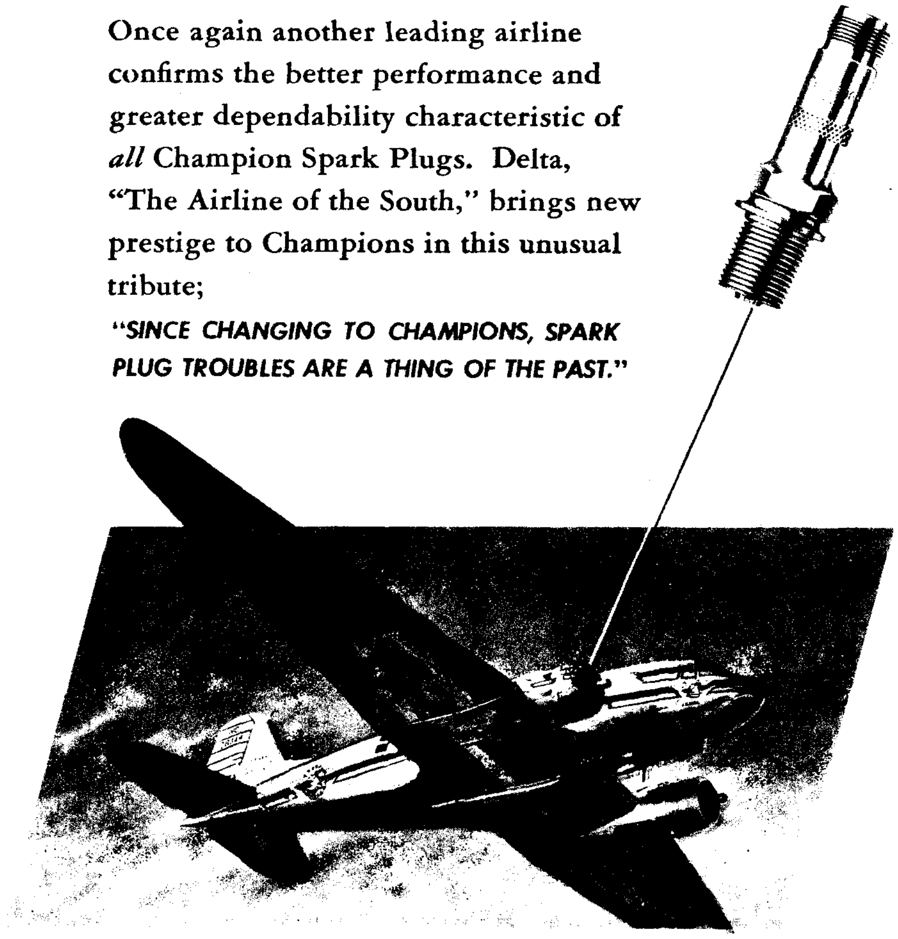
**RADIOS**

Another Airline Confirms

CHAMPION DEPENDABILITY

Once again another leading airline confirms the better performance and greater dependability characteristic of *all* Champion Spark Plugs. Delta, "The Airline of the South," brings new prestige to Champions in this unusual tribute;

*"SINCE CHANGING TO CHAMPIONS, SPARK PLUG TROUBLES ARE A THING OF THE PAST."*



The Champion Spark Plugs for your car are products of the same research engineering and manufacturing facilities, and benefit from the same basic materials and exclusive features, as the aircraft types.

Today and tomorrow, as for many years past, Champion Spark Plugs will continue to provide the maximum in performance, dependability and economy for every engine, on land, water, and in the air.

DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS WITH Aircraft Prestige

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

# Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE ATC

**Brig. Gen. James S. Stowell, commander of ATC's North African Division beside a Douglas C-54 of the Casablanca-United States Skyrocket Fleet**

CASABLANCA: One day, when there was still a war to be fought in the Mediterranean theater, a gang of Moroccan laborers and a fleet of bulldozers knocked down a little native village on the outskirts of Casablanca, leveled off the rubble and built an airfield big enough to handle a flying battleship. Today the Cazes air base is the busiest aerial crossroads in the world, and it's getting busier all the time. Its main job is speeding the return to America of 600,000 soldiers and its operation is a traffic master's dream.

Sometimes it must have been a nightmare, too, for the group of former airline men who are now on the staff of Brigadier General James S. Stowell, commanding officer of the 25,000 miles of air routes stretching from Brazil to India and known as the North African Division of the Air Transport Command. You understand why it had nightmare moments when you drive along the breezy African coast, past fields in which camels pull the plow and swing into the bustling air base camp with its long wooden barracks and offices and mess halls. Overhead at midday there is a steady buzz and sometimes when you look up you can see as many as six or eight Flying Fortresses glinting against the blue sky and drifting—one close behind another—down toward the long runway.

One is just landing as you drive up along the field. The time is 11:30 A.M. The plane rolls down the field and branches off on a circular path, kicking up a great swirl of yellow dust as it moves past a line-up of twenty Army trucks. One of the trucks leaves the line-up and follows closely as the plane comes to a stop on the unloading sidetrack. By the time the big door in the fuselage is opened, the trucks have backed up to the plane and a lieutenant is looking in the door.

"Okay," he yells. "Everybody out and into the trucks."

The grinning mug of a corporal from Knoxville appears in the door and with two strides he is in the truck—two more strides that are a part of a series of giant strides toward home. There are twenty-nine other soldiers right behind him and headed in the same direction. The last one out takes the last seat in the second truck and duffel bags, tossed by the field crew, fly into the trucks. The unloading has taken four and one half minutes and the trucks speed the boys to a near-by rest camp to wait a day for a transatlantic plane.

The crew of the Fortress have remained in the plane and now it moves ahead, completing the circuit to the end of the runway, where it takes off again—just seventeen minutes after landing. By the time the big plane is airborne, the next one in line is moving up for a take-off and, all down the field, others are in the process of landing, unloading and getting away again with the precision of a dance routine.

THAT'S the way your boy may be coming home today, but it wasn't easy to arrange. Ask General Stowell, ask Colonel James McClendon, his chief of staff; or Colonel R. L. Turner, the assistant chief of staff for a major headache known as Priorities and Traffic. Or ask Colonel Harry Johansen, in charge of operations; or Colonel Frank Williams, who handles supplies and service. You'll find them in a big office building in downtown Casablanca, poring over figures, studying countless cargo charts and watching a huge wall map on which are stuck miniature airplanes showing, within about thirty minutes of any moment, the position of every plane from America to India.

These are the men who run the North African Division, which always had plenty of traffic. But last April there was a new plan afoot. It was an idea for moving hundreds of thousands of European veterans home by air.* For one thing, we had a lot of wartime airplanes available and shipping was scarce. The proposal might save some 600 Atlantic crossings by Liberty ships, for instance. Then there was the question of postwar aerial lines and the political considerations that go with them. And there was the idea of speeding up the return of veterans.

There were other considerations, too. For instance, it would cost plenty of money. If you try to figure just how much, the statistics are likely to get out of hand, but by allowing a mere $300 per passenger (and that's low) you come up with a cost of $180,000,000 for 600,000 men. That's just an indicator.

But these were matters of policy and, of

*(Continued on page 62)*

*See *The Great Lift*, by W. B. Courtney, Collier's, Sept. 29, 1945.

The GENERAL TIRE

*Ever Smarter Looking*, ever giving greater value—

The General Tire, always pioneering, has kept far ahead in mileage, safety, comfort and reliability. One thing that has never changed is General's original principle . . . building the top-quality tire at all times. The Generals you buy today proudly uphold this 30-year-old tradition.

*—goes a long way to make friends*

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Soon Plymouth [illegible]

Since '42, tanks, guns, and planes

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE “B

But the greatest will be the new Plymouth

Won't be enough to go around—at first. But if you have to wait, it's worth waiting for!

**PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

**BUY VICTORY BONDS . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD!**

*New Thursday Night Program!* The Music of [illegible] with the most popular stars of the musical world, Th[illegible], CBS, [illegible] P.M., EWT.

IOLA
Free Public Library
Iola, Kansas

# THE FUTURE OF CHINESE DEMOCRACY

## Nine Questions asked by Collier's and answered by

## GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK

***Henry La Cossitt, editor of Collier's, recently radioed Chiang Kai-shek, President and Generalissimo of China, putting nine questions with respect to China's present situation and postwar plans. It was known that the Generalissimo's policy was to confine all such statements to official addresses, but a departure from custom was urged on the ground that public opinion in the United States, confused by conflicting reports regarding the Chinese situation, needed immediate and authoritative enlightenment. Here is the Generalissimo's reply:***

"ALTHOUGH there are such heavy calls on my time that I find it difficult to meet even my essential engagements, I shall do my best to reply as adequately as possible to the questions which Collier's has asked me. This I am the more glad to do because comradeship in war has forged a link between our nations which the passage of time, I hope and believe, will only make the stronger. If by these brief replies I can contribute to the betterment of understanding between our peoples, I shall feel I have done services to both."

### ONE

***On the outlook for the unification of China.***

Answer: "The ultimate object of the Chinese National Revolution is the establishment of a united, free and independent China. National disunity, resulting from constant civil wars among local war lords under the then Peking government since 1912, came to an end in 1928, when the National Government successfully concluded its northern expedition and unified the entire nation. At present the only obstacle to unity is the refusal of the Chinese Communist Party and its troops to obey the orders of the National Government. There is no other. But I have always maintained that the Chinese Communist problem is a political problem and should be solved by political means. The government has always taken this view and repeatedly has sought compromise by making liberal offers in negotiation with the Chinese Communist Party. The government will continue to follow this policy and redouble its efforts to seek a political solution.

"If the Chinese Communist Party truly has the interest of the country and nation at heart, and shows a genuine desire to attain unity and solidarity in order successfully to begin national reconstruction, then the outlook for unity in China is very optimistic. Americans know from their own national experience that only a united country can successfully realize constitutionalism and successfully accomplish different phases of economic reconstruction and make due contributions to the peace and welfare of mankind in the postwar new world."

### TWO

***Will the National Assembly offer adequate representation to all political parties?***

Answer: "In order to realize its original purposes—the promotion of true democracy—the National Government has undertaken to give the National Assembly the fullest opportunity to represent all political parties and nonpartisan leaders in the country. Upon the inauguration of constitutional government, all political parties will have legal status and enjoy complete equality."

Editor's Note: A recent issue of Contemporary China, a government publication, expressed the hope that "when constitutional democracy is established, the Kuomintang, the largest party, will play the role of a liberal, progressive middle party; the Communists will become a national, democratic left party, and the minor parties, such as the State Socialist and the National Youth, will exercise a conservative but constructive influence in the body politic."

### THREE

***Does the proposed constitution guarantee free speech, free press, right of assembly and the end of a one-party system?***

Answer: "Absolutely! The second part of the Draft Constitution of the Republic of China, published on May 5, 1936, provides for a guarantee of freedom of speech, writing and publication, and freedom of assembly and the forming of associations. That is, and always has been the government's intention. When the period of political tutelage concludes shortly, the Kuomintang will carry out its original purpose of returning sovereign power to the people. This means the end of one-party rule and the implementation of the provisions in Article 2 of Part One of the Draft Constitution, that 'the sovereignty of the Republic of China is vested in the whole body of citizens.'"

### FOUR

***What measures are being taken by the government to promote honest, efficient administration?***

Answer: "The Control Yuan, one of the five Yuan of the National Government, has the power of investigation, impeachment and auditing. There is also a Commission for Disciplinary Punishment of Public Functionaries. In order to increase administrative efficiency, the Party and Government Work Evaluation Committee was established in 1941. In recent months a number of cases of corruption, embezzlement and maladministration have been tried by the court, reflecting the government's determination to root out dishonest and inefficient administration."

Editor's Note: The Chinese News Service adds that the following Chinese officials were executed on July 18th for murder and extortion: Colonel Ysu Cheng-kung for misappropriation of military supplies; Captain Hsu Yu-mo, for forcing recruits into service; Lieutenant Feeng Thun, for extorting money from a recruit's relatives; Captain Li Pochien, misappropriation of military funds; Captain Li Hsiang-wei, for beating a recruit; Lieutenant Chang Li-ting, for murdering a soldier. Prominent bankers, accused of using official information for private profit, are now awaiting trial.

### FIVE

***What is the government's agrarian program?***

Answer: "Chinese agricultural policy is to follow the Three Principles of the People and will improve the livelihood of the peasants, solve the land problem and realize the principle that farmers should own the land they till. On the other hand, China proposes to adopt modern techniques in order to increase agricultural production to meet industrial needs and improve the people's standard of living."

Editor's Note: The Three Principles are Nationalism, Democracy and Livelihood. The Chinese News Service supplements the Generalissimo's answer with this detailed statement of the government's agrarian policy: "Instead of land confiscation, the Kuomintang has advocated the following measures: First, introduction of scientific methods of farming which, it is estimated, will increase agricultural production up to 40 per cent. Second, extension of cultivation. It is estimated that only 1,600,000,000 mou of land out of a total of 12,274,000,000 is cultivated in China. Even if all the cultivated land were equally divided among the people—a process which would cause tremendous social disturbance—the per capita amount of land would be only 3.5 mou—about half an acre. Third, adoption of a progressive land tax, and fourth, reduction of land rent. The first two measures will improve the people's livelihood; the next two will peacefully and gradually bring about a status of relative equality."

### SIX

***Will postwar development rely on state control or private enterprises?***

Answer: "In December of last year the Supreme National Defense Council adopted general principles for economic enterprises during the first period of reconstruction. This plan fully encourages private enterprises, within the scope of the principle of restriction of capital concentration. The postwar industrial development of China will be carried out along two lines—by private enterprises and by state enterprises. The principle adopted by the Supreme National Defense Council also provides that 'the kinds of state monopolies should not be too numerous. Such monopolies include: first, postal service and telecommunications; second, arsenals; third, mints; fourth, principal railroads; and fifth, large-scale hydraulic power plants. Private capital may engage in any enterprise other than state monopolies.' In a nutshell, the purpose of Chinese economic reconstruction is to realize the economic system of the Three Principles of the People through the development of a planned free economy."

### SEVEN

***What is the government program for the protection of the rights of minorities?***

Answer: "The Kuomintang political program provides that all racial groups within China shall be equal. This also is one of the guiding principles of Doctor Sun Yat-sen's Principle of Democracy. It is a source of pride to our people that China has never mistreated her minor racial groups. The National Government in the future will redouble its efforts to help the frontier racial groups to bring about a balanced development of economy and culture and to make the Republic of China a united country supported and loved by all racial groups."

### EIGHT

***What are the relations between China and the Soviet Union?***

Answer: "The Soviet Union was the first country voluntarily to surrender extraterritorial rights in China after the first World War. A Sino-Soviet nonaggression pact was signed between the two countries in 1937, immediately after the outbreak of the present Sino-Japanese war. In earlier stages of this eight-year war, Soviet help in the form of equipment, advisers and volunteer airmen played an important part in China's War of Resistance. The Moscow conversations in July between Doctor T. V. Soong, President of the Executive Yuan, and Generalissimo Stalin were cordial and satisfactory. Doctor Soong and Doctor Wang Shi-chieh, new Foreign Minister, visited Moscow again after the Potsdam Conference. The resultant treaty carries the guarantee of co-operation and further strengthens the friendly relations between the two countries."

### NINE

***What are China's most pressing economic needs in the postwar period?***

Answer: "After eight years of bitter fighting and tight blockades by the enemy, it is only to be expected that China will have difficulties in the economic and financial fields. Help is needed and will be warmly welcomed. Such aid will not only permit the government to function effectively, but will enable China to play a leading part in the solution of problems presented by the defeat of Japan."

Editor's Note: The Chinese News Service furnishes this authoritative statement of China's postwar economic policy, with reference to foreign investors, as presented by Doctor Sun Fo, son of Doctor Sun Yat-sen, and president of the Legislative Yuan: "(a) That no restriction will be placed upon the percentage of foreign participation and management in Chinese companies; (b) That technicians may be brought to China to assist in the development and operation of industries in which foreign capital is invested; (c) That foreign nationals, in conformity with Chinese laws, may establish branch factories, branch business houses and independent business enterprises in China; (d) That there will be no discrimination in the matter of taxation as between Chinese and foreign nations; (e) That the government may grant special charters to foreign interests for undertaking important enterprises in China."

The Service also calls attention to this statement by Doctor Wei Tao-ming, Chinese ambassador to the United States: "The people of our two countries are peace-loving by nature. With our traditional friendship strengthened on the battlefield, we will make the best of partners in the peace to come. When the future peace is established, you will agree with me that this co-operation will extend immediately to the economic and other fields, because not only have we no conflict of interests but all our relations are of mutual benefit and the prospect before us is unlimited. The United States is one of the most advanced industrial countries in the world. China has a large population with vast natural resources to be developed. For China there is the need of financial and technical assistance from the United States. For the United States there is opportunity for your industry, capital and technical skill. Thus the complementary nature of our two economies will make possible substantial contribution to your prosperity and our development." ★★★

AT GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S REQUEST THE PROCEEDS FROM THIS ARTICLE ARE BEING GIVEN TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN-PIX

"Now that the war is ended it is only fair to the men of O.S.S., who have taken some of the gravest risks of the war, that their courage and devotion should be made known. It is only fair that their families and friends, and the public at large, should know what they have done--of the deeds of their fellow Americans.

"The performance of these individuals--officers, enlisted men, civilian men and women working as a team--is the more worthy of commendation because it was undertaken with the express understanding that their heroism might have to remain unsung. They accepted their dangerous missions, knowing that if they were killed in the line of duty their widows or children perhaps would never learn the nature of the missions for which they had volunteered. In their story every American can take honest pride."*

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM J. DONOVAN
DIRECTOR OF O.S.S.

* FROM A TRIBUTE BY GENERAL DONOVAN TO THE PERSONNEL OF O.S.S

# CLOAK and

**Here is the story of how we won the desperate battle of espionage. It was won by many men—average Americans—hair-trigger trained and organized with cold and deadly efficiency. Their story is one of the greatest stories of the war, and it is told here by two officers who have watched the operations of the Office of Strategic Services at firsthand. The authors have been associated with O.S.S. since the early days of the war, and have an intimate knowledge of its world-wide activities. Their story of the United States' first all-out participation in black warfare, espionage and super-secret wartime intelligence is based on personal experiences, interviews with Office of Strategic Services personnel in the field and on official Washington records which are here made public for the first time**

ON a historic night in November of 1942, a message was flashed in code to the German-held African coast: "Ecoute, Yankee, Franklin, Lincoln, Midway, Pilgrim—Robert arrive! Robert arrive!"

That long-awaited signal, picked up by five American radio stations operating under the very noses of the Nazis—"Yankee" in Algiers, "Franklin" in Oran, "Lincoln" in Casablanca, "Midway" in Tangier, "Pilgrim" in Tunis—spread like wildfire through the tense underground. Messengers hurried to the cellar headquarters of French resistance groups. Cars sped through the night, ignoring the sentries' sharp commands to halt. Moslems gathered in silent groups, ready. In pubs and brothels and walled-in villas, the word was whispered: Robert was coming. The American invasion forces were landing tomorrow. The time was now.

For eighteen months, preparations had gone on for this moment. A handful of undercover agents—members of a secret Intelligence agency without precedent in American history—had infiltrated through the German lines, organized native resistance, supplied them with propaganda and arms. Led by Major Carleton S. Coon, former Harvard professor of anthropology, and Marine Colonel William A. Eddy, winner of the Navy Cross and DSC in World War I, they had set up a clandestine radio network which was virtually our only link with the anti-Axis French. Brazenly worming their way into Nazi headquarters, they had obtained the complete text of the German plans for meeting an Allied landing. Day after day they had sent back vital intelligence to the Allied High Command.

Several months before D-Day Africa, an American businessman, a member of this secret agency, had smuggled Malverne, chief pilot of Port Lyautey, from Casablanca to Gibraltar, whence he was rushed to the United States to give our Navy information about landing facilities, channels, harbor installations. Another agent, Ridgeway Knight, had waited in the surf of the enemy coast on a certain midnight, winking his flashlight in code as an American submarine surfaced and a party in a rubber boat paddled toward him with muffled oars. The beam of his light shone on the face of General Mark W. Clark, commander of the coming African invasion. The general was led to a waiting car, rushed to his now famous rendezvous. . . .

All was in readiness as the Allied fleet of several hundred ships glided through that eventful November night. Too late, the Germans on watch in Algeciras and Ceuta and Tangier radioed frantically to Wiesbaden, and the Stukas began to warm up in Sardinia. Already the alerted African underground had risen to overthrow the local Vichy government and suppress opposition. With General Eisenhower on Gibraltar, Coon and Eddy were on the air constantly, exchanging last-minute intelligence with their five secret stations. Loyal French pilots, who knew every inch of the coastline and harbors, guided the Allied ships accurately to their destinations. Malverne himself triumphantly steered the first American destroyer into his home port.

As the landing boats loomed out of the darkness, they saw the welcome torches of this handful of American agents standing on the enemy beaches, blinking directions as they approached. That lightly opposed invasion of Africa was more than a milestone on the long road to Berlin. It was the opening chapter in the hitherto untold story of a bold new venture in black warfare: the Office of Strategic Services. . . .

You might have walked past its headquarters, unsuspecting, a dozen times. They are located in a drab and down-at-heel section of Washington: a group of brick-and-limestone buildings huddled in the shadow of an ancient brewery, an apartment house, a ramshackle school. Only the guards with shoulder holsters who challenged you at every door would have indicated that there was anything secret behind their anonymous walls.

Inside, the creaking corridors and the tiny boxlike offices,

# DAGGER

## BY LIEUT. COL. COREY FORD AND MAJOR ALASTAIR MAC BAIN

crammed with filing cabinets and clacking typewriters and paper-littered desks, would have reminded you of any small-town law firm on a humid Southern afternoon. Gray-haired statisticians, research experts, accountants in shirt sleeves poring over columns of figures. A mild-looking scientist with a magnifying glass, studying a yellowed sheet of German business stationery. A foreign language professor translating an article on economics from a Japanese magazine. . . .

A far cry from the headlines, the clash and thunder of battle. Yet these dusty offices were a battlefield—the strangest and perhaps the most crucial battlefield of the war. These filing cabinets were arsenals, their contents as vital as bullets or bombs. From these obscure buildings, like the waves of a powerful radio station, a network of secret intelligence stretched around the globe from Washington to Berne, to Caserta, to Chungking, to Berlin itself. Behind their barred windows was an organization as revolutionary in our military history as the atomic bomb.

Look more closely through that magnifying glass. The tiny steel engraving on that German letterhead furnished the only available reproduction of a Nazi war plant, which our Army Air Forces subsequently bombed into rubble. Study that Japanese magazine. Hidden in its pages was the key to a critical bottleneck in the Nip aircraft industry. Thousands of such jigsaw facts and figures were gathered by O.S.S. agents, equipped with powerful radio sets, who parachuted behind the enemy lines and flashed their information back to these unromantic-looking analysts in their Washington cubbyhole—to give us a detailed picture of the enemy's total war economy. That picture determined our aerial bombing program—according to Von Rundstedt, the deciding factor in the defeat of Germany.

The story of O.S.S.—the fabulous story that has been shrouded till now in complete military security—is the story of average everyday Americans who successfully outmaneuvered and outwitted the centuries-old espionage systems of Axis Europe and Asia. It is the story of humdrum law clerks or teachers or insurance salesmen—your own husband or son or brother—who donned paratrooper boots and leapt into the rushing darkness over Burma, or paddled ashore from a submarine at night in Italy or southern France.

It is the story of respectable American businessmen, never guilty before of any greater duplicity than a bluff at three-card stud, who posed as innocent wine merchants or booksellers while they picked locks, rifled safes, directed the underground in dynamiting factories and bridges. To many citizens, accustomed to think of their country as a gullible Uncle Sap, whose striped pants pockets are ready to be picked by any foreign spy, the record of O.S.S. must stand as a proud American achievement. . . .

### A Conference with the President

The story begins on an afternoon early in 1942, when President Roosevelt called General William J. Donovan to the White House on an urgent and confidential matter. For over a year (starting before Pearl Harbor) General Donovan, as Co-ordinator of Information, had been assembling military and economic and political intelligence that concerned the security of the United States. Now, the President ordered, his civilian organization was being transformed overnight into a military agency under the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to act as a supporting unit for the Army and Navy.

This Office of Strategic Services, as it would henceforth be called, was to "collect and analyze strategic information" and to "plan and operate special services"; sabotage, black warfare, similar clandestine operations that did not normally fall within the jurisdiction of the regular armed forces. New methods of warfare required new concepts and new weapons, Mr. Roosevelt said. The United States was about to embark on activities that had never been indulged in by this nation before.

It was a staggering order. For the first time, Uncle Sam was going into the international cloak-and-dagger business, and the business was starting virtually from scratch. The prospect would have floored any man but General Donovan, who had won the Congressional Medal of Honor and the nickname of "Wild Bill" for his bravery when he was leader of the fighting Sixty-Ninth in World War I.

General Donovan had a unique combination of unbounding curiosity, a flexible imagination that leapt to new ideas, an affinity for danger, a way of getting what he wanted. Two years before, Mussolini was known to be amassing many troops in Africa, but no one was allowed to see them. Donovan, realizing that grave times were on the horizon, visited the Fascist leader in Rome, and was likewise refused permission. He shrugged casually: "It doesn't matter. We know the Italians haven't got much of an army anyway." The Duce, infuriated, issued personal orders that this skeptical American was to be taken everywhere, shown everything. Donovan went, and saw.

He had been head of a prominent New York law firm when he was called back into service. He tackled the new problem in the orderly way that a lawyer would handle a case. He hired the best possible staff of research experts, of prosecutors, of special investigators. Strength of character, he decided at the outset, was the first requirement for subversive and dangerous work. The type of American who could best lead a double life behind enemy lines, he insisted, was the man who had never lived a double life before. It was easier to train an honest citizen to engage in shady activities than to teach honesty to a man of dubious background.

This was total intelligence. The job of O.S.S. was to know more about the enemy than he knew himself, to learn every detail of his economic and political and military situation. So, for his key personnel, General Donovan recruited prominent bankers and industrialists—names like Vanderbilt, Du Pont, Morgan—who knew European finance and who had an intimate knowledge of strategic areas. He enlisted noted diplomats like Hugh Wilson, our last ambassador to Germany, and Allen Dulles, whose subsequent dealings in Switzerland with General Wolfe of the SS (Elite Guard) provided one of the most fantastic episodes in the O.S.S. history. He enrolled leaders from all walks of American life: President James P. Baxter of Williams College; Brigadier General John T. Magruder, former chief of Army Intelligence; ace Hollywood director Captain John Ford, USNR, and Garson Kanin; Sterling Hayden, George Skouras, of Twentieth Century-Fox, Navy Lieutenant Henry Ringling North of Ringling Circus fame; Lieutenant Mike Burke, Penn All-America, and Jumping Joe Savoldi of Notre Dame, noted professional wrestler.

### Socialites Scoff at Danger

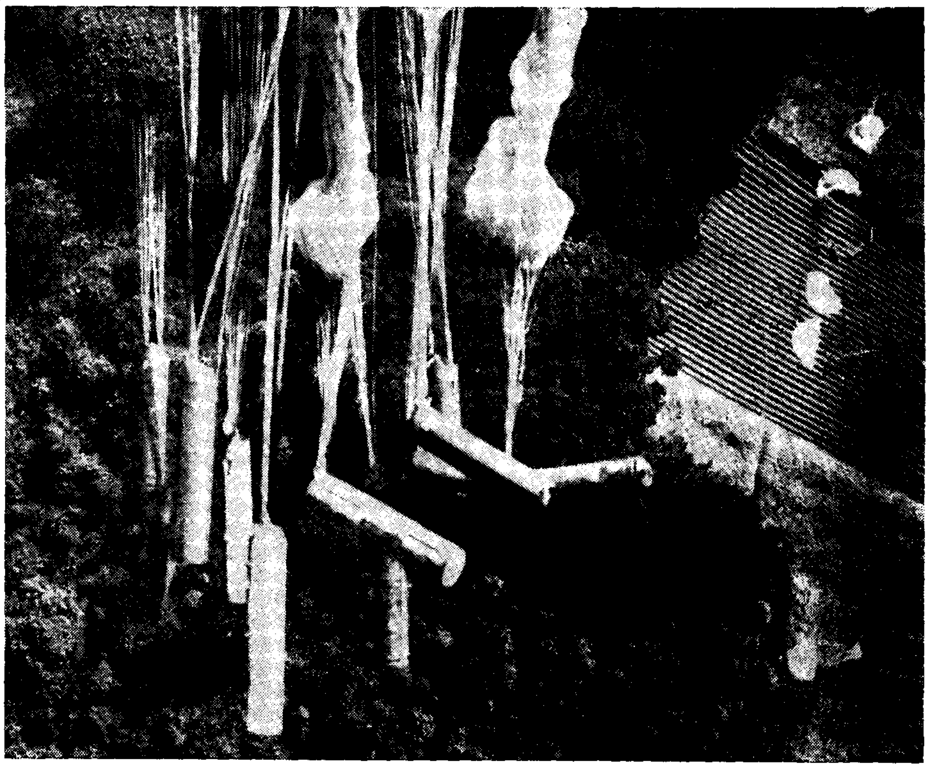
There were bluebloods from the top drawer of the Social Register, Roosevelt and Armour and Guest. Oh So Social, the agency was promptly dubbed by uninformed and irresponsible columnists, who did not know that these representatives of America's Four Hundred volunteered without hesitation for dark and dangerous assignments. Captain Winston Guest flew into Jap-held China with an O.S.S. medical unit to locate General Jonathan Wainwright. Marine Captain Winthrop Rutherford led his team several times through the German lines in southern France. Captain Lester Armour spearheaded an O.S.S. party into besieged Paris. Fifty-four-year-old Colonel Serge Obolensky, New York man about town, disappeared from El Morocco one night to parachute into Sardinia, cut communication lines, organize the Partisans so effectively that they met our invading forces with flowers.

And there were the nameless thousands of Americans who never made the headlines, doctors and editors and interior decorators, ornithologists and soda-jerkers and cowboys and clerks, who accepted voluntarily the peril and loneliness of a hunted existence behind the enemy lines. There were wives and sisters of men in services who flocked to join because of their stake in the war. There were recruits with every background of language and race; the conglomerate nature of America proved an invaluable asset in assembling an international agency. Many were of Italian or German or Japanese descent, newly made citizens with a burning desire to pay off their obligation to their adopted land as well as to drive the dictators from their ancestral homes. Some of them paid off that obligation with their lives.

The new agency set up headquarters in Washington in the buildings of the National

*(Continued on page 88)*

**An O.S.S. trainee moves cautiously through the "Scare House," where diabolical traps test his alertness, his reflexes and his emotional poise. Suddenly confronted by a pop-up dummy of a Nazi Storm Trooper, this trainee's reaction is the approved one**



**From occupied France to the Malayan jungles, American bombing planes kept O.S.S. infiltration teams supplied with food and weapons deep in enemy territory. These parachute containers hold supplies for O.S.S. men co-operating with the French underground**

# Saturday Afternoons

**BY ANN CHIDESTER**

**The story of a girl whose restless search for reality almost failed because she had not imagined it could be found in beauty as well as in ugliness**

SHE lay in bed and watched her mother dressing. She thought about herself. She was fourteen now, and she had to admit that she was a person of no decisions. Her best friend, P. G. Harper, told her this all the time. And every morning, regretfully, she examined her character, making a face at herself in the mirror.

It was true that she was a person of a wispy, daydreaming nature and that she was always waiting for miracles. Of course, she believed in miracles because her mother believed in them—still, she had never seen one.

Her mother was putting on her earrings. Her hair was thick and black and smooth, her hands were quick, her body was strong and full of life, and she always laughed. It seemed to her that her mother was really a child. P. G. said that, too: "Your mother's a dancer. That's all she knows. Honestly, she acts like a brat of a kid."

Now, her mother's face looked back at her from the mirror; the dark eyes were thoughtful. "Well, Marcie, what is it today?" she asked.

"Nothing much," Marcie said. "P. G. said she'd be over early."

"Fine."

"We might go to the Sutton to see Ingrid Bergman," Marcie continued. "P. G. says she's important."

"I see," her mother laughed. "Everyone's important, darling."

"Well, Ingrid Bergman's an internationalist."

Her mother said nothing.

"Mother?"

"Ummm." Her mother ran her hands lightly over her smooth black hair.

"Do you think people are going to find a way to prevent ever having another war?" Marcie asked.

"I don't know, dear."

Her mother was putting some flowers in her hair, red Chinese poppies. "Today we rehearse the new ballet," she said. "I think it's going to be wonderful. It's called Orange Blossom."

Marcie grunted. She sat up in bed. "Mother, I was talking about war."

"I know, I know."

"And last Saturday—last Saturday P. G. and I saw an accident; two cars came along and smacked into each other. One man was killed, and we looked in the newspaper. There wasn't a thing about it, Mother. Mother, are you listening?"

Her mother turned around. There was a curious, half-smiling look on her face. Her feet moved restlessly in a childish, slow movement of waiting. "Well?"

"Mother, there wasn't any mention of the man, who he was even."

"I see," her mother said. "But, some people live without ever being known by anyone else. Perhaps they prefer to die that way."

"Really, Mother—you're not being very serious."

Her mother laughed again. She sat on the edge of the bed and kissed Marcie's cheek. "I guess I'm no good to you, darling. I'm just a dancer. That's all I know."

"I know, Mother," Marcie said gravely. "Madam Ducart asked about you. She misses you in her class."

Marcie sat up very straight. "Now, Mother, you know I'm never going to be a dancer. You said you wouldn't make me go back there."

"No," her mother said. "It's only that she was so sad about it, darling, and I'm so sad about it. When I remember how I used to go up there and watch you and how lovely—"

"Mother!" she said.

"Ah, well," her mother sighed, raising her slick black eyebrows. Then she went out into the living room, and Marcie could hear her talking to Mrs. Donetz, the cleaning woman. She lay back on the bed and looked at her mother's dressing table, at the little colored bottles and the picture of her father in his Navy uniform, of herself in her first ballet dress when she was almost two years old, of her mother's teacher—an old man with tired, pale eyes.

Just the same she was not studying with Madam Ducart this year. It was kind of fun having more free time, not having to think about Madam Ducart's tongue lashing you like a thousand whips, but in a way it was a funny sensation after going there all this time. Now she and P. G. had decided to become serious. Dancing was really something wonderful—but you had to admit it was kind of crazy. P. G. said you had to be crazy to go for that sort of life in the first place. And in the second place, it didn't accomplish anything, anything at all.

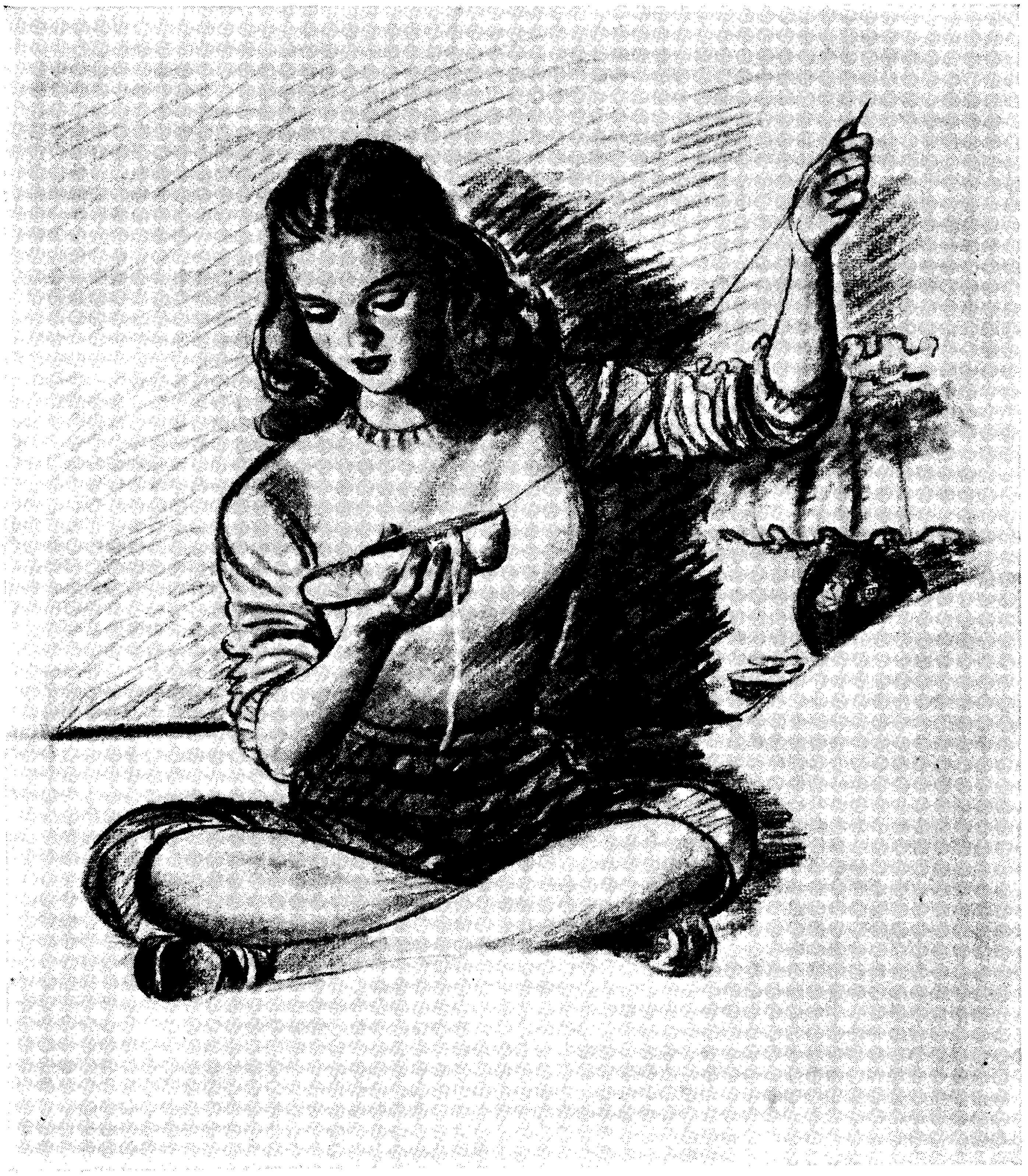
She got out of bed and picked up her mother's gown and slippers and put them in the closet. Then she closed the dressing table drawers, making a clucking sound and shaking her head. "Mother's such a child, really a terrible child," she said. After that, she went into the kitchen and ate her breakfast slowly while Mrs. Donetz cleaned the living room.

SHE was still eating when P. G. came. P. G. was fifteen now. They went to the same school, and every Saturday for four months they had been together. They looked at things and people on Saturdays. That was part of understanding society, P. G. explained. They sat in Grand Central and watched the people and listened to what they said. Or they walked around the streets looking in windows and pretending to buy things in the department stores. Sometimes they would go to the movies when their feet were tired.

They never wearied of these Saturdays. P. G. was a knowing person, full of experiments and eager to give explanations about everything they saw. Now, she wore a blue jacket and a plaid skirt and carried herself with sureness. She sat down in the breakfast nook and munched on some toast.

"I want to see Ingrid Bergman," Marcie said.

"Maybe," P. G. said. "Only thing wrong



**Marcie saw that everything was prepared for dinner and then sat down to mend her mother's favorite slippers. She did this well so there would be no painful knots**

DRAWING BY AL MOORE

ECOLE DE DANES, BY DEGAS. COURTESY THE CORCORAN GALLERY AND THE N. Y. GRAPHIC SOCIETY

with the movies is that none of it's true."

"Who cares if it's true?" Marcie asked. "It's fun once in a while, isn't it?" She laughed and shrugged her shoulders. It was a thing her mother did, and she always felt close to her mother when she happened to laugh and shrug her shoulders like that. "I told Mother about the accident and how it wasn't even in the papers."

"What'd she say?" P. G. asked.

"She said some people live unknown and prefer to die that way."

"My gosh," P. G. gasped. "She's got no heart."

"She has a heart all right."

"Anyhow, it's a funny thing to say. I guess dancers are like that. But you don't have to be a dancer. She's beginning to get that under her hat, isn't she?"

"Sure," Marcie said. "I guess so."

"Dancers," P. G. said scornfully.

THE thought came to Marcie then that her mother worked harder than anyone she knew. She thought of how her mother sat in her bedroom in the evenings after each performance and massaged her feet, humming tunes from the current musicals, writing letters to her father, telling her little things that happened—little, exciting things that made up her day. Marcie wondered what would happen if her mother said, as she herself had said, "I don't want to be a dancer any more. I want to be something serious." How would *she* feel then?

"They are doing a new ballet," Marcie said. "They're going to dance Orange Blossoms."

P. G. turned her inquisitive eyes up and down the street below the window. "Let's get going," she said. "Let's get out of here before old Donetz makes us do errands."

"She hardly ever does."

P. G. put her hands on her hips. "You *are* in a bad mood, Marcie King. Are we gonna see something today, or are you gonna be an escapist?"

"No," Marcie said, "I'm no escapist." That was a horrible word. It made her shudder inside herself whenever she heard it. "Let's go down to the theater and watch them rehearse."

P. G. shook her head. "I keep telling you the thing to do is to look at things. You've got to do that to be a social worker. You do want to change everything, don't you?"

Marcie bit her lip.

"Well?"

"I guess so," Marcie frowned. She put on her jacket, and they went out.

It was spring in the city. In the late morning, the side streets were still quiet and full of sun. Marcie thought of her mother walking to the theater along these streets, carrying her red-leather cosmetic bag, filling the street with herself and her gay, quick walk. It seemed that her mother, like the street, was always aware and full of motion and life. Even when her mother sat quietly, her hands in her lap, you were always conscious of some inner, secret movement. Like a butterfly or water in a pool or little dusty bits of color that blew in the city.

They crossed the street and walked slowly through the park near the reservoir lake.

"Maybe I'll be a nun when I grow up," Marcie said.

"We *are* grown up," P. G. said patiently. "It's only a matter of choosing what we'll do about it. That's all." But she wasn't looking at Marcie. Her head was turned away as she spoke, and Marcie half stopped to follow her glance.

TWO soldiers were sitting on the grass beside the path. One of them was lacing his shoe. The other, a blond boy, was sprawled out looking at the sky. He winked at P. G.

"We're not supposed to," Marcie said.

"Really," P. G. said. "Men are a big thing in life." She fluffed her crackling blond hair. "Hul-lo," she said softly.

"'Lo," the blond soldier said. He pushed back his cap and stood up. The other boy stared at the grass, picking at it thoughtfully. "Where you going?" the blond soldier asked, grinning. He hooked his thumb in his pocket and stood with his feet apart. He was very young, and he had no ribbons. The other boy wore three ribbons. He said nothing but continued to pull at the grass and pile it in a small heap.

"We're studying," P. G. said carefully. "Every Saturday afternoon we study life."

The blond soldier stood close beside P. G. "My friend's name is Private Max Billen. He's from Tennessee."

The soldier with the ribbons stood up. He looked at Marcie. "Hello," he said.

"Hullo," she said. Her feet made careful, childish movements in the gravel. "We ought to go, P. G."

But the blond soldier had his hand on P. G.'s arm. "I can tell you about life, P. G.," he said.

"Sure," P. G. said. "C'mon, Marcie."

"No," Marcie said.

The soldier with the ribbons rubbed his mouth. "Tell you what," he said to Marcie. "Maybe you'd like to stay here, hunh?"

"Maybe," she said. "We're supposed to go to the Sutton to see Ingrid Bergman."

The blond soldier said, "We'll see you later then—hunh, Max?"

"Okay," Max said.

P. G. blinked. "Five-thirty," she said. "In front of Brewer's."

Marcie watched P. G. and the soldier walk away. P. G.'s voice was high and she moved through the unbroken sunlight laughing. Marcie sat down on the bench, and the soldier sat on the grass and finished lacing his

(Continued on page 60)

# Jobs For Everybody?

Servicemen coming home from world-wide battlefronts are most concerned about whether there will be peacetime jobs for them after the cheering dies away

INTERNATIONAL

## BY JAMES E. MURRAY

**UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MONTANA**

### Here is the argument of one of the sponsors of a bill designed to prevent mass unemployment in the future

THERE are people in America who are against jobs for all.

Until recently, they kept a closed-mouth silence on the subject. When they talked about postwar employment, they usually paid lip service to the idea of jobs for all. But after the introduction of the Full Employment Bill, one irate gentleman wrote us that "private competitive capitalism needs a floating pool of unemployed." Others have told us frankly that unemployment is necessary to maintain labor discipline and keep wages down. They prefer footing the bill for relief to assuring full employment. The economist for a large company recently told the Cleveland Welfare Federation that "we can have as much unemployment as we are willing to pay for."

He also argued that the right to a job is "a Communistic doctrine" and that he prefers the old American slogan, "Root hog or die."

This same preference for relief as opposed to jobs is echoed by another corporation economist, who stated that the "moral obligation to keep any citizen from starving . . . can be more adequately and cheaply fulfilled in other ways than by providing jobs."

The New York State Chamber of Commerce has approved a report which maintains that depressions are "the price we pay for freedom." To a few big corporations, I have found, periods of widespread unemployment are actually welcome because they provide opportunities to squeeze out or buy out smaller competitors who are unable to weather the storm. To others, depression and unemployment seem worth-while so long as they are preceded by a boom in which lush profits can be reaped and stowed away.

I wish I could bring the opponents of full employment face to face with a handful of ordinary people on Main Street in Butte, Montana—my home town. I should like to see the defender of "a floating pool of unemployed" present his case to a few hard-rock miners who lived through the misery and anguish of the last depression.

The great majority of the American people want full employment from now on. They want it year in and year out, not just for a brief joy ride like that of the mid-1920s. Irrespective of station in life or political party, they will have no patience with relief, handouts or made-work as a substitute for useful and productive employment at honest jobs. This was made clear during the Roosevelt-Dewey campaign, when both Republicans and Democrats electioneered on promises of full employment.

America is scared. We know that wartime prosperity is artificial. Looking into the future, we visualize the possibility of shut-down factories, bankrupt stores and "No Help Wanted" signs.

A war between labor and management is already brewing. The unions suspect a drive to cut wages. Businessmen suspect that labor will use every trick in the bag to slow down production and impede the use of more efficient machinery. Veterans' organizations are demanding that returning soldiers and sailors be given ironclad job preferences. Union spokesmen are insisting that established seniority systems be protected. Both, it seems, are convinced that there will not be enough jobs to go around.

### Conflict in Plans for the Future

Businessmen talk bravely of a bright new world of television, helicopters, plastics, light metals and beautiful houses for everyone. But in addition, some of them have other plans—plans to restrict production, to maintain prices artificially, to restrict competition—in short, plans for trying to keep out of the red under conditions of mass unemployment.

There are some who bolster up their spirits with dreams of a "new era of prosperity." They talk in glowing terms of the pent-up demand in America for radios and autos and of the relief and rehabilitation needs of Europe, Africa and Asia. But even the wildest dreamers and the loudest talkers are well aware that these factors are strictly temporary. In their hearts they are desperately afraid of a brief boom that will be followed by the biggest "bust" in world history.

How can we provide the people of America with confidence that there will be enough jobs—good jobs—not phony jobs, but real jobs at productive work—not come-and-go jobs—but regular year-in and year-out jobs?

Business and industry, by themselves, cannot provide the necessary assurance. Labor cannot provide it. Agriculture cannot provide it. No single segment of the American economy, by itself, can do it.

Only all America, acting as a whole and through its elected representatives, can provide the confidence that will make America safe. Only the Federal government, acting in co-operation with business, labor, agriculture and all the people, is big enough and strong enough to give us freedom from fear.

Back in December, 1944, Harry Truman and I summed it up this way in a subcommittee report to the Senate:

". . . the so-called 'right to a job' is a meaningless figure of speech unless our government assumes responsibility for the expansion of our peacetime economy so that it will be capable of assuring full employment."

In this same report we submitted a draft bill which was very widely commented upon in the nation's press. After consulting with scores of people in all walks of life, my colleagues and I polished up this measure and introduced it on January 22d. It was referred to the Banking and Currency Committee whose chairman, Senator Wagner, has held public hearings that provided a chance for all viewpoints to be thoroughly aired.

*(Continued on page 33)*

# WHATEVER YOU CALL IT

### BY H. A. ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

**Ellis was a girl who didn't believe in love at first sight—until she took a second look**

THERE was nothing right about the meeting of Ellis Seton and John McClain. In the first place, Ellis picked him up. In the second place, she went out with him without asking permission and she stayed out until five o'clock in the morning.

The first crime, the pick-up, took place in the Elm City public park on a sunny Sunday afternoon. Ellis, crossing the park to have dinner with her friend Betsy Winters, walked sedately past the bandstand, past the little lake where couples walked arm in arm and small boys tossed popcorn to the ducks. When she entered the unpopulated section of the park where the walk followed a dry creek bed, she skipped a few steps—because the sky was as blue as the sky ought to be in May, and because it was the sort of day to take ten years off anyone's age. Ten years off Ellis' age made her about nine.

Then, abruptly, she stopped skipping. She was not alone. Ahead of her, on a bench beside the walk, a young man sat. He wore a uniform she did not recognize; it was khaki but not Army—and certainly no respectable army would have claimed it. It bulged at the neck and drew at the shoulders, and sleeve ends and trouser cuffs rode nonchalantly high, exposing red, bony wrists and black-clad, bony ankles. Ellis couldn't see his eyes under the black patent visor of the khaki cap, but she had a feeling that she'd been caught. A moment later she was sure of it. As she came near him, he smiled and called out, "It's a beautiful day."

Ellis struggled briefly. The simple, the obviously right thing, would be to walk on as if she had not heard. On the other hand, another line of reasoning suggested that since she had been seen bouncing along the walk like a five-year-old, she could reply with the freedom of a five-year-old.

"It is," she agreed. "A wonderful day."

"Sit down and talk to me," he suggested.

She hesitated. He was reassuringly homely. Under the khaki cap his hair was the color of freshly scrubbed carrots, and his freckled skin was burned to a raw, bright red. Altogether, except for his height and the breadth of his shoulders, he was not the sort of man a woman would look at twice. Ellis sat down.

"I've been wondering about the creek," he said. "Where's the water?"

"It's only the middle of May," she explained. "The pumps aren't turned on until the thirtieth."

"The pumps?"

"Of course. Don't you know about the Three Feathers Falls? They're where Chief Three Feathers killed his bride rather than let her be captured by another tribe, and they're what the tourists come to see. The creek feeds the falls, and about ten years ago when the creek ran dry, the city put in a pumping system."

"I see. Atmosphere on tap."

"After eight o'clock in the morning on Memorial Day."

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Ellis Seton."

"Ellis. That's a good name, a name you remember. Mine isn't memorable. It's John—John McClain."

Ellis was beginning to think that she would remember it. "Do you mind my asking what sort of uniform . . . What are you?"

"I'm in the Merchant Marine. Haven't you seen a uniform like this before?"

She shook her head. "Everyone I know—all the boys in our neighborhood—are in the Army or the Navy."

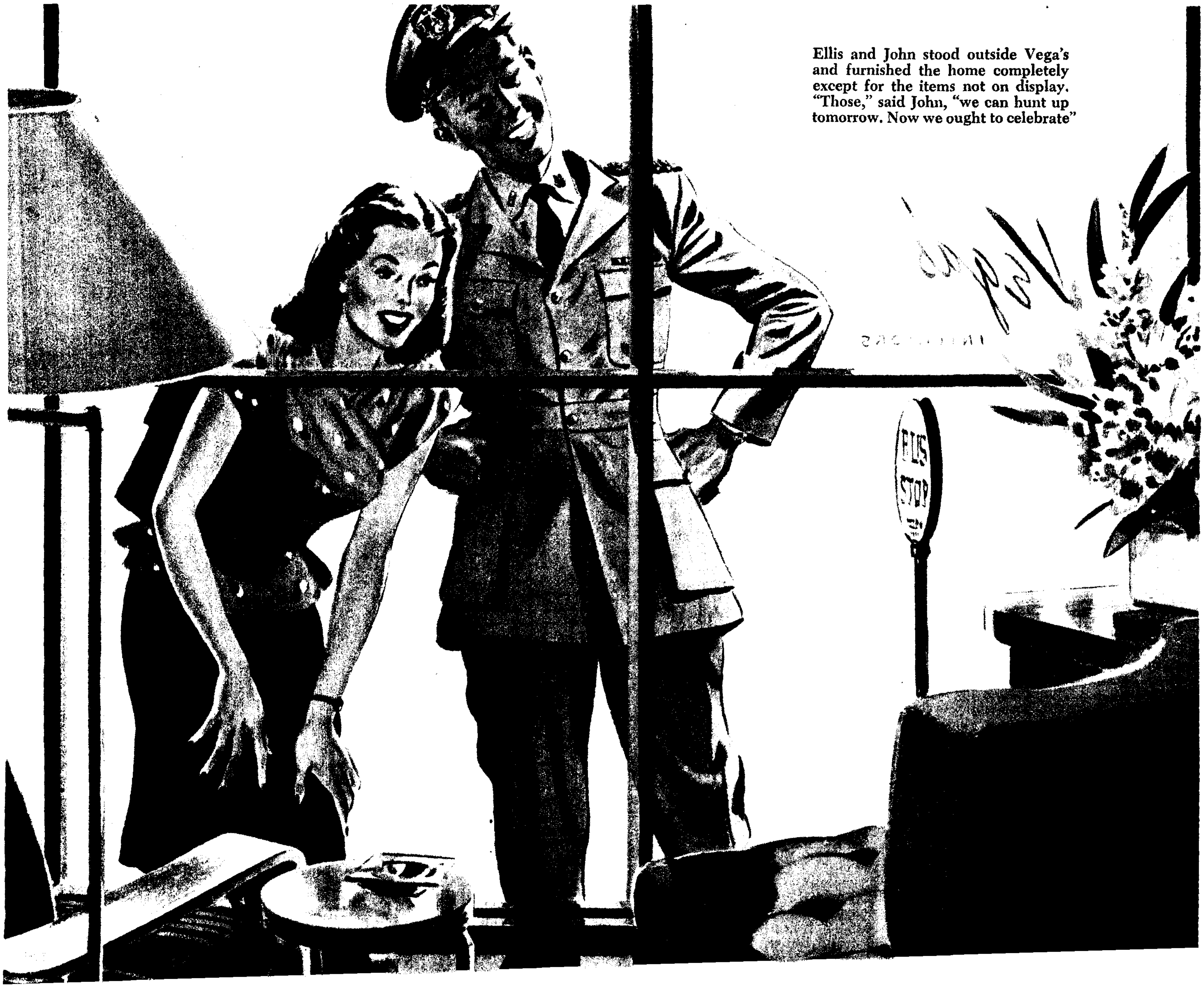
"But there's a canteen in town, isn't there? Surely . . ."

"Three canteens. But my mother— I mean, I'm not allowed to go to them."

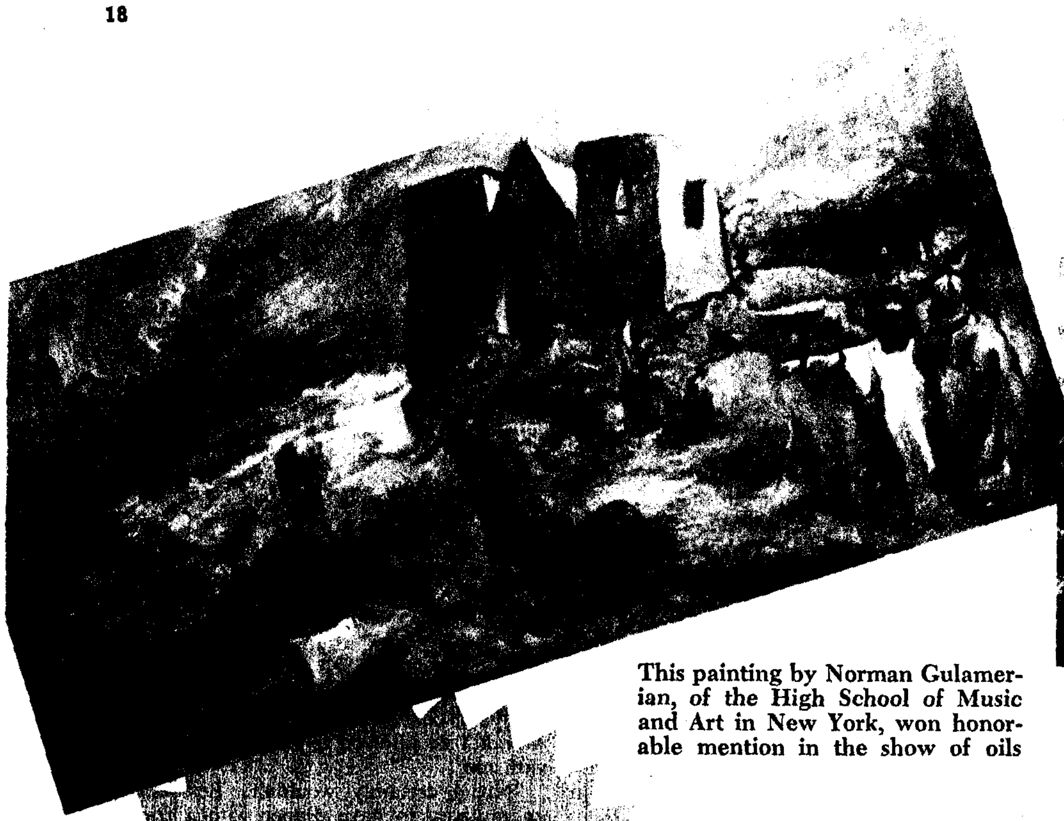
He gave her a quick look that was like a silent ejaculation. "Then you certainly wouldn't be allowed to have Sunday dinner with me."

"No, I certainly wouldn't. Besides, I'm on my way to have dinner with a friend." She pointed across the park to where the tip of Betsy Winters' house showed through the trees. John looked. His gaze traveled back along her arm to her face, and Ellis was

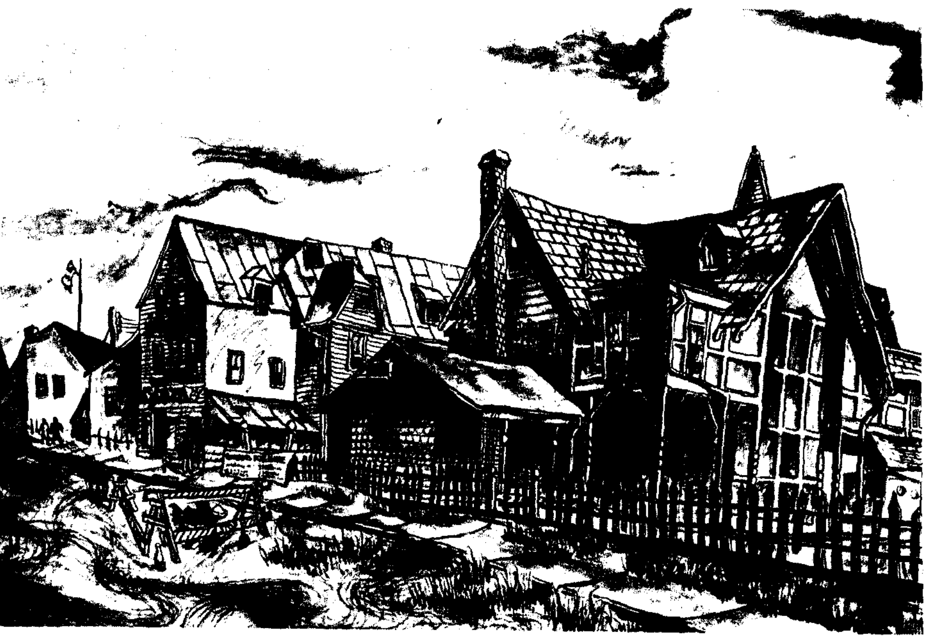
(Continued on page 79)



Ellis and John stood outside Vega's and furnished the home completely except for the items not on display. "Those," said John, "we can hunt up tomorrow. Now we ought to celebrate"



This painting by Norman Gulamerian, of the High School of Music and Art in New York, won honorable mention in the show of oils



Gilbert Zabarkus, of Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn, won first prize in black inks. He also won a scholarship alternate to Pratt Institute, and second in the award of the Pittsburgh Advertising Club

**The pictures herewith reproduced are not necessarily first-prize winners in the national exhibition. They represent Collier's own selection from all the winners. Each of the eight artists has been awarded Collier's Certificate of Merit for Excellence in High School Art and a cash prize of $100**

# Exercise in Color

## BY CARL FRENCH

ANYONE who thinks that today's youngsters are all bouncing jitterbugs and squealing bobby soxers should visit the Fine Arts Galleries of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh during the month of May. The galleries were built by Andrew Carnegie to exhibit the great art of the world, and annually for a generation have housed the famed International Show. But once a year the National High School Art Exhibition takes over nine of the galleries and charges the atmosphere with the vitality of a new generation.

In this year's exhibition, places were won by 1,326 pieces of art, all executed by high school students and including oil and watercolor paintings, pencil and crayon drawings and posters, as well as objects in design, sculpture, ceramics, hand-wrought metal and jewelry. All were chosen by nationally known artists, art critics and educators from tens of thousands of entries.

Two months before the show, thirty-three of the country's leading department stores held regional exhibitions of the work of high school artists in their respective areas. Local juries had eliminated thousands of entries, selected the most promising for the regional shows and then sent the best entries in these shows to Carnegie Institute for judging by the national jury. More than 600 prizes, totaling $11,000, were awarded by commercial companies. In addition, 75 scholarships to the nation's leading art schools were awarded and will be presented during the coming scholastic year by Scholastic Art Awards, a project for the recognition of student achievement in art, music and creative writing. It was organized by M. R. Robinson, publisher and editor of Scholastic Magazine.

Twenty-five years ago, Robinson was running a small weekly magazine called the Western Pennsylvania Scholastic. As part of his job, he spent a great deal of time visiting high schools.

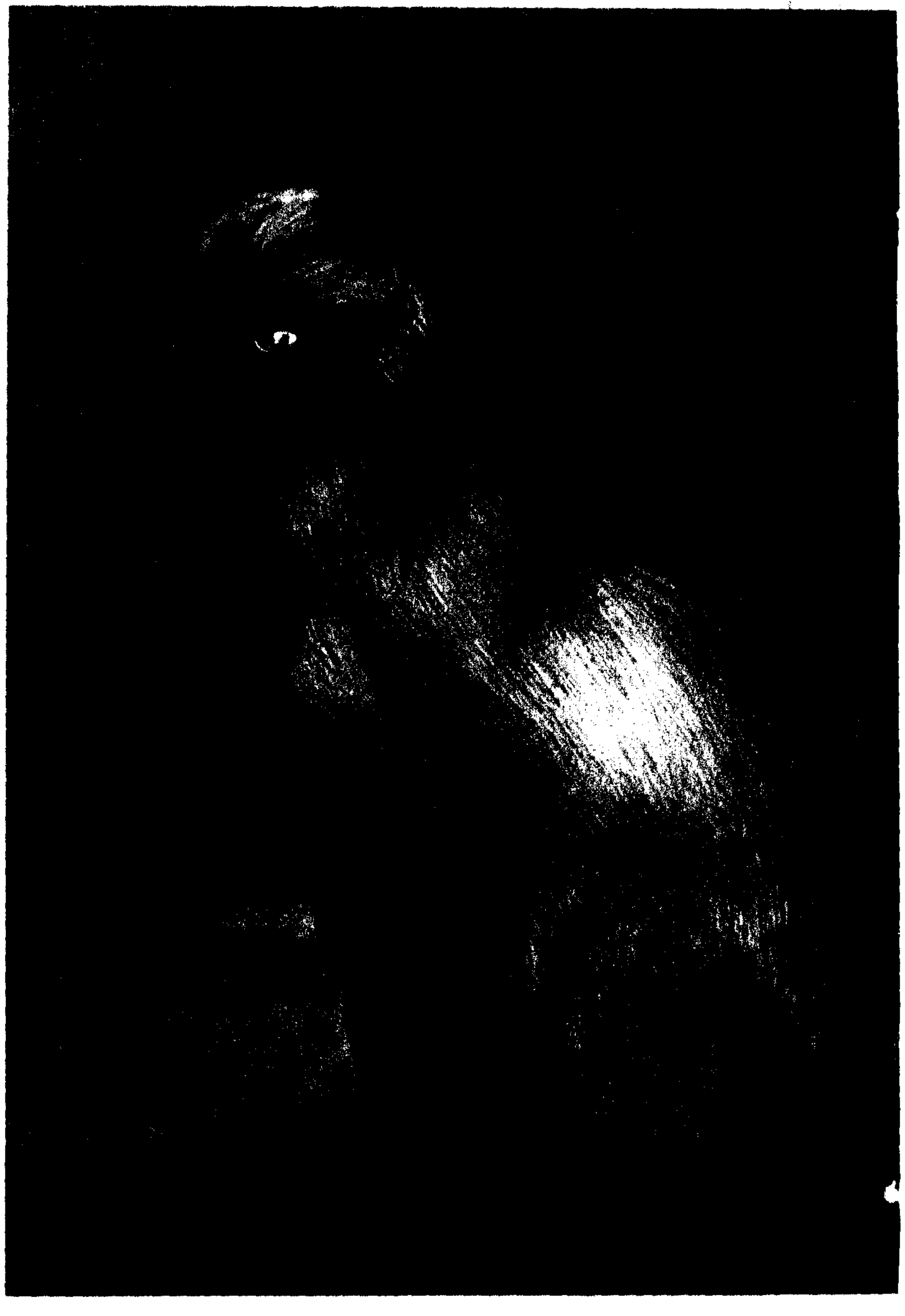
"I was an enthusiastic follower of high school athletics," says Robinson, "but I was dismayed by the unfair distribution of glory and honors. The athletes got everything. Students striving for intellectual and nonathletic achievement took bows on commencement day, and then bowed out for another year. I decided to see if I couldn't give them a break."

So, in 1923, Scholastic Magazine, an outgrowth of Western Pennsylvania Scholastic, inaugurated a contest for student writers of poetry, short stories and essays, and devoted one issue a year to the best of the student writing. Art students were invited to submit work done in their art classes. The best examples were reproduced in the Student Achievement Issue of Scholastic Magazine.

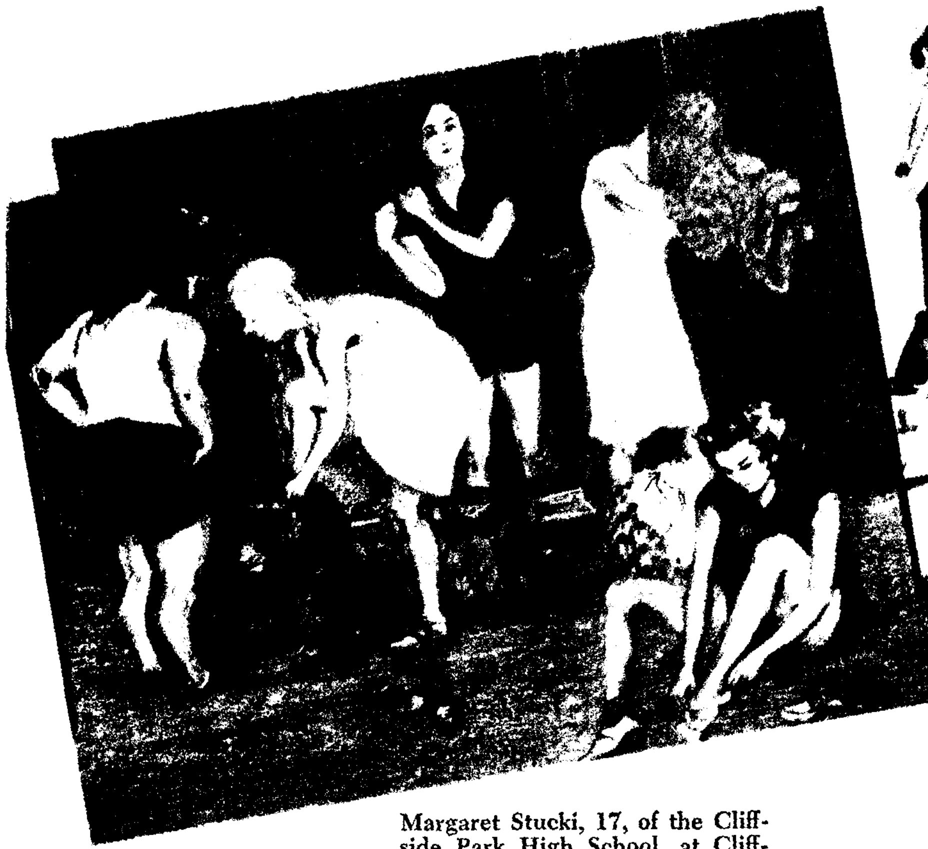
By 1928 the amount of work submitted was so large, and the quality so high, that Robinson asked the Carnegie Galleries for gallery space. The request was granted, and the Carnegie officials were so impressed by the art submitted that they agreed to hold the first National High School Art Exhibition. After that the project boomed. A committee of high school art supervisors was formed and the event became officially a part of the high school program in hundreds of cities.

It soon became apparent that the project was too big to handle in one central place, and in 1940 the aid of the department stores was enlisted. Each year the number of entries in the regional shows has grown larger. Last year the number displayed ranged from a few hundred to 3,000 in a large metropolitan store.

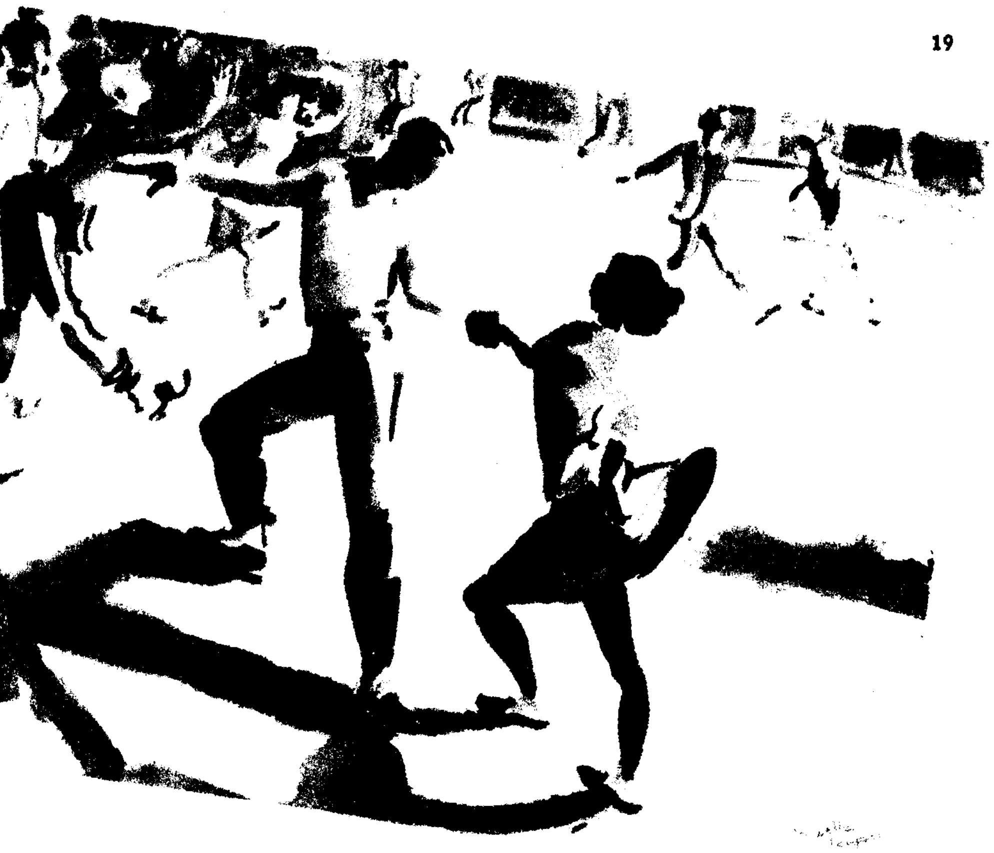
Many of America's leading painters and sculptors have served on the regional and final juries, among them Lorado Taft, James Chapin, Edward Steichen, William Gropper, Boardman Robinson and Reginald Marsh. After this year's exhibition one of the judges said, "I was nearly knocked off my feet by the quality, variety, and strength of the work in the Scholastic show. It's terrific!" ★★★



This vivid drawing of a cat was entered in the prints division by Elving Johnson, 17, of the Englewood High School in Chicago. It won second prize. Elving also received honorable mention for an oil painting

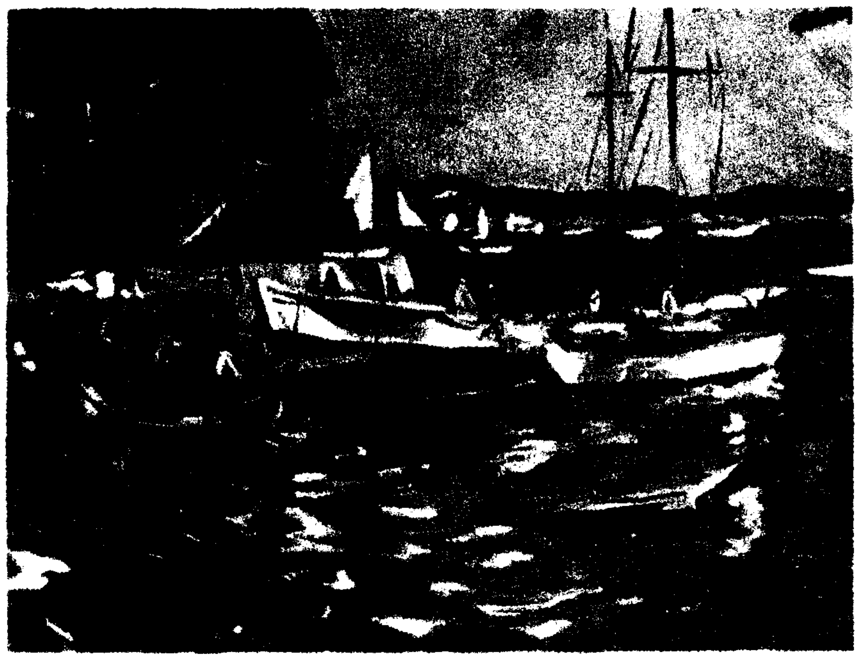


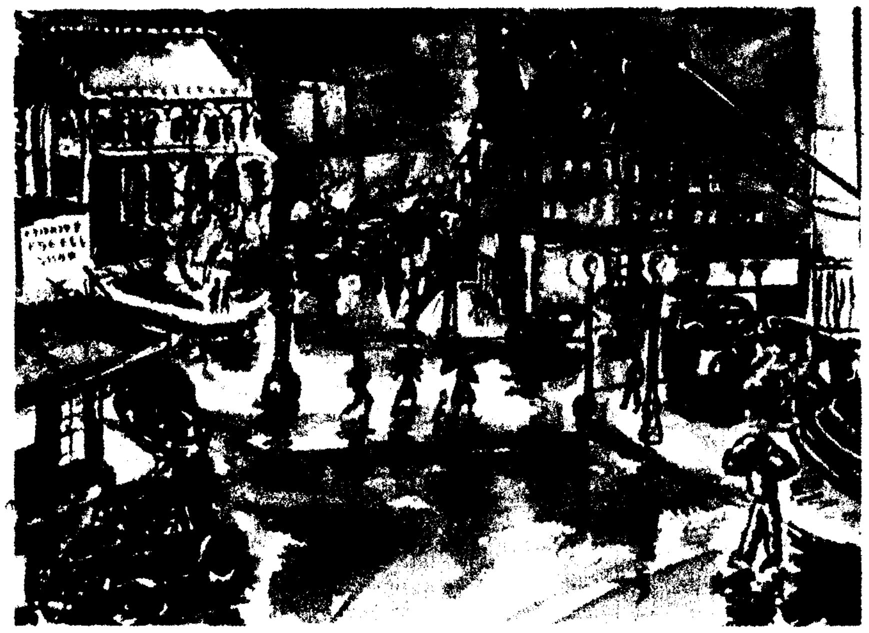
Margaret Stucki, 17, of the Cliffside Park High School, at Cliffside Park, N. J., won first prize with this drawing in the show of pastels, crayon and colored chalk



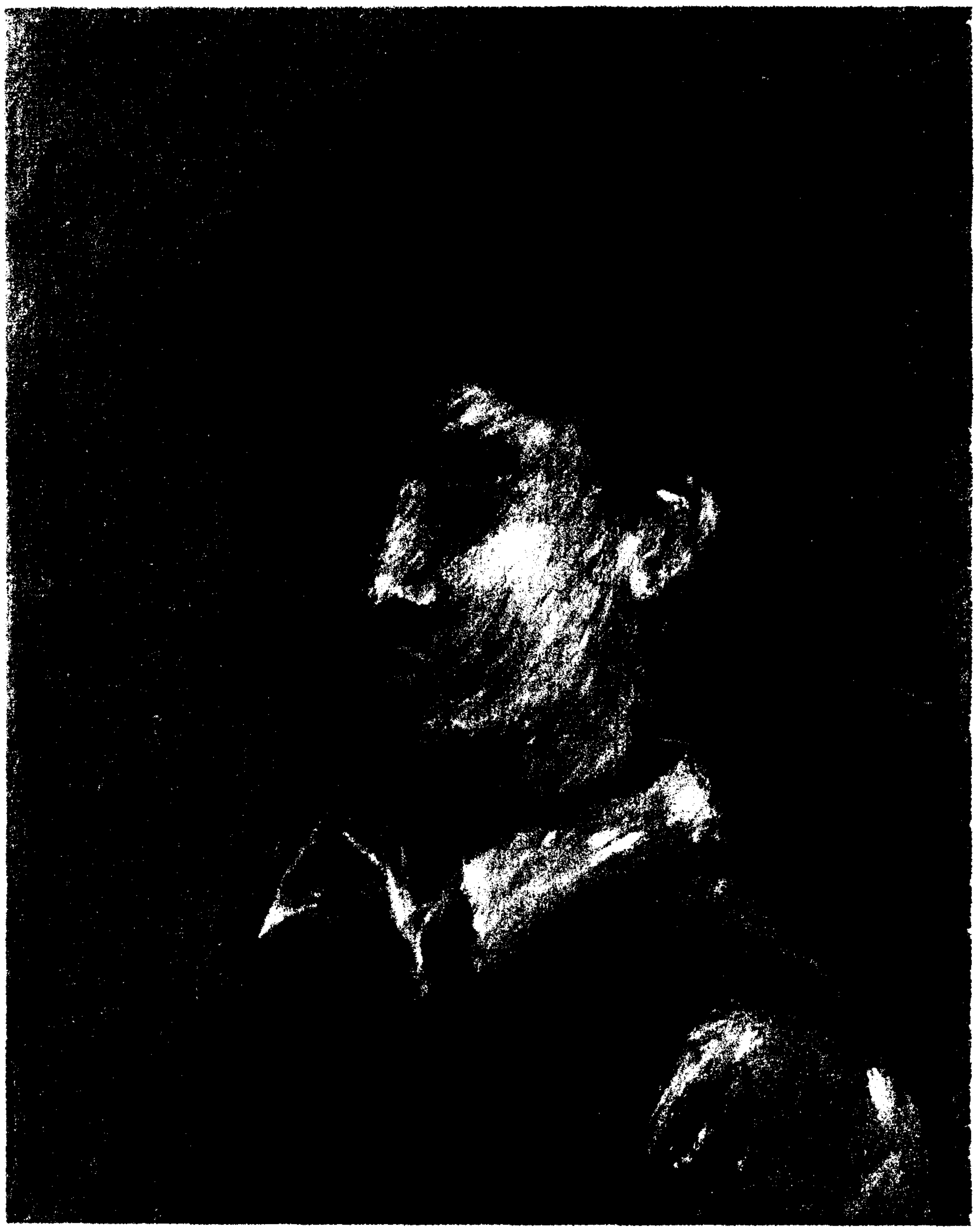
The Martin Leisser Memorial Award, as well as a scholarship to the Parsons School of Design, went to Mozelle Thompson, of Peabody High School, Pittsburgh, for the drawing shown above. Mozelle received two other prizes

This painting by Morton Schwartz, of the English High School at Lynn, Mass., won third prize in oils. He also won certificates of merit for three water colors which he exhibited





*George Grammer, 16,* of the Paschal High School in Fort Worth, Texas, won prizes in water colors, colored inks and prints. The picture shown above took third in water colors



Moishe Smith, 16 years old, of the Cass Technical High School in Detroit, entered this striking portrait of a young boy in Group II of the exhibition of oils. It won third prize

# THE EMPEROR SAID

BY CAPTAIN H. L. MERILLAT, USMC

"And there on the sand all the Japs and Americans knelt down and bared their heads, and the chaplain asked for divine guidance"

OKINAWA

This true story was written on Okinawa as our arms won a grim victory in the Pacific war.

I do not know what people home will think of this bizarre drama enacted on an island in the East China Sea, so fantastic that when you speak to any of the principals about it they invariably begin, "You won't believe it, but this is what happened." But I can imagine a comfortably padded gentleman sitting in a club window and snarling: "Sentimentalism! They should have killed the savages, every one of them, instead of having picnics with them on the beach."

If there is such a man, let him remember that it was his son, or brother, or friend or self, if he is young enough and fit enough, who would have been called upon to "kill the savages, every one."

Anyone who was face to face with the problem, as was the man in a foxhole a grenade's throw from the Japs, welcomed any measure that held the slightest promise of staying the bloodletting just a bit.

I know that the night after this story ended, there was a Jap major on a hilltop not far from us, responsible for the lives of several hundred people, who was tortured with doubts about the decision he had made. There was another Jap major in a hospital bed, his wounded leg in a cast, who wondered if the decision *he* made was right. There was a Marine colonel, disappointed but having no doubts that he was right; and more than ever convinced that the path he had cut really leads somewhere.

All these men, Americans and Japanese, are brave soldiers, both physically and morally, who chose a bold and unconventional course in their approach to a problem that vexes both their nations.

The Japs are human beings, remarkably emotional human beings, despite their traditional reputation for impassivity. Human beings can sometimes behave rationally.

If my logic teacher was not at fault, it follows that Japs can sometimes behave rationally. East and West got within a hairsbreadth of each other on that beach in the Ryukyus, and a time may come when the twain will meet.—*The Author.*

A JAPANESE garrison unit, about 200 strong and supplemented by several dozen *Boeitai* (Home Guards), was pocketed early in June on an island near Okinawa. The Jap unit had been whittled down in action and had withdrawn into the hills. With several hundred civilians and Koreans inside their lines, the Japs were cut off from any hope of reinforcement or supplies, but lived securely and quite comfortably high among rough coral crags. It would have been costly in American lives to try to dislodge them.

The Americans decided to try moral suasion to bring the Japs, and the people in their custody, out of their stronghold. Lieutenant Colonel G. J. Clark, a Marine officer, working with Colonel Louis B. Ely, of Tenth Army Headquarters, evolved a plan to approach the Japs.

Assigned to major roles in the execution of the plan were two Navy lieutenants and an Army sergeant. These three were selected because they spoke Japanese. Lieutenant (j.g.) D. L. Osborn came from Dardanelle, Arkansas, by way of Southwestern University. Lieutenant (j.g.) "Tucker" cannot now be identified by his real name, or attributed to any home town, for reasons of security.

It would seem that both these officers came naturally by their courage, but they acquired the Japanese language the hard way, out of classrooms and books. Sergeant R. M. Oda, of Kauai, Hawaii, got both his courage and his Japanese vocabulary by the fortunate chance of birth. He seems to have been born brave, and there is no doubt that his mother and father belonged to the Japanese race. He is a Nisei—an American of Japanese extraction.

Other brave men were involved, but without these three—or their moral and technical equivalents—the fantastic adventure couldn't have been undertaken.

Several Jap officers and enlisted men from the garrison in the Jap pocket, seeing some hope for themselves and their country, had decided to come over to us instead of blowing themselves up when forced into a corner. Now they were quite eager to help the Americans.

Major Agana, who had been picked up with a badly wounded leg and treated in an American field hospital, was a close friend and classmate in the Japanese military academy of Major Watanabe, commander of the enemy unit in the pocket. Two other Japanese officers from the garrison wanted to return to the scene and speak to their friends.

On June 13th the two Navy lieutenants, Sergeant Oda, and the two Jap officer-prisoners set out in a duck equipped with a loudspeaker to explore the coves and beaches of the Jap stronghold. They moved from point to point along the coast calling on Jap civilians and Korean slave laborers to come down to the sea and be evacuated. Results, as the military say, were negative. Two days later the adventurers returned in an LCVP, a landing boat with a ramp in its bow which lets down on the beach. Reaching a cove commanded by high cliffs, with a likely-looking beach, Osborn stripped and slipped over the side into the water, wearing only his fatigue cap, beneath which he carried three strips of white cloth and a message to the commanding officer of the Jap battalion. He swam in to the deserted beach, watched by nobody knows how many pairs of slanted eyes. He found three bamboo poles and planted these in the sand, attaching a white flag to each pole.

In the cleft of one pole he placed the message telling the Japanese that, if they wanted to talk, they should take down one of the white flags as a signal. If two flags were removed it would mean they wanted more time to consider and were not ready to talk. If the three flags remained up, it would be taken as a sign that the Japs were not interested in holding conversations. One of the Jap officers in the American party called out on the loud-speaker, addressed the major commanding the battalion by name, spoke to others of his friends in the little garrison, gave them news of their friends in American hands, and then mustered all his eloquence to induce the garrison, by cajolery, ridicule, pleading, shaming, appealing to hope and home to come to the beach and treat with the Americans. Results, again, were negative.

The next morning, however, Osborn again swam in to the beach and found that one of the flags was missing and the message, without any reply, had been placed on another of the bamboo poles. Encouraged by this evidence of Jap interest in the proceedings, the group continued to prowl off shore and to land at scattered beaches, repeating their appeals and occasionally seeing civilians, alone or in groups, who invariably fled at their approach.

June 19th they made their final appeal. Sakabe, the Jap officer who had done most of the talking, gave his most dramatic performance. "This is the last day of our mission," he concluded. "Farewell forever to all of you here." They did not leave, however, without telling the Japs that in case this beach, near which some of our craft were patrolling, was considered too dangerous for conversations, they would swing round the promontory to another cove where the little group of Americans would be cut off from all friendly support.

Major Watanabe heard this last appeal. We learned later that he immediately dispatched a messenger, his battalion sergeant major, to the beach, but the LCVP had left before this man reached the shore. He climbed back across the hills and caught up with the Americans at the other beach.

As the LCVP came into the cove Osborn and Tucker saw several civilians on the shore. Osborn stripped to his shorts and swam to the beach, determined to capture at least one prize—soldier, civilian, *Boeitai* or Korean—to show for a week of effort. The civilians promptly scattered and Osborn took out after them, running barefooted across the sand dunes and rough coral formations. He lost his quarry in the growth of brush and trees, but suddenly found himself face to face with an armed Jap soldier.

The surprise was mutual and the Jap, after executing a Hollywood double take at the apparition, turned and ran with a naked Navy lieutenant in pursuit. Osborn shouted to the LCVP off shore that he had found a Jap soldier; and Tucker swam in with side arms for them both. The chase led over two ridges before the Americans realized they were penetrating very far into the Jap lines and saw many armed Japs about them, deploying as if to encircle them. They returned to the beach, coming around either side of a promontory, and found they had caught a Jap soldier between them. He was the messenger from Watanabe.

**Here, written within earshot of guns on Okinawa, is an adventure in mercy by men trained to kill. Collier's presents it as much for its tense dramatic value as for the hopeful augury it offers**

Sakabe, one of the officer-prisoners, talked to him and persuaded him to return to the Jap command post and come back with someone authorized to talk business. The sergeant disappeared up a trail and soon returned with Lieutenant Yamamoto, the battalion adjutant, well known to the Jap go-between and a jingoist professional soldier in the extreme Bushido tradition. He was obviously very nervous, held himself stiff with lips tight and talked with reluctance.

On all sides Jap soldiers appeared with weapons at the ready, covering the little group that gathered on the beach. Yamamoto and the officer-prisoner, Sakabe, sat cross-legged on the sand and began to talk. While the Jap adjutant listened nervously to Sakabe's plea that Major Watanabe consent to talk, an LCVP hove into sight. Like a frightened deer the Jap sprang to his feet. Osborn and Tucker explained that the boat was only bringing food.

Reluctantly Yamamoto sat down again to join them at lunch, and the Americans sent two ice-cold apples and two fresh sandwiches to Major Watanabe at his command post in the hills. The conversation was resumed but in an atmosphere of growing, rather than diminishing, tension. Suddenly the adjutant broke it off unceremoniously, got to his feet and took his leave, not however without saying that Watanabe wanted to see Agana, his wounded friend and classmate. The Americans wondered if Watanabe was trying to arrange an escape for Agana but decided that only frankness and daring could succeed and agreed to send the major if he wanted to come. They said they'd return in a week.

Agana was lying in the hospital with his leg in a cast from ankle to hip when the delegation arrived to ask if he would see the Jap commander. Agana listened stolidly, apparently unimpressed. Then he pulled himself up in bed, nodded and said, "I go."

An LCI was provided and the morning of June 25th it was ready to start; Colonel Clark, Osborn, Tucker, Oda and Lieutenant Joseph Hopkins and Private First Class Dale C. Coombes, the latter two Marines in the colonel's section, made up the American party. They started out in a weapons carrier and at the hospital picked up Major Agana, the two Jap officers who had previously accompanied them, and two Jap privates.

The LCI with its strange passenger list reached the point in our lines nearest the Jap pocket. The local American commander agreed to send a patrol of volunteers from his outfit to accomany the negotiators and the American party was increased by ten soldiers.

Next morning the party set out for the Jap beach. The landing party went ahead in an LCVP with the LCI close behind. The LCVP arrived at the parley beach well ahead of the larger craft and when the Americans touched down on the shore they were completely alone. The ten soldiers deployed along the beach, taking up positions on the seaward side of the sand dunes. The rest of the party, except for the wounded major, who was left on the boat in a litter, started inland where the sand dunes merge into the rough coral hills. They took with them a loud-speaker and a yellow flag, the prearranged sign of recognition.

Jap soldiers appeared here and there in the hills above them, quietly setting up mortars and machine guns.

Agana called out from his litter, asking to be brought up with the rest of the party and bearers were sent to fetch him. He asked to be set down on top of a dune where he could watch the end of the trail which might bring Watanabe for a parley. He was sure he could tell, directly he saw his classmate, whether the Jap commander came with peaceful or hostile intentions. Agana took over the loud-speaker and called Watanabe by name. For half an hour the pleading continued, without apparent result, and discouragement was growing among the group near the beach when, high in the hills, a Japanese flag was unfurled. This was the signal that the Japs wished to continue conversation.

At this critical moment, when the Americans had not the slightest idea what sort of reception awaited them, a shot rang out from the stern of the LCVP.

"For an awful moment I thought they'd mow us down right there," the colonel said. "The damned fool! Can you imagine it? The damned fool!"

He turned and barked: "Who fired that shot?" A sheepish passenger confessed to the blunder. Clark snatched the rifle from his hand, took out the clip, ejected another round from the chamber, turned over the weapon to another man and ordered the offender to stay in the boat. The stray shot drew no answer from the guns in the hills and the tense negotiators relaxed.

For another half-hour the Americans waited on the beach. Suddenly the adjutant, Yamamoto, appeared, accompanied by three noncommissioned officers and an armed guard. He came up to the American party, saluted smartly and put out his hand when he was introduced to Colonel Clark. Agana gave him a note to Watanabe and a runner took off on the double up the trail.

### Ready for Long Awaited Parley

In the hour that passed before Watanabe came down the trail, the group on the beach saw Japs moving in the hills above them, continuing to set up weapons; and Jap guards moved in all about them. Then Watanabe appeared—a stocky, erect, broad-faced officer, dressed in full field uniform with sword, belt and pistol and accompanied by six armed guards with fixed bayonets. He strode across the open beach smiling broadly. He was introduced to Colonel Clark, snapped to attention, saluted and extended his hand. They shook hands warmly and the colonel immediately unslung his carbine and threw it to one side.

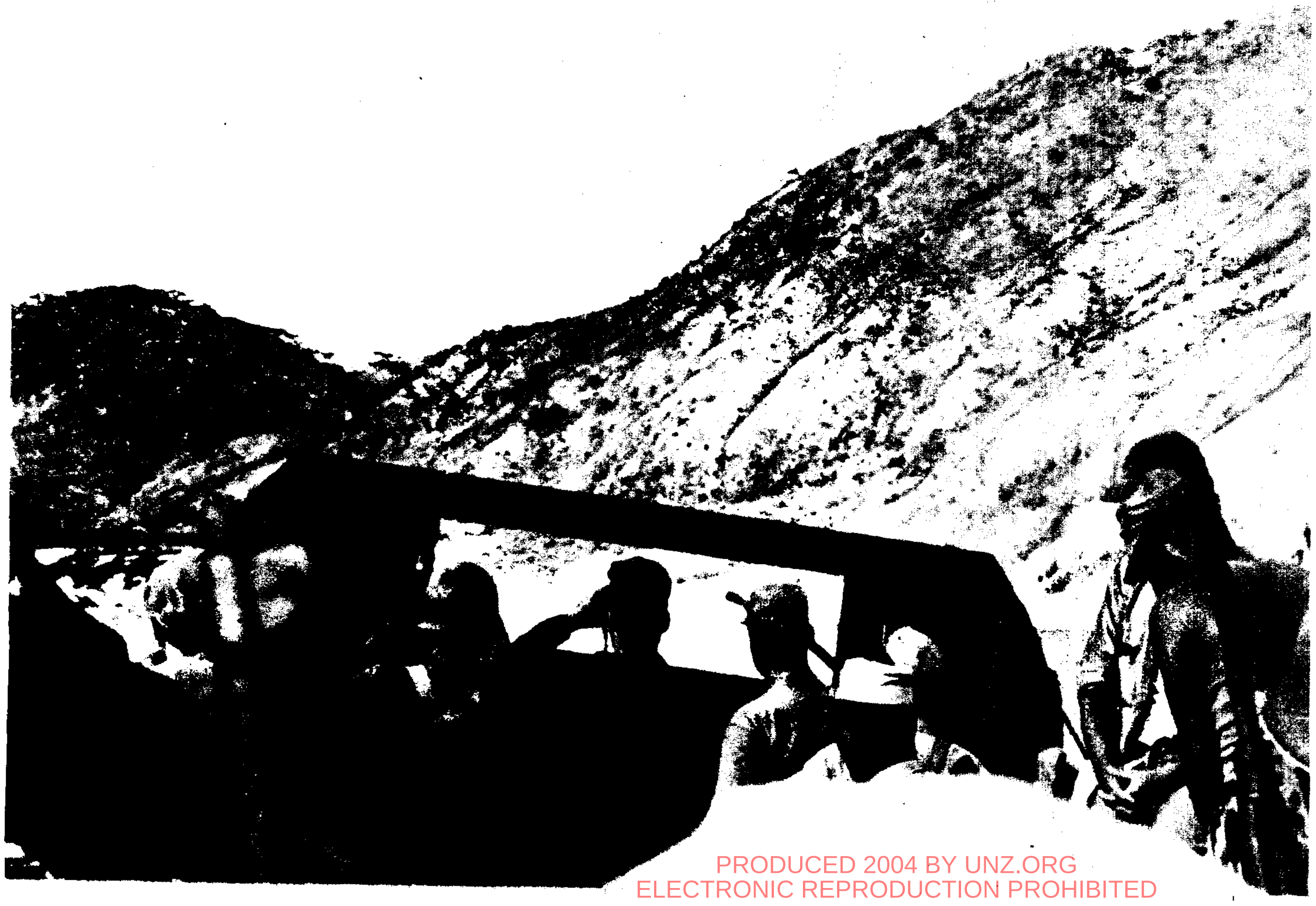
The Jap major unbuckled his belt, removed it with sword and pistol, handed it to an orderly and waved him aside. The colonel indicated a camouflaged poncho beside the litter of the wounded major, and the two sat down cross-legged to talk.

It was not an easy conversation at first, but as the tension eased they approached the subject which had brought the colonel there and soon the talk grew spirited and emotional. The two majors did most of the talking, the one insisting that his friend owed it to his garrison and his country to spare his men's lives and let them return eventually to their homeland to build a new country from the ruin of war, while the other harangued his classmate with equal earnestness on his duty to Emperor and country and on the obligations imposed upon him by the code of Bushido.

As Agana talked, Watanabe listened attentively with head bowed, now and then mopping his forehead and the back of his neck with a handkerchief and shaking his head in perplexity. For an hour and a half the group talked among themselves, covering not only the possibility of the major and his garrison surrendering but measures to permit civilians to leave or return, if they wished, to the most pathetic group on the island, all of them in various degrees of starvation.

Both majors were shaken by each other's arguments. The Jap commander flirted more

*(Continued on page 28)*



**"On the heights . . . Jap guns bore on the group in the boat. Fifteen minutes later Lt. Yamamoto stepped out on the beach"**

Above, a 19th-century bookkeeper meets a 20th-century ditto. Rhonda Fleming and Suzi Crandall are the models. The dresses are almost alike. At left, Ann Everett wears a modern, camisole-topped petticoat, Rhonda is yanked into the 1890 version of feminine unmentionables from Duel in the Sun, and Suzi shows that knee-bending won't hurt the 1849ers worn by Deanna Durbin in Can't Help Singing

# YOU SEE IT IN THE MOVIES

### BY INGA ARVAD

WALTER PLUNKETT is a Hollywood dress designer who specializes in period costumes. He doesn't mind if these costumes are far from streamlined, for he is convinced that today's ideal woman, with a 34-inch bust, a 25-inch waist and a 35-inch hip, would be just as pleasing to the eye if she had a couple of inches more in each of these respective places.

To prove it, he took me over to David Selznick's studio where Rhonda Fleming, Suzi Crandall and Ann Everett put on costumes he had designed for Duel in the Sun, Gone With the Wind, Little Women and other period pictures. They gave us a whirl of colors, beauty, hoops, bustles, frills, bare shoulders, padded shoulders, wide hips, narrow hips, small waists and normal waists. . . . But just take a look at the pictures here and be convinced yourself.

The pictures show you modern versions of these

The soft, frilly femininity of the costumes worn by Vivien Leigh in Gone With the Wind inspired a lot of modern adaptations. Suzi Crandall, at left, wears the original; Rhonda Fleming models the 1945 version. Ann Everett wears a robe created for Miss Leigh from a drape. The stockinged limb is Ann's own

At right, Suzi and Ann are wearing costumes of the 1810 era. They are the voices of the past whispering behind Rhonda. Their gowns were designed for Katy Hepburn and Joan Fontaine in Quality Street. Rhonda stole the neckline, the short sleeves and the Empire skirt, and wears it as a modern nightgown

costumes, too. For the fact is that fashion as well as history repeats itself, and it is an easy thing to change period costumes just enough to fit the more athletic figures and the more practical tastes of the women of today.

It's done all the time. Fashion designers go directly to history books. And they get ideas from the movies. After Little Women appeared on the screen, even Paris changed from slinky tubelike dresses to bouffant skirts, frankly labeled Little Women.

This was a good thing, too, says Mr. Plunkett, making the current fashions of that time a great deal more feminine and attractive. He thinks we're headed in the same direction once more—more fullness and frills, and never mind if they do add inches, so long as the general effect is more pleasing.

Besides their beauty, period costumes have two other charms that endear them to Mr. Plunkett. Designing for a period picture, he can never be caught with clothes that are out of fashion when the picture is released eight months or a year later.

Perhaps you remember 1929, when skirt lengths dropped overnight the same as stocks.

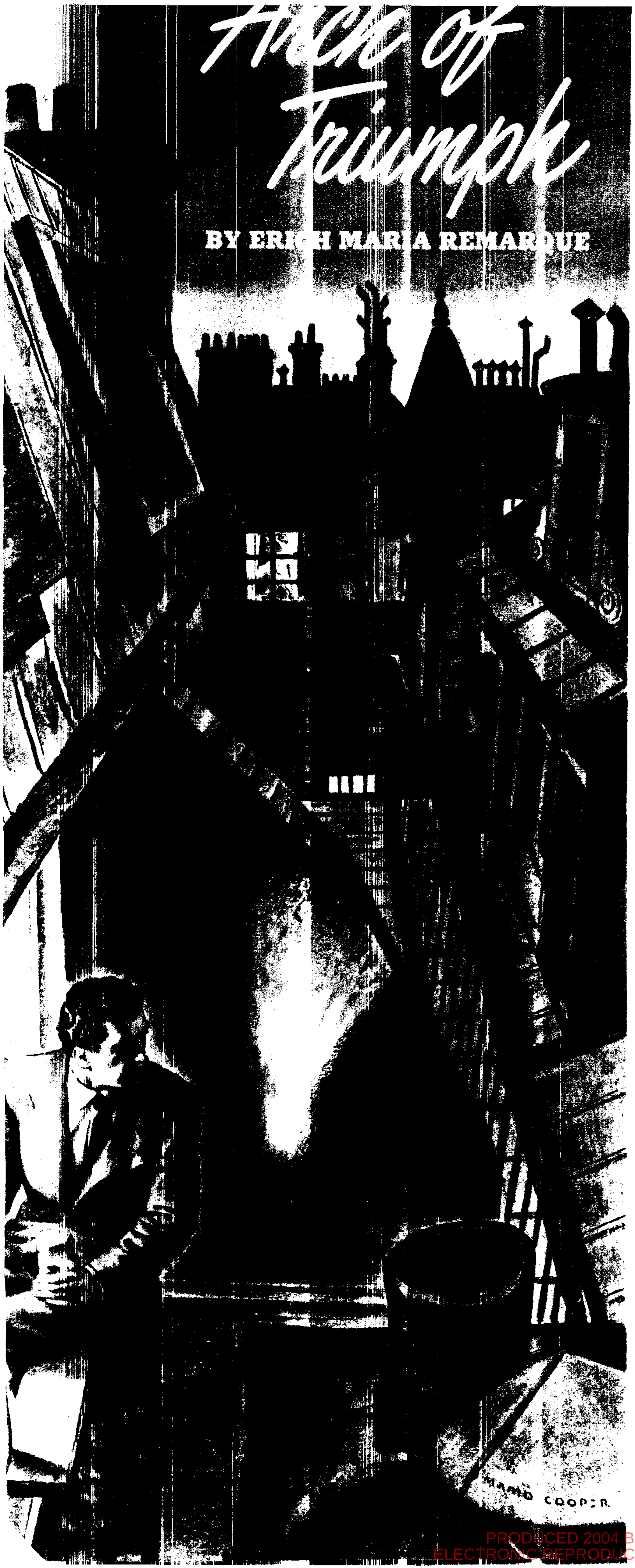
And no whim of star or cameraman can make Mr. Plunkett alter his design. He can just say, pleasantly but so firmly, to any suggested change: "It's not authentic." ★★★

If all of this proves anything, it proves that we learn from fashion history that we learn nothing from fashion history. For instance, at top, Rhonda Fleming sports a 16th-century tam worn by Miss Hepburn in Mary of Scotland. She also holds a heart-shaped hat that was popular in that period. Well, Suzi emerges from a hatbox with the 1945 heart-shape and Ann models the modern tam

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURT GUNTHER ● DECORATION BY HOMER HILL

# Arch of Triumph

## BY ERICH MARIA REMARQUE



*The Story:*

Through his friendship with Joan Madou, singer at the Scheherazade night club, a strange love had come to Ravic, a famous Berlin surgeon hiding in Paris from the Gestapo. For him, a refugee without papers, who made a living by operating without license for two well-known doctors, Veber and Durant, this love became the one solace in a world which he believed to be conditioned by hate and death. He could not fully accept it, however: living in constant fear of deportation; existing only to find and kill Haake, the Gestapo official who, in 1934, had brutally tortured him and caused the death of the woman he loved; possessing only one confidant, Boris Morosow, the doorman at the Scheherazade, Ravic saw the impossibility of their ever leading a normal life. There were increasing evidences, too, that Joan's character was an unstable one, and would eventually cause their separation. When he learned that his friend, Kate Hegstroem, was dying of cancer while he was forced to stand by helplessly, the shock had increased his sense of futility, but he had not yet told Joan of his decision to break off their relationship when the fear of deportation crystallized. Found on the scene of an accident, Ravic's presence as a witness was demanded, his lack of papers discovered and his deportation to Switzerland ordered by Leval, an official upon whom Ravic had recently operated. Just before leaving for the border, however, Ravic managed to telephone Joan, promised to return immediately. . .

### IV

RAVIC had been almost three months in Switzerland. Now he was back in Paris, on his way from the station to the Hôtel International. He was tired and dirty. Thirteen hours in a hot train with people who ate garlic, with hunters and their dogs, with women who held cages containing chickens and pigeons on their laps. And before that, the long waiting to get back across the frontier. . . .

He walked along the Champs Elysées. There was a twinkling in the dusk. Ravic looked up. It was as if pyramids of mirrors stood around the Rond Point and silently threw back and forth the reflection of the last gray light of May. He stopped and fixed his eyes on it. There actually were pyramids of mirrors. They were everywhere, behind the tulip beds in ghostlike repetition.

"What's that?" he asked a gardener who was leveling a bed of newly turned dirt.

"Mirrors," the gardener answered, without looking up.

"I can see that. The last time I was here I didn't see them."

"Haven't you been here for some time?"

"Three months."

"Ah, three months. This was done during the last two weeks. For the King of England. Coming for a visit. So he can see his face mirrored here."

"Terrible," Ravic said.

"Of course," the gardener replied without surprise.

Three months—three years—three days; what was time? Nothing and everything. That walnuts were in bloom now, and when he had left they hadn't yet had any leaves; that since he had been away a cabinet had come to power and been overthrown; that in Geneva, the refugee Josef Blumenthal had shot himself in a fit of hysterical laughter in front of the Palace of the League of Nations; that somewhere in his own chest there was the aching remnant of the pneumonia he had survived in Belfort under the name of Guenther, and that now, on an evening soft as a woman's breast, he was back again—all this held almost no surprise for him. One took it as one took many things—with calm, which was the only weapon. The sky was the same everywhere, always the same, above murde and hatred and sacrifice and love, the trees blossomed anew, unsuspectingly, every year the plum-blue dusk changed and came and went, unconcerned with cabinets, traitors despair and hope.

Ravic walked on. It was good to be in Paris again; it was good to walk slowly, without thinking along these streets in a silver-gray light. It was good to have this hour still full of respite, full of soft mingling at the boundary where faint grief and the tender recurrent happiness of simply being alive melted into each other like horizons; this first hour of arrival, the moment of pause before one is again pierced by the knives and arrows of daily living.

RAVIC found Morosow in the Catacombs of the International. He was drinking a bottle of Vouvray.

"Hello, Boris, old fellow," Ravic said. "I seem to have returned at the right moment. Is that Vouvray?"

"Still the same, '34 this time. Slightly sweeter and stronger. Fine that you're back again. Let's drink to your return."

Morosow rang an old-fashioned table bell. It pealed like a sacristan's bell in a village church.

"They didn't find out that you lived here, did they?" he asked.

"Of course not."

"Obviously. Otherwise they would have raided it. Then you can stay here again. Your room is vacant."

"Does the old lady know what happened?"

"No. Nobody. I told them you went to Rouen. Your things are at my place."

A girl came in with a tray. "Clarisse, a glass for Herr Ravic," Morosow said.

"Ah, Herr Ravic!" The girl showed her yellow teeth. "Back again? You stayed a long time, monsieur." She shuffled off, and shortly afterward the slovenly waiter of the Catacombs came with a wineglass in his hand.

Morosow took the bottle and filled the glasses. "Tell me about it," he said.

Ravic drank. The wine was cool and light. "Most of the time I was close to the border. Very close, below Basle. One side of the road belonged to Switzerland, the other was German."

"Did that give you a feeling of home?"

"No. I never felt farther away."

Morosow grinned. "How was it on the way?"

"As usual. It's getting more difficult, that's all."

"Why did you never drop us a line?"

"I didn't know how far the police might go, here. Sometimes they have fits of energy. It's better not to jeopardize anyone. After all, our alibis aren't really so very good. Old front-line rule; lie still and attract no attention. Did you expect anything else?"

"Not I."

Ravic was silent a while. "Letters," he then said. "What are letters? Letters never help."

"No."

Ravic looked about him. "Strange, how everything goes on when one isn't here."

"Don't fool yourself," Morosow replied.

"I don't."

"When one stays away it's good. When one returns, it's different. Then it starts again."

"Perhaps. Perhaps not."

"You're pretty cryptic. It's a good thing you take it this way. . . . Do you want to play a game of chess?"

Ravic shook his head. "Not tonight, Boris."

"Another drink, then," Morosow said. "It's unnecessary heroism to stare soberly into the dreary faces of the shadows of the past."

"I'm not staring. I enjoy my life cautiously."

Ravic saw that Morosow didn't believe him; he made no attempt to convince him.

"Were you anywhere else before you came to the hotel?" Morosow asked.

"No."

"Veber asked for you several times."

"I'll call him up."

"I don't like the way you behave. Tell me what's wrong."

*(Continued on page 39)*

**Ravic looked out into the night. The dirty yard became a palace of shadows and silver. Everything, he thought, could be turned from dirt to silver with a little imagination**

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# INFORMAL HISTORY OF THE HOBO NEWS

### BY JACK HARRIS

**Here's the low-down on one of the country's most extraordinary publications, as told by one of the staff, himself a former hobo and, as he says, "apt to be one again any minute"**

ON THE 12th of August, 1934, a battered old Chevrolet containing three people from McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, smacked into a pillar of New York's Sixth Avenue elevated railroad and was wrecked. Out of the mess climbed the owner, Patrick Mulkern, and his wife, Lucy, both uninjured. The third passenger, Boomer Rodgers, originally from Texas, the Poet Laureate of America's freight-yard jungles, did not climb out; he was hurled onto the sidewalk. But he wasn't hurt.

At the time, the three had between them exactly one buck and thirty-two cents. What was left of the jalopy wasn't worth a nickel, so they thought, and the question was: What to do? As they stood there, sadly surveying the wreckage, a junk dealer dashed up out of nowhere and, waving three ten-buck bills, shouted, "Will you sell it to me for this?"

Would they sell it? They grabbed the thirty bucks, and quick, for they knew the guy must be nuts.

In a way, that was the beginning of The Hobo News, which grew from nothing to a circulation of 123,000 before it was reduced to about 80,000 by the paper board. Its home today is a building valued at $150,000, the equipment is worth another $150,000, and the good will is valued at $200,000—recently $100,000 was offered just for the name. It's all owned by Pat Mulkern, a very smart cookie who used to be a hobo and is still one at heart. And so am I.

Forty-one-year-old Pat, a ringer for James Cagney, Rodgers, resembling the screwball in Arsenic and Old Lace who thinks he's Teddy Roosevelt, and Lucy, a young Elsa Maxwell in appearance, looked like movie actors working in an immigrant picture as they lugged three paper suitcases through West 17th Street on that August day in 1934. They felt very grateful to the old jalopy, especially since they had sold the wreck for more than they'd paid for the car in the first place.

When they got to 44 West 17th Street, according to Pat, he heard a certain character say to another character, "Listen, Mr. Building Agent, you can take that janitor job of yours and—"

A few minutes later, Pat had found a home for the three of them. All they had to do was move into the basement and take on the job of heaving cans of ashes outside on the sidewalk every morning and mop four flights of stairs once a day. Rent was free.

In the beginning it was all sweat and hope. Pat bought a secondhand hand press for $15, and started grinding out ballads and poems. Boomer Rodgers would then run out with armfuls of sheets and sell them from a soapbox, reciting a few and at times making up his own verse. He usually mixed his own stuff with others, tying up such things as The Cremation of Sam Magee and The Face on the Barroom Floor.

Returning to the basement one day, Rodgers brought with him four old-time hobos of the types that literary clucks used to call "knights of the road." One was Dan O'Brien, who because he had been born in Dublin and sported a white beard—at least it was white sometimes—was known in the jungles as "The Bernard Shaw of the Boes." Another was Gus Shaeffer. His jungle moniker was Sundown Slim, and he never used a small word where a big one would do. There was also Ike, the philosophical and dynamic orator of Columbus Circle. And Bozo, the King of the Wolves, a celebrity in his own way. And what a way!

None of these had to be knocked down to Pat. He had met them all on the road at one time or another. So had I, for that matter. In fact, at that time I was still on the road, having taken to the jungles again after a slight difficulty with a blue-eyed soprano. My advice is: Keep away from blue-eyed sopranos.

O'Brien and the rest of his gang had chipped in and bought a bottle of wine, which Pat considers a very disgusting beverage, and they all sat around drinking it and cutting up touches of the days gone by. That means talking over old times. Finally Sundown Slim got an idea that a newspaper with a hobo twist would sell and he spilled his idea.

Pat went over to the window of the basement, as he always does when deep thinking hits him. Bozo and Ike and O'Brien huddled together with the wine, while Sundown Slim retired to attend to some ablutions.

Lucy afterward reflected that she said, "If you winos would go out and hustle this poetry around here, instead of lousing up the joint. . . ."

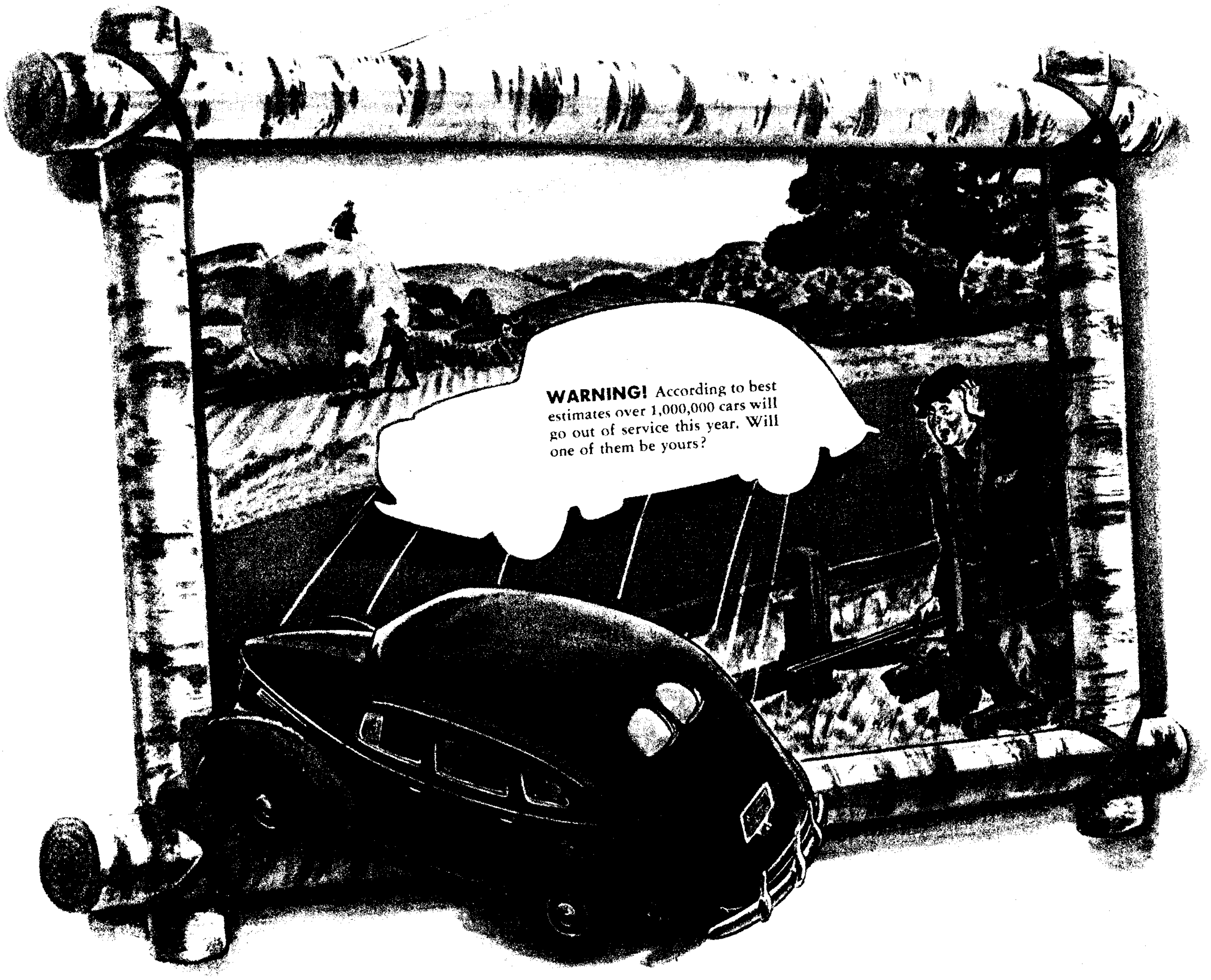
Just then Sundown Slim came rushing out, almost tripping over his suspenders, howling "The Hobo News! I cerebrate the newspaper should be called The Hobo News!" And with a wild gesture, as if breaking a bottle of champagne over a battleship, he cried, "I christen thee The Hobo News!"

It was not in any way original. An old eccentric millionaire hobo by the name of James Eads How, who had inherited millions from his St. Louis, Mo., family, published a paper by that name in 1908. When he died in 1930, he left five million dollars to keep up the 143 hobo colleges he had established in the slum districts of every big city throughout the country. His family wisely contested the will and won. The paper stopped publication with his death.

*(Continued on page 77)*

Pat Mulkern, left, editor and owner of The Hobo News, and, below, Georgina Campbell, who writes a column called The Wandering Mind

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX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# The Emperor Said No

Continued from page 21

and more warmly with the idea of surrendering, then in an access of doubt suggested that perhaps he should commit *seppuku* and free his garrison from any obligation to himself. The wounded prisoner, for his part, felt the training of a lifetime reassert its hold as his friend dilated on duty to the Emperor and the code of the Japanese officer class.

When the parley had lasted almost three hours, Colonel Clark called over to the Jap majors and suggested it was time for lunch. A dinghy came in from the LCI bringing pork chops, boiled sweet potatoes and bread. When the lunch was finished the parley was resumed.

### A Final Reply Is Promised

Watanabe at last announced he wanted another night to think it over. Tomorrow at 10 o'clock, if the Americans would be so kind as to return, he would deliver a final reply. The Americans, knowing how much he had been touched by his friends' appeals, pressed him to give an answer at once. Watanabe declined.

"Won't you come with me to see how we are developing your island of Okinawa?" the colonel asked. "I think you'd be interested to see just what installations we have put in."

This amused the major mightily. He doubled up with laughter, holding his belly, and chuckled, "That would really be infiltration, wouldn't it?" He declined with thanks.

When he was ready to leave, Watanabe took his sword belt from the orderly and buckled it round his waist. Osborn, still hoping to persuade the major to decide that day to surrender his garrison, turned to Watanabe and asked, "Can I go up to your command post with you?"

The major was startled and puzzled. Was this an American trick? Colonel Clark, not liking the idea of a lone American's going into the heart of the Jap stronghold, frowned his dissent. "Can I go, too?" Tucker asked. After his first reaction, the colonel, too, wanted to go, but Major Watanabe evidently wanted only the two original visitors to the island, the Navy lieutenants, to accompany him to his hideaway. So he pointed to Osborn and Tucker, nodding yes, but shook his head when he pointed at the colonel.

"Is it all right for them to go?" he asked the colonel.

The colonel looked him steadily in the eye. "I am asking *you,* Major Watanabe, if it is all right for them to go."

The major protested that they would be quite safe, took his leave and started up the trail followed by Osborn and Tucker. The Jap guards with their machine guns and rifles fell in behind them and the procession disappeared into the brush. On the trail they saw dull-eyed Koreans gathering leaves, apparently their staple food.

At the command post Watanabe ordered his men to spread a blanket under the trees, at some distance from his tent, and produced two canteens of fresh spring water. Osborn started to drink, but Yamamoto, the adjutant, took the canteen from his hand with a gesture of apology, sipped the water, and then returned the canteen certified pure, to Osborn.

Watanabe excused himself and returned in a few minutes in a summer uniform with shorts. He noticed that the Americans' shirts were soiled and sweaty. Would they like to have them washed? They would, thank you; and the major snapped for an orderly who took the shirts to the washtub. Watanabe summoned another orderly, who brought three tins of Formosan pineapple and they all settled down to eat and talk. Five Jap soldiers in all were tending to the major's wishes. One zealous sentry who approached the group with his rifle slung over his shoulder was brusquely ordered away.

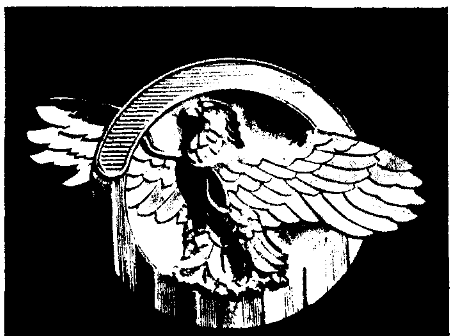
At the end of half an hour Osborn and Tucker judged it was time to withdraw. Accompanied by the adjutant and the sergeant major they walked down the trail, rejoined the American party and, leaving Yamamoto on the beach with the understanding that they would be back the next morning at 10 o'clock, went out to the LCI.

There was high drama on the forecastle that night. Agana, shaken by his friend's harangue, was despondent and uncommunicative. Clark went over to his litter and began to talk, reminding the major of his earlier conviction that it was honorable and right for the Japanese to surrender when they could no longer perform their mission.

"All the best young men in Japan are in the army. If they all give up their lives in defeat as your code dictates, who will be left in Japan?"

The major was evasive. The Japanese are a military nation, he said. They think as warriors and are bound by traditional military honor. Their first duty is to their Emperor. If they fail in that duty, life becomes meaningless.

"Who will be left in Japan?" insisted the colonel. Again the major was evasive. The colonel did not relent. He repeated his question a third time, and the Jap broke down in tears. The sailors of the LCI crew watched the scene spellbound.



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"I felt I was up against a stone wall," said the colonel later. "Here was an intelligent man, to whom you could talk reasonably, who showed by his words and acts and involuntary reactions that he followed me almost all the way. But we came to that stone wall, firmly built by years of training, and I wondered if I could ever batter it down."

He continued to try. He reiterated what both men knew, that he had dealt with him honestly, that he had never before made such an appeal to an enemy soldier and that he talked to him as officer to officer on a matter that deeply affected the men of both nations.

With an effort, the major, still weeping, hunched himself up in the litter, grasped Clark's hand and said in English, "Thank you, thank you!"

The colonel turned away and walked over to the rail. He became aware that someone was behind him and turned to find the two Jap privates, also in tears. They, too, wrung his hand warmly and repeated their major's phrase, "Thank you, thank you!"

In the morning Agana was eager to return to the beach and resume his appeals. The LCVP left the ship and headed for the shore, again bearing the mixed party of negotiators. This time an Army chaplain, Captain Porter, asked if he might come along and a few others joined the expedition.

At 9:45 A.M. the boat flying the yellow flag touched down on the beach. Promptly at 10 o'clock the Jap flag again appeared in the hills. On the heights commanding the beach Japanese guns bore on the group in the boat.

Fifteen minutes later Lieutenant Yamamoto stepped out of the brush. He was stiffly formal and tight-lipped. With a thin smile and an air of defiance he saluted the colonel and said, "I have Major Watanabe's reply." He proffered a long, narrow envelope with the opening at the end, typical of Japanese stationery, and the colonel, guessing the answer from the other's attitude, gave the document to an interpreter. It read:

Reply 27 June, 1945, 1000 hrs.
From Japanese Army Garrison C.O.
To: C.O. American Army

1. As long as there is no order from the Emperor or his representative, surrender is impossible. This is the decision of all personnel under this command. From the commanding officer to the lowliest private.

2. American military activity against this place will be met with corresponding military activity by the Japanese army. There will be no danger to American military personnel hunting shells or swimming along the beach (or in the harbor) so long as no military activity is involved.

Addendum: I am grateful for the kindness and consideration shown until now by the American garrison C.O. and his personnel. I am particularly grateful for the warm friendship of Major Agana.

(Signed) WATANABE

Yamamoto was standing stiffly and defiantly as the reading ended. Clark turned to him.

"I'm sorry," he said. The other's face softened and he grasped the colonel's hand.

"I sorry, too."

Agana took the news probably worse than anyone in the party. He called out from his litter to Yamamoto and begged the adjutant to bring the major down again.

Sakabe, the lieutenant-prisoner who had thrown himself so wholeheartedly into the mission, could not restrain himself.

"You fool!" he blurted out—to Yamamoto. "Don't you see how foolish it is for all our soldiers to die for hopeless cause?"

### Superior's Decision Is Final

Yamamoto's eyes flashed dangerously and he retorted hotly and scornfully: "I have heard enough from you, you miserable turncoat." Yamamoto checked himself and, once again quiet and courteous, said his superior's decision was final. But to Agana he brought this personal message: that Watanabe was most grateful to him for his efforts to bring about what he considered right and he was afraid to come down again lest he surrender.

Colonel Clark, with a sensitive awareness of the emotional atmosphere, set about to clear the stage. With an appropriate gesture to Yamamoto and Agana, indicating Chaplain Porter with a nod, he said, "Is it agreeable with you gentlemen if I ask our chaplain to pray to whatever Supreme Being we believe in, to ask His blessing on our efforts and to ask that He lead our minds to a right judgment in this matter?" The Jap officers readily agreed, and there on the sand all the Japs and Americans knelt down and bared their heads, and the chaplain asked for divine guidance.

Yamamoto arose with tears streaming down his face and shook each officer's hand with a firm double clasp. Then he called out, "Attention!" to his two sergeants, saluted Colonel Clark, dropped the salute, turned to Agana on the litter, again saluted, bowed and strode toward the path.

As he reached the foot of the trail three wretched Koreans, slinking toward the beach to go away with the Americans, met him squarely. There stood the epitome of the young Jap officer class, Yamamoto the traditionalist and martinet, confronting three human wrecks who were trying to escape from his superior's custody. For a moment everybody watched breathlessly. Then Yamamoto raised his hands, patted the Koreans on the head and shoulders, and gave them a little shove toward the beach—and toward escape.

THE END

# *Thank Goodness for Good Taste*

We've so much to be thankful for here in America—a good way of life . . . good food like this to enjoy . . . good whiskey like Seagram's 5 Crown to add to our enjoyment.

For Seagram's 5 Crown is truly a "taste" whiskey . . . delicate, smooth, full-flavored. Only *great* whiskies and pedigreed grain neutral spirits, both distilled to blend perfectly, are used. *Every drop is true pre-war quality.*

Naturally, good taste says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!" . . . because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

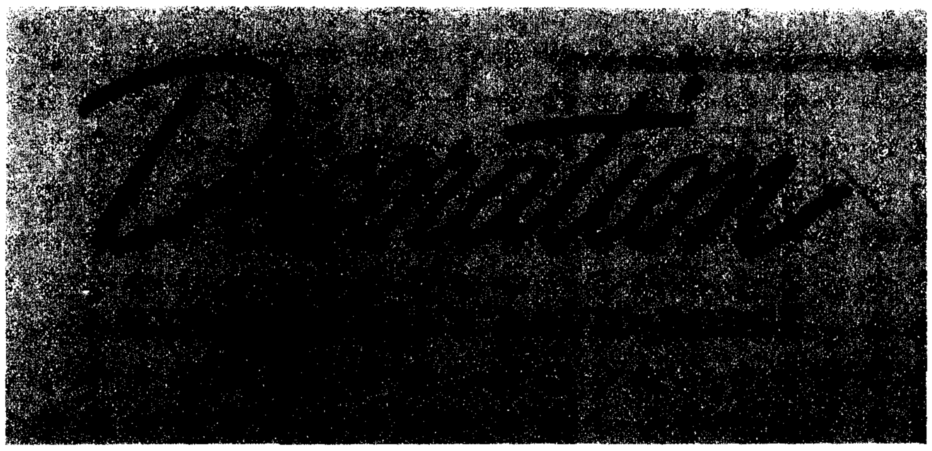
**SEAGRAM TAKES THE TOUGHNESS OUT . . . BLENDS EXTRA PLEASURE IN**

# Seagram's 5 Crown

*Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK



**You could call one brother a hero and the other a heel, but that was no answer to the strange conflict between them**

ONE of the men at the table in Frank's Beer Parlor had a prominent Adam's apple that bobbed up and down when he spoke. He said, "Fruit salad. That's what they call 'em in the Army. I had a bunch of those ribbons myself after the last war."

"You never had no ribbons like Art," the second man said.

"I got my share. Fruit salad, that's all."

"You never got the Congressional Medal of Honor."

"No." The man with the Adam's apple conceded the point grudgingly. "No, I never got the Congressional Medal of Honor. Darn' few guys ever did that I knew of, less they were dead."

"Art did. He ain't dead."

The man who was tooting the horn for Art turned to the third person at the table, a big towheaded young man in faded blue jeans: "Didn't he get the Congressional Medal of Honor, Bud?"

"Uh-huh." The big towhead did not look up from his beer glass.

It was Sunday afternoon. The three men had been at Frank's since before lunch time, shooting the breeze and drinking beer. Bud had been taking small shots of whisky with his beer for the last couple of hours. He was pretty drunk, in a quiet way.

"He must've known somebody, then," said the man with the Adam's apple. "You don't get no Medal of Honor without knowing somebody."

"He didn't know anybody that you don't know," Art's defender said. "He was just a dogface like a million other guys. He had guts, that's all. See, he was in Germany just before we busted across the Rhine, and his company was holding one of the bridges the Nazzies forgot to blow. They were way out in front of the Army, just hanging on by their teeth, and the Nazzies send a whole damn' battalion back to take care of this bridge, see? Art and a couple of other dogfaces are out in front with a machine gun, on the German side. They're due to get run over right away and they know it, but they don't get orders to fall back on account of Art's lieutenant and the sergeant get killed right away, see, and everything goes to pieces. The two guys with Art get it next, from a mortar shell, and there he is with the machine gun and about twenty holes in him, bleeding like a pig, see, and, by God, if he don't stand off the whole battalion for half an hour until the rest of the Army catches up with him. Shucks, he didn't have to know nobody to get a medal. Everybody knew *him*. They even named the bridge after him."

The man with the Adam's apple was impressed to the point that he had nothing to say. The bartender, who had been listening to the familiar saga with pride, put his oar in from behind the bar: "He got more than the Medal of Honor, Charlie."

"Oh, sure." Charlie made a negligent gesture. "He got the Purple Heart and the Soldier's Medal and the Silver Star and a bunch of other stuff, but it's the Medal of Honor that counts. When you get *that*, you're a hero. See?"

He waited for a rebuttal. The man with the Adam's apple said, "I'm not arguing."

Charlie picked up his beer glass in triumphant silence.

"Remember how the town turned out for him when he came home?" the bartender said.

"No fooling." Charlie had won his argument. He was willing to let the bartender carry the ball for a while.

"Whole town down at the depot," the bartender said reminiscently. "Even the governor was there, and a brass band you could hear over in the next county. Art gets off the train looking like a million bucks, with all those ribbons on his chest."

"Fruit salad," said the man with the Adam's apple.

"Fruit salad. That's good. Well, he had fruit salad on him like General Eisenhower, and the brass buttons shining on his uniform, only looking kind of peaked from just being out of the hospital for a couple of weeks, and I'll be jiggered if every female in the crowd doesn't bust into tears, young, old and in-between." The bartender wagged his head. "Man, what a time that was."

"No fooling," Charlie said.

THE man with the Adam's apple looked at Bud. The big towhead was rolling a cigarette, frowning at the clumsiness of his fingers. The man with the Adam's apple said, "You must feel pretty good, having a brother like that."

"Uh-huh." Bud licked the brown paper, examined his cigarette and licked it again. He fumbled a match out of the pocket of his tight jeans, lifted one leg from the chair, and scratched the match on his pants. After one puff on the cigarette he put it carefully in the ash tray, picked up his empty whisky glass, and took it to the bar. His beer glass was still almost full.

The bartender watched him come across the floor. Bud was putting his feet down on an invisible straight line. He set the glass on the bar and said, "Fill her up."

The bartender scrubbed a spot on the counter with his cloth, not looking at the glass. "You've had enough," he said.

"I'm all right. Give me another shot to go with the beer." Bud laid a coin on the bar and hunched his big shoulders, looking at his feet.

The bartender went on scrubbing. He said, "Art told me not to give you more than you can handle. You go to the ball game with Charlie."

Bud lifted his head and stared, both big hands holding the edge of the bar. The bartender polished away fiercely, scowling at the stubborn spot. The two men at the table watched Bud. He said at last, "Okay," and picked up his money. "Okay. You and Art. You know what I'm going to do?"

"No." The bartender rubbed hard, his head down.

"I'm going to kick Art's teeth out."

Bud turned away and started for the door. The invisible line that he walked now was a wide curve.

The bartender and the two men at the table all spoke at once. The bartender said plaintively, "Aw, what do you want to get like that for?" Charlie jumped up from the table to grab Bud's arm.

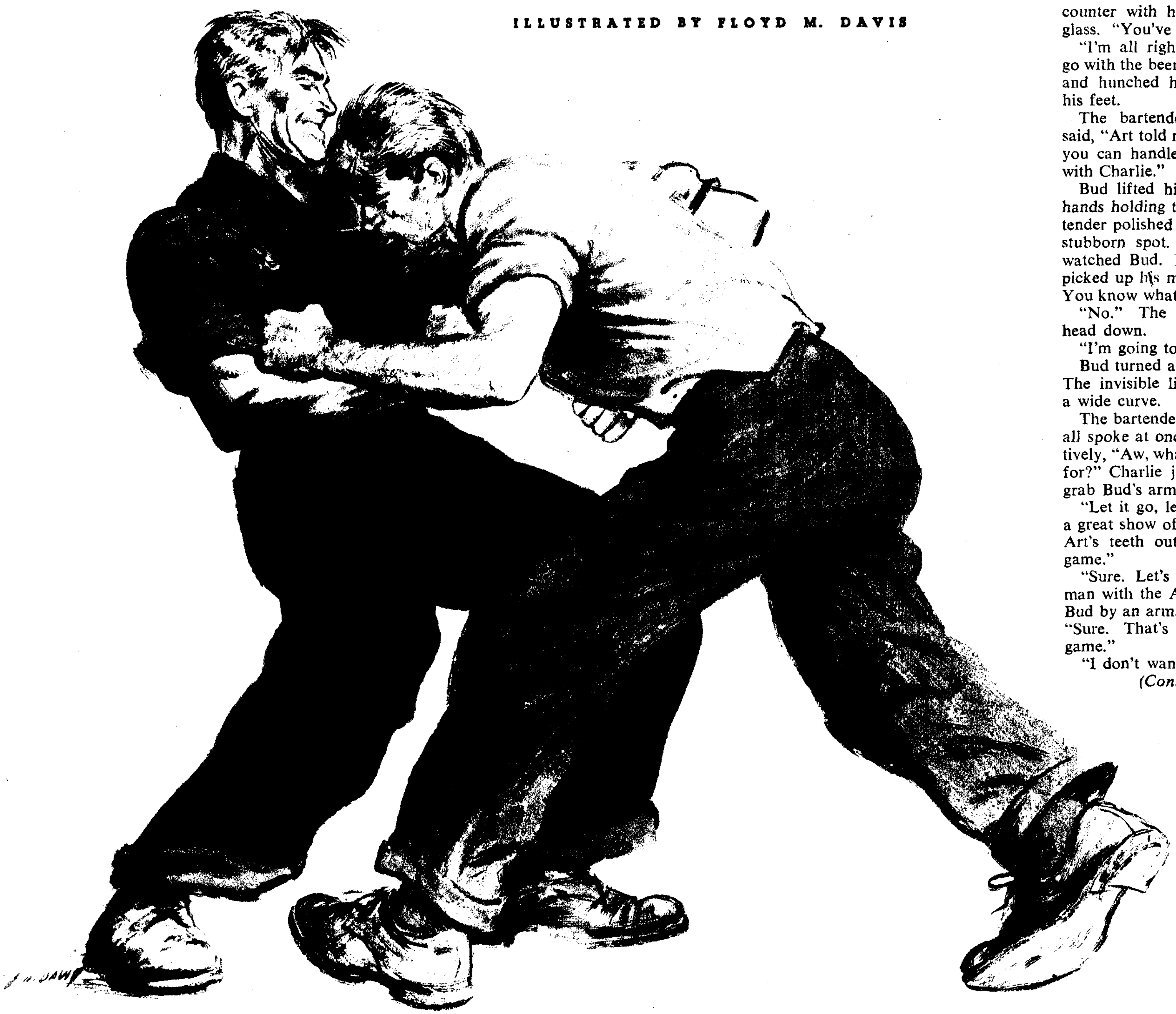
"Let it go, let it go," he said loudly, with a great show of good humor. "You can kick Art's teeth out any time. Let's go to the game."

"Sure. Let's all go to the game," said the man with the Adam's apple. They each had Bud by an arm. The bartender said heartily, "Sure. That's the ticket. It'll be a good game."

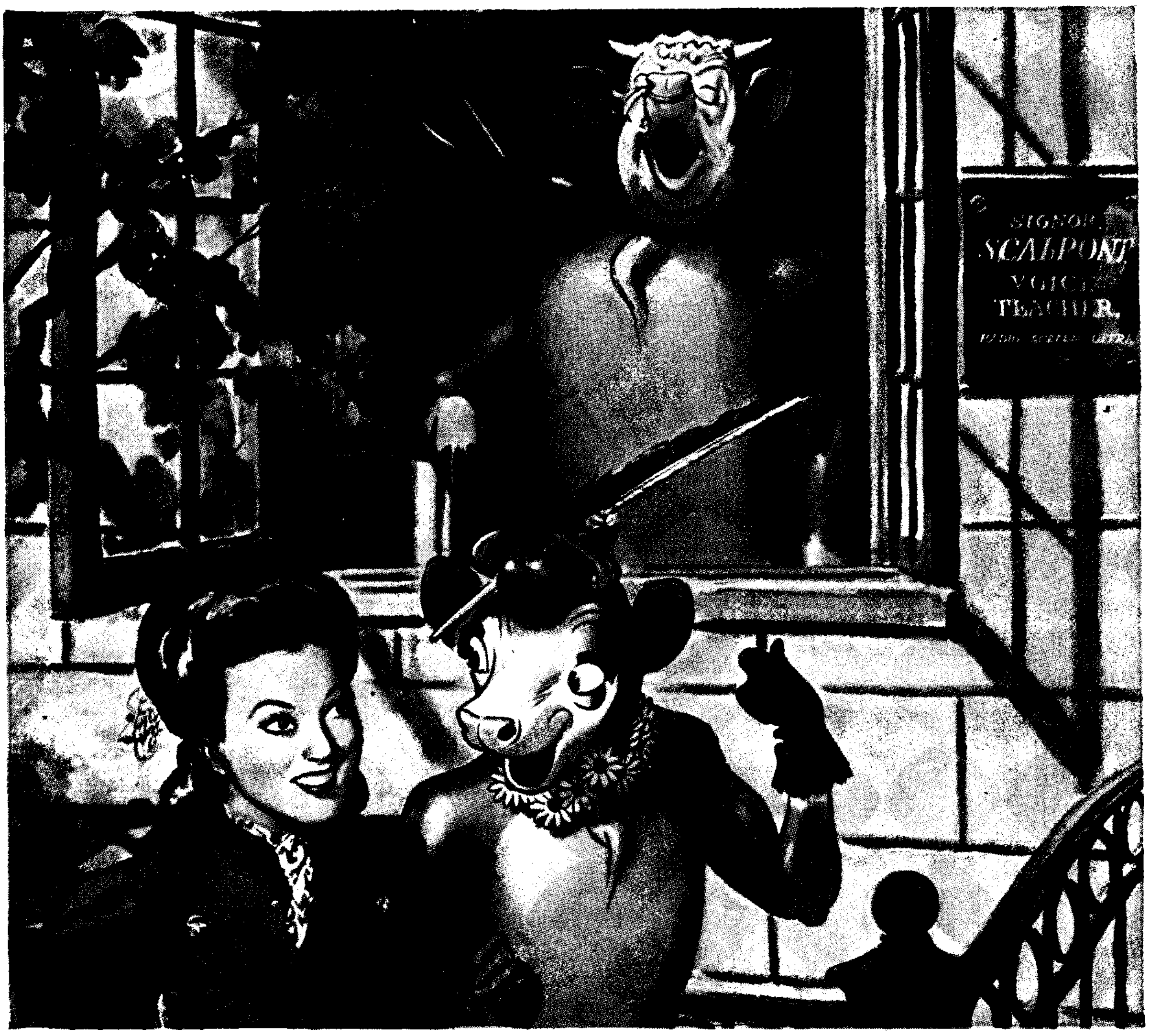
"I don't want to see any ball game." Bud

*(Continued on page 56)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS



**The brothers fought for a long while. Art stayed out of reach as much as he could but Bud forced the fight most of the time, reckless of defense**



# "Ginny Simms, just look what you've done to Elmer!" giggled Elsie

"WHY, ELSIE!" gasped Ginny Simms, "what have *I* done to Elmer?"

"Just what haven't you done?" laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Elmer's been rumbling up and down the scales ever since he heard you were the star of Borden's new radio show! His ambition is to be the next swoon king!"

"And what's so thundering funny about that?" bellowed Elmer, the bull, leaning out of Signor Scalpone's window. "When I cut loose with my baritone, the ladies swoon by the herd! I *send* them! I knock 'em *cold!*"

"Then you certainly can't be on Ginny's program," teased Elsie. "We don't want folks to be out cold when we tell them about *Borden's Homogenized Milk.* It has cream and Vitamin D in every sip."

CREAM IN EVERY LAST DROP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

"Borden's! Borden's! Borden's!" groaned Elmer. "Why don't you get a new line? Why not put a fellow with a *fresh* viewpoint on your program—*me,* for instance?"

"Now, Elmer," soothed Elsie, "it's no good hinting. Ginny has really big stars on her show—some even bigger and funnier than you, dear."

"But, Elsie," protested Ginny, "I think Elmer's *delightful!* It's just that you've got to *see* him to appreciate him. Now, if this were television, Elmer could show folks how men really go for Borden's Liederkranz Cheese! It's a grand, robust cheese treat—with soft creamy center and good-to-eat golden crust!"

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE GREAT PROTEIN FOODS!
LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE

"Meanwhile, the *announcer,*" suggested Elsie, "reminds everybody that all *Borden's Fine Cheeses* are wonderful 'buys' for your points and pennies."

*"Break it up, women!"* roared Elmer, "and let's get back to radio. Trouble with you folks is you don't know a good bet when you see one."

"Why, darling," chirped Elsie, "the very best bet in these days of food shortages is the new, richer chocolate flavored *Hemo.* This glorious food drink is *teeming* with vitamins and minerals everybody needs."

NOW HEMO HAS A RICHER CHOCOLATE FLAVOR!
Borden's Hemo

"*Vitamins and minerals!*" exploded Elmer. "What have they got to do with radio? Ever hear any of the GI's Ginny sings to twice a week yell for vitamins and minerals?"

"No, Elmer," laughed Ginny. "But I *have* heard them yell for ice cream. It's the favorite refreshment in Army *and* Navy."

"And *Borden's Ice Cream* is the real, old-fashioned kind the boys—and everybody—*love,*" added Elsie. "It's a delicious, nourishing treat at any time. Real pep-boosting, too."

NOURISHING REFRESHERS—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM AND MILK SHERBETS!

"Then you two better lay off it," slyly needled Elmer. "You're already too peppy about changing the subject. If I can't sing, and I can't tell jokes on the Borden show, why can't I be one of the war veterans Ginny interviews? Tell me that!"

"I'll tell you," chuckled Elsie, "because you haven't had a weapon in your hoof since the battle of Bull Run. Seriously, dear, you were a grownup when Ginny's veterans were getting *Borden's Evaporated Milk* in their infant formulas."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK—NOW RICHER IN VITAMIN D.
Borden's MILK

"Speaking of Borden's Evaporated," suggested Ginny, "shouldn't we have the announcer on the radio show tell everybody that this fine milk has more Vitamin D than ever—400 units per reconstituted quart!"

"*Say!*" blurted Elmer, "I could do that just dandy. I could—"

"Elmer! Elmer!" chided Ginny, "you can't just become an announcer over night. Announcers must go through weeks of training. They—"

"*Weeks of training!*" roared Elmer. "I've had *years!* Ever since the fatal day Elsie mooed 'yes,' I've been trained to say, '*If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*'"

## —if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

**TUNE IN**

**GINNY SIMMS**

**IN A**

**GREAT *NEW* RADIO SHOW**

with *comedy guest stars!*

★

*New time, new station*

**Friday evenings—CBS**

| | |
|---|---|
| E.W.T. 7:30 | M.W.T. 7:00 |
| C.W.T. 6:30 | P.W.T. 6:00 |

© The Borden Company

# To keep him ON HIS TOES

EYES
Clear and Bright
CHEST
Spacious and Deep
MUSCLES
Strong and Springy
COAT
Dense and Glossy
FEET
Heavy-boned; Speedy
TAIL
Waggy and Gay

## . . . nourish EVERY INCH of him with GAINES

● The makings of vigor and bounce—that's what goes into GAINES! The makings of sleek coats—bright, alert eyes—the makings of waggy tails. The makings of muscles, of strong teeth and bones. And the makings of *appetites* too! For in GAINES there's MEAT MEAL aplenty. And vegetables, milk nutrients, cereals, minerals, vitamins—every type of nourishment dogs are known to need.

Just mix GAINES MEAL with water. Or, if your dog is used to other foods, and goes for GAINES more eagerly when you mix it with soup, milk, or gravy—by all means please your dog. As a matter of fact, some dogs appreciate variety now and then—just as you do yourself. But no matter how you mix it, GAINES should be your dog's basic food, to make sure you nourish every inch of him.

GAINES is the dog food that has been the trusted stand-by of big kennels and veterinarians for over 15 years. It's a Meal dogs love—inexpensive to feed—prepared in less than a minute. Largest-selling dog food in the U.S.A.

*FOR ALL DOGS*

# GAINES

## Complete Meal

***"Nourishes Every Inch of Your Dog"***

JUST ADD WATER AND FEED
Keep 'em fed right
GAINES
MEAL
GAINES FOOD CO. INC.
SHERBURNE, NEW YORK

In 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb. bags and larger sizes for kennels

Copyright 1945 by Gaines Food Co., Inc., Sherburne, N. Y.

### EACH POUND OF GAINES

***gives your dog all this nourishment***

As much body and strength-building *proteins* as in 1½ lbs. fresh raw beef

As much energy-making *carbohydrates* as in 2 quarts cooked oatmeal

For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the quantity of *fats* that would be provided by 1 ounce of creamery butter

For strong bones—the *minerals* that would be provided by 1¾ lbs. cheese

For red-blooded vitality—as much *iron* as in ¾ lb. beef liver

**VITAMINS:** The *vitamin A* in 5 eggs; the *thiamin* ($B_1$) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; the *riboflavin* ($B_2$) in 1 qt. milk; the *niacin* in ½ lb. fresh mackerel . . . and all other members of the B-complex which normally accompany thiamin, riboflavin, and niacin.

# Jobs for Everybody?

Continued from page 16

The Full Employment Bill does three things:

First, it writes into law the solemn obligation of the Federal government to assure an expanding economy which can provide useful jobs for all who are willing and able to work.

During the depression, Uncle Sam assumed the obligation to prevent destitution. Through relief and made-work, we provided twenty million people with a bare subsistence. The bill proclaims to everyone that the government's responsibility today is not merely to prevent destitution—but to prevent depression and unemployment.

Second, the bill defines the job of the President in making good on this commitment. It requires him to prepare and submit to Congress at the start of every year a complete and well rounded program for maintaining full production and full employment. The program would constitute the President's annual employment budget in broad outline. But instead of merely proposing annual expenditures for various Federal agencies, as does the President's regular budget message, it would lay out the policies he believes the Federal government should follow in the coming year to assure full employment in the nation. We call this budget, to distinguish it from the President's regular annual budget, the National Production and Employment Budget. In this budget, the President would make known to Congress and the country:

1. The total number of job opportunities needed for all persons willing and able to work.

2. The total amount of goods and services that our economy must provide if we are to have full employment.

3. The total power of the country to buy goods and services—i.e., the total purchasing power of business, consumers and the government.

4. A statement of whether this purchasing power is adequate to create a demand for enough goods and services to provide full employment.

If things looked as though they were going well, the President's program would be aimed at maintaining the trend. If storm signals showed the danger of a slump ahead, the program would aim at strengthening the market for goods and services—in order to bolster production and employment.

This might be done by several measures. Business, for example, might be encouraged to expansion by tax reductions and other incentives available to government. If it appeared that those measures would not be sufficient, state and local governments might provide adequate business stimulus by public works or similar programs. When, and only when, it is evident that the job of keeping employment in high gear cannot be done by private enterprise and our state and local governments, it would be the President's duty to propose stimulation of the economy by actions of the Federal government. Let me make it clear right now that this bill does not specify what measures are to be taken to maintain full employment. It only makes it an obligation of government to see to it that jobs are available for all willing and able to take them.

Thus the bill's second point would have the President propose broad policies for full employment. In its third major provision, the bill would require that final decisions on those policies be made by the Congress of the United States. And these decisions would be a duty which Congress would be powerless by law to dodge. This is the bill's heart.

In recent years there has been a disastrous tendency toward the decline of Congressional authority. Unable to cope with swiftly changing modern conditions, Congress has again and again delegated its policy-making powers to the chief executive. If the Full Employment Bill becomes a law, we shall see Congress awaken from its long Rip Van Winkle slumber and begin to live up to the expectations of our founding fathers.

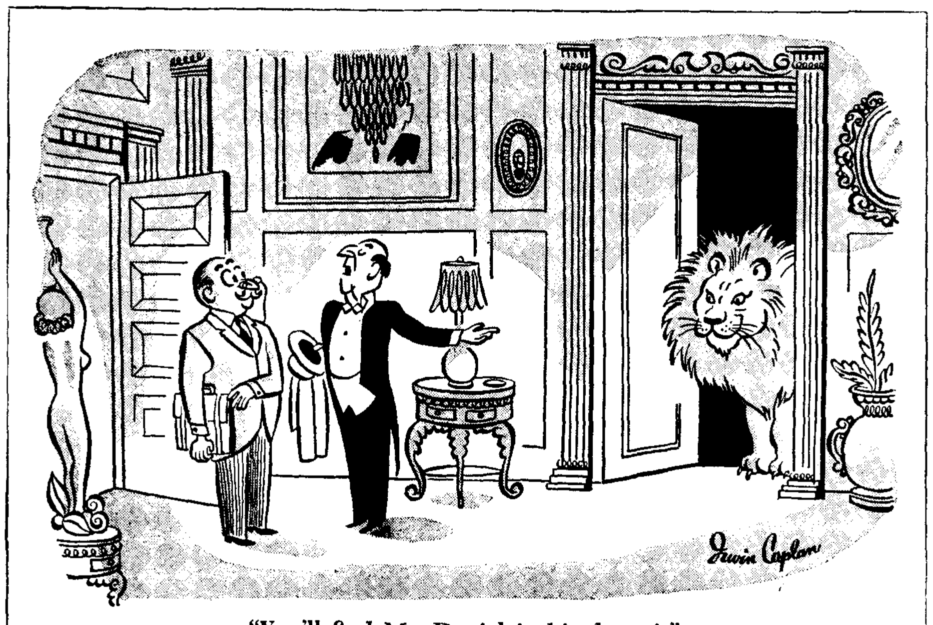
### Setting Aside Petty Loyalties

The bill provides for the creation of a Joint Congressional Committee on the National Production and Employment Budget. This Committee is to be composed of the Chairman and the leading Democratic and Republican members of the key committees in both houses. These men, in effect, would be instructed to set aside sectional issues and special problems and focus upon the whole picture of where our country is headed and what our government should be doing.

Instead of being neatly tucked away in Committee files, the President's full employment program would be referred to this Joint Committee. Public hearings would be held. Witnesses from all walks of life would be called. The final judgment of the Committee on full employment policies would then be cast in the form of a joint resolution, and reported to both Houses.

Then, in the House and in the Senate, we should see a full and open debate on the general policy of the Federal government—the kind of debate that we have needed for decades in order to clarify the position of the Republican and Democratic parties. Thus, instead of major issues being debated every four years during Presidential campaigns and forgotten in intervening years, questions affecting the economic life of the nation would be kept constantly before the people.

But debate would be empty and meaningless if it did not lead to decisions. The bill forces Congress to face up to its responsibilities under the Constitution and make these



COLLIER'S "You'll find Mr. Daniel in his den, sir" IRWIN CAPLAN

VACUUM CUPS GRIP AS TIRE MEETS ROAD
VACUUM CUPS RELEASE SILENTLY
PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP

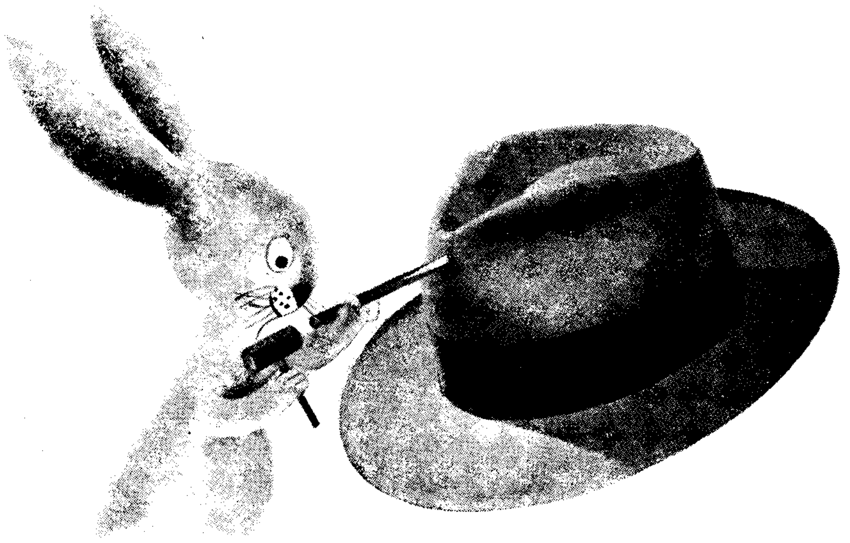
before the FIRST CHEVROLET was built

PENNSYLVANIA Was Building Fine Tires

It has always been smart to own a Chevrolet—and good judgment to ride on Pennsylvania Tires. Pennsylvania engineering produced the Vacuum Cup Tire and many other tire improvements. When the right materials are available, Pennsylvania dealers will have the new *Silent* Vacuum Cup Tire—the safe, silent tire of tomorrow. Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Penn-Craft Park, Jeannette, Pa.

635-A

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES MANUFACTURED BY THE ORIGINATORS OF THE Silent Vacuum Cup Tire



*Sculptured in felt...*
*to keep its crease*
*permanently*

Michelangelo hammered the living marble.
Rodin shaped the yielding clay.
But I prefer the medium of fur...priceless "fur felt"
...which I fashion into hats that *keep their shapes forever.*
Yes, by a special process, these Lee hats are *pre-shaped*
as you would shape them yourself... with conscious carelessness
and practiced skill ...dented here...curved there...
and made to stay that way for keeps.
The model receiving attention above is the Lee "Edgelee"
...*a magnificent* example of Lee pre-shaped hats
at only $10.00 (Blue Label).
The production below is the Lee "Forward"...
also pre-shaped...and only $6.50 (Red Label).

LEE

*Water Bloc Hats 5th Ave. N.Y.*

Red Label $6.50, Black Label $7.50, Blue Label $10.00, Silver Label $12.50, Gold Label $20.00

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decisions—by standing up and voting on the joint resolution. When passed, with or without amendments, this resolution would set forth the general policy of the Federal government during the coming period. It would serve as a framework and guide for action on specific measures by all the committees of Congress and all the many agencies of government.

The steps toward full employment would be taken by the President and Congress in the usual way. That is, the two branches would work together, the President proposing and the Congress enacting the necessary legislation.

A top corporation executive must appraise economic trends and develop specific goals for the coming few years—whether it is for the production of three hundred thousand automobiles or the development of a helicopter that can be landed in anyone's back yard. In accordance with these goals, he must lay out a specific budget of future expenses, so much for new plant and equipment, so much for wages and salaries and so much for advertising. This budget must then be presented to his board of directors, which serves the same function as the Congress.

The board of directors then goes over the budget with a fine-tooth comb, readjusting it if necessary, and then gives their executive the green light. If any important change in policy is to be made, he must report back to the board and get his orders.

Under the Full Employment Bill, Uncle Sam would operate on these same sound principles of business budgeting.

When the bill was being drafted, there were some who suggested that we emphasize free enterprise at the expense of full employment. There were others who thought that full employment was the main thing and that free enterprise should be pushed into the background.

The sponsors of the bill rejected both suggestions. Free enterprise, we felt, is doomed unless we have sustained full employment. And full employment, we maintained, would be contrary to the American way of life unless we also maintain—and, indeed, strengthen—free competitive enterprise. Hence the emphasis upon full employment and free enterprise as *twin* objectives.

When unemployment threatens, the bill would make the government place a strict priority upon any and all steps that will provide incentives for additional spending by everyone other than Uncle Sam—mainly by consumers, by business and by states and cities. Federal spending is strictly a last resort measure.

But no make-work projects, no WPA. All Federal spending programs shall, and I quote from the bill itself—"be designed to contribute to the national wealth and well-being and to stimulate increased employment opportunities by private enterprise." Above all, the bill puts a stop to uncontrolled spending of Federal funds. Under it, every cent laid out by Uncle Sam will be planned in advance in accordance with a strict budget.

In drafting the bill, we also received an abundance of free advice from the peddlers of panaceas and the promoters of specific projects. We agreed with many that their ideas were sound. But we came to the conclusion that by itself not one of these suggestions was enough to assure full employment in a free America. Under the Full Employment Bill we can give each of these supposed panaceas their proper place. It provides for a National Production and Employment Budget which would be as broad as the needs of our country and the vision of our leaders.

Within the framework of this Budget, the government would develop a comprehensive program that would include taxes, wages, monopoly control, public works and conservation, Social Security, health and education services, capital for small business and veterans and any other policy or plan that made sense.

From year to year there would be many shifts in the government's full employment program. Conditions change, and men change with them. At one time it might be imperative to prevent inflation, at another time, to prevent deflation.

Would the enactment of the bill guarantee full employment?

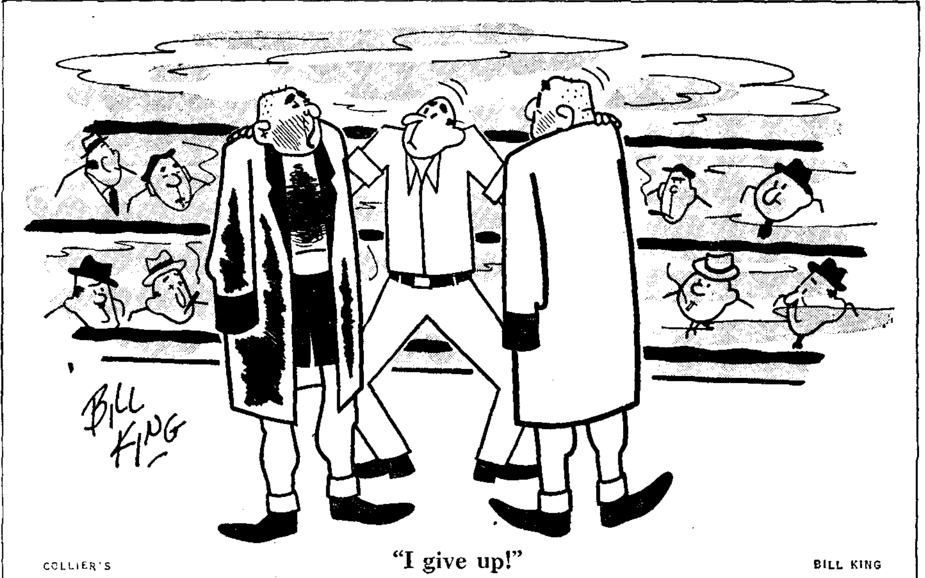
### Taking the First Step

The answer is no. Enactment of the bill would merely guarantee that we are taking the first step on a long, hard road, and that we are doing it with the courage to look ahead and with our eyes fixed upon the important goals. The effectiveness of the full employment program in any year or any decade would depend upon the combined wisdom of both the President and the Congress. It would depend upon the co-operation received from businessmen, workingmen, farmers, the mayors of our cities and the governors of our states. In the final analysis, the question of whether or not Americans will enjoy the right to work will be in the hands of the American people.

Traditionally, the fine art of buck passing has flourished in Washington as nowhere else in the world. When things go wrong, the President can always blame Congress. The Senate can blame the House. The House Democrats can shift the burden to the House Republicans, and the House Republicans can pass the buck to the White House. Under the Full Employment Bill, the President, both Houses of Congress and both parties would have to come out in the open and tell everyone where they stood.

Hunting for responsibility among the ninety-six committees of Congress is like hunting for a needle in a haystack. There is no over-all responsibility for the acts of Congress as it is now constituted. This bill takes the most far-reaching step yet proposed for provision of that responsibility because it creates a body charged with making decisions on basic policies of the government. In effect this measure would initiate the streamlining of Congress which many leaders in government and business have advocated for so long.

THE END



"I give up!"

# An Announcement about the new DeSoto

### *by* C. E. BLEICHER, *President, De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation*

Soon the new De Soto cars will be rolling off the assembly line. If I could drive up to your house—give you a ride in one—put it through its paces—I think you'd be just as excited about it as I am.

The new De Soto has many of the features that made the pre-war De Soto great, but many improvements make it better than ever before.

When you drive it, you'll get a brand-new idea of tomorrow's kind of driving. You'll seldom have to shift gears with your hand. The new Tip-Toe shift works hydraulically, but you control it with the accelerator pedal. You get plenty of "get-away" and power in traffic.

Fluid Drive—improved Gyrol Fluid Drive—will be more important than ever before. It works hand in hand with Tip-Toe shift—to give you the easiest, smoothest ride on the road!

I could tell you about the improved styling—about the new Safe-Stop brakes that give you the smoothest, most effortless stop you've ever made. I could tell you about the hundreds of Chrysler Corporation engineers who have put their best into this new car. I could tell you many other things.

But I'd rather have you take a ride in the new De Soto, as soon as your dealer has one, and see what *you* think of it. I know it's the best De Soto we've ever made!

●

**8 OUT OF 10 OWNERS SAY,**

**"De Soto is the most satisfactory car I ever owned"***

*FROM A MAIL SURVEY AMONG THOUSANDS OF OWNERS OF 1941 AND 1942 DE SOTO CARS

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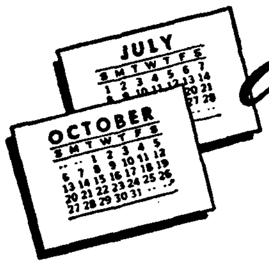

83° CEILING TEMPERATURE
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From the sun-baked beach in midsummer to the frosty chill of football time there is, after all, only a difference of about twenty degrees in average daily temperature. And that's probably less than the difference between floor and ceiling temperatures in the average home or apartment during the heating season. (See the chart below.)

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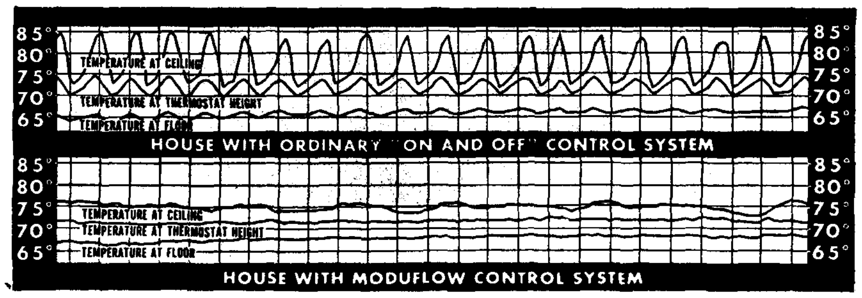


**See how Moduflow** smooths out the up-and-down temperatures caused by ordinary control systems. Shown above are actual temperature recordings taken in two identical houses — one with and one without Moduflow. Without Moduflow, temperature varies as much as 20 degrees from floor to ceiling. With Moduflow there is comfort temperature from ceiling to floor.

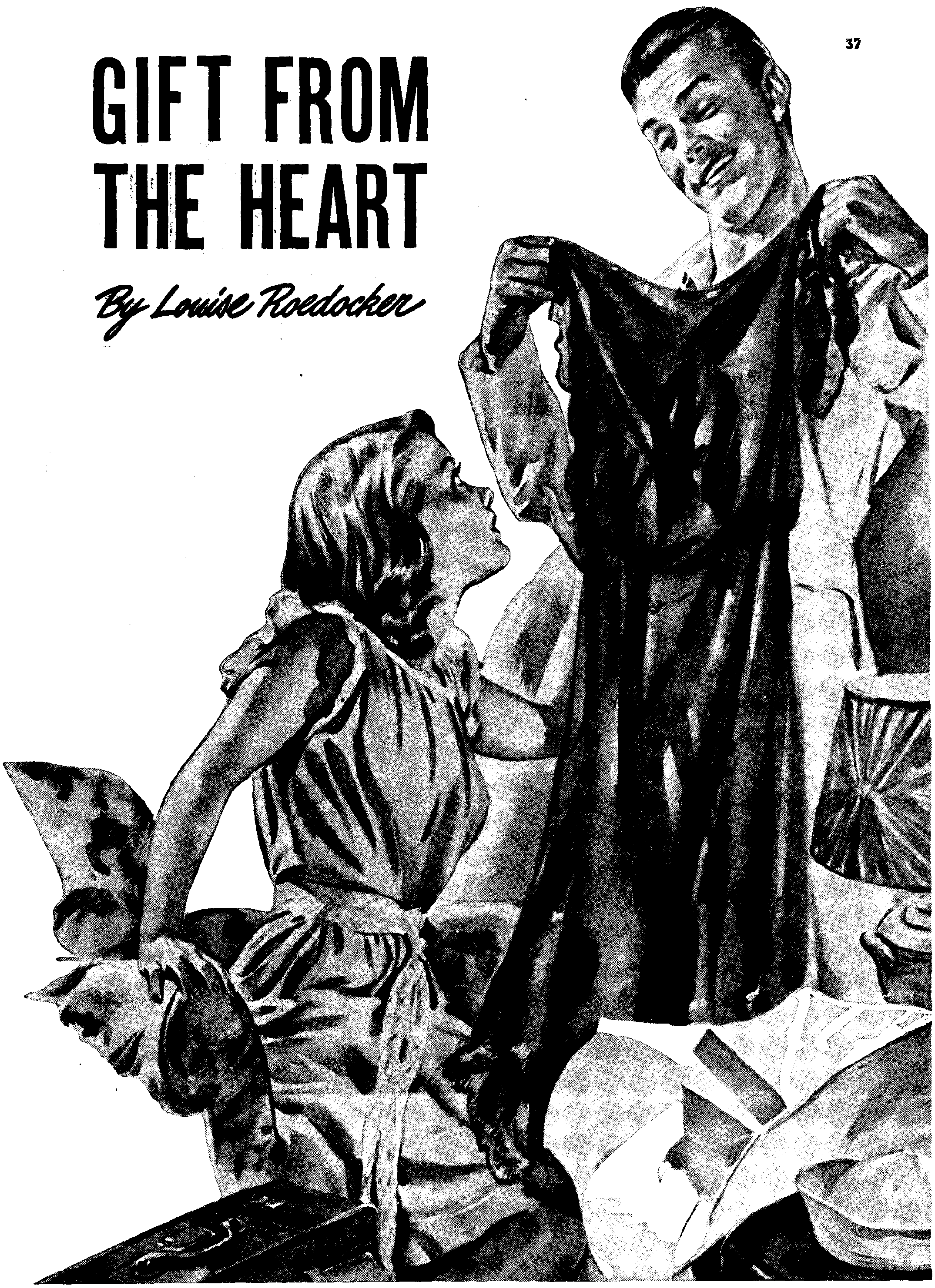
# MODUFLOW

**the new HONEYWELL heating control system**

**Joan doubted the permanence of her marriage, and Kenny knew he could give her security only through the faith she had lost**

# GIFT FROM THE HEART

### By Louise Roedocker



THE young sailor had his white hat tilted over his left eyebrow and he walked along Eighth Avenue with all the cockiness of a wire-haired terrier. He was whistling under his breath, a song that had been popular last year when he and Joan were married.

"You'd be so nice to come home to," he whistled, his mind shaping each word carefully, "You'd be so nice by the fire—you'd be so nice—you'd be paradise—" The whistling slowly petered out, as new ideas pushed themselves forward.

In just a few minutes now he'd be seeing Joan. She was due at Penn Station at ten minutes after four. He hadn't seen her since Christmas, and that was over five months ago. He had had his first leave then, the first since they were married. They'd be married a year in September. September 10th. He was an old married man, except that—he shut his mind, closing it firmly like a tight box, thinking instead of Joan.

He'd been crazy about Joan since they were kids. And that was funny, because she was no glamor gal. She had a sister, for instance, who was as smooth and beautiful as white satin. Funny thing, Joan never had bothered with fixing up. He had seen her with her hair in pin curls and in dirty old slacks, working around in the garden. Not that she looked much better in dresses. She just didn't care. He grinned to himself. Nobody could ever tell him he didn't know what he was getting. His family never had been able to figure out just what he saw in her.

Maybe it was because they were so different, maybe that was why he was so crazy about her. He was extravagant and he would do anything to make people feel happy and comfortable. He liked a gang. Joan was the quiet sort. She could tramp for miles in pheasant season, she knew how to fix a steak just right over an open fire and when they were alone she was gay and sweet with a funny little sense of humor. But let anyone else come around and she just sat, watching, not saying a thing. She seemed to be herself only with him. Sometimes he thought she even resented his family and the way he was so nuts about them.

HE FROWNED, thinking of his family. He couldn't think of them without remembering Aunt Doris. Not that he didn't like Aunt Doris; he did. But he owed her twenty-five hundred dollars. She had offered him the money when he started college, and he had taken it. Joan had known about the debt when she said she would marry him. But then he had still been in college, and she thought he would go into a nice safe defense job and be able to pay it back in a little while.

He could have paid it back, too, within a year, if he had taken the job offered him in chemical engineering. But when the time had come, he had enlisted in the Navy instead. He hadn't been able to make Joan see why he had to do it, get into the real thing.

Funny, though, she didn't say much when he told her. She just looked at him with her steady, quiet gray eyes and said, "We'll pay that debt back anyway. Every cent of it." He had been almost frightened at the look in her eyes, the utter determination. Then she told him that she wouldn't marry him until he finished training. So he had gone to Texas and taken the intensive course in radar, and when he finished in September, he got a leave and married Joan. At the end of the leave she told him she intended to finish college, and that she would come out to him in the spring.

There had been nothing in any of the delay that could make him think that she was paying him back for not doing as she wanted, and for allowing the debt to stand. Joan couldn't understand how it was about that debt. Aunt Doris didn't need the money, and she had wanted him to go into the Navy. She knew that when the war was over she would be repaid; and if he didn't come back, his insurance would be enough to take care of everything.

But Joan didn't look at it that way. She refused to let the family be behind him. It was *their* debt, she said.

He shook his head a little now and went into the station. He stood by the middle information booth, where they had agreed to meet, and lit another cigarette, holding it loosely between his lips. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was four-fifteen. She should be in now.

Then he saw her. She came straight toward the booth, as if she had been in Penn Station a million times. She had on a neat blue suit and a white blouse with neat white ties. On top of her black hair was pushed an old blue tam.

Joan, he thought. Joan, just as always. He felt a queer loosening inside him, a lessening of anticipation, a wash of tenderness. He hurried toward her and grabbed her by the arm.

"Joan," he said.

He held her against him, letting himself feel the warmth of her body and the long electric curve of her thigh against him. He knew she wouldn't want to be kissed here, so he just held her.

"Kenny," she said softly. Her gray eyes filled with tears. Her under lip trembled and she caught it with even white teeth.

"Let's go," he said gruffly. He took her bag and when they got outside he signaled a taxi.

"We didn't need a taxi," Joan said.

"We'll get away from here faster." He grinned at her.

She leaned back and he took both her hands. "Was it a hard trip?" he asked. "Tired?"

She moved her head back and forth on the seat. "My neck feels a little out of joint," she said. "Otherwise I'm okay."

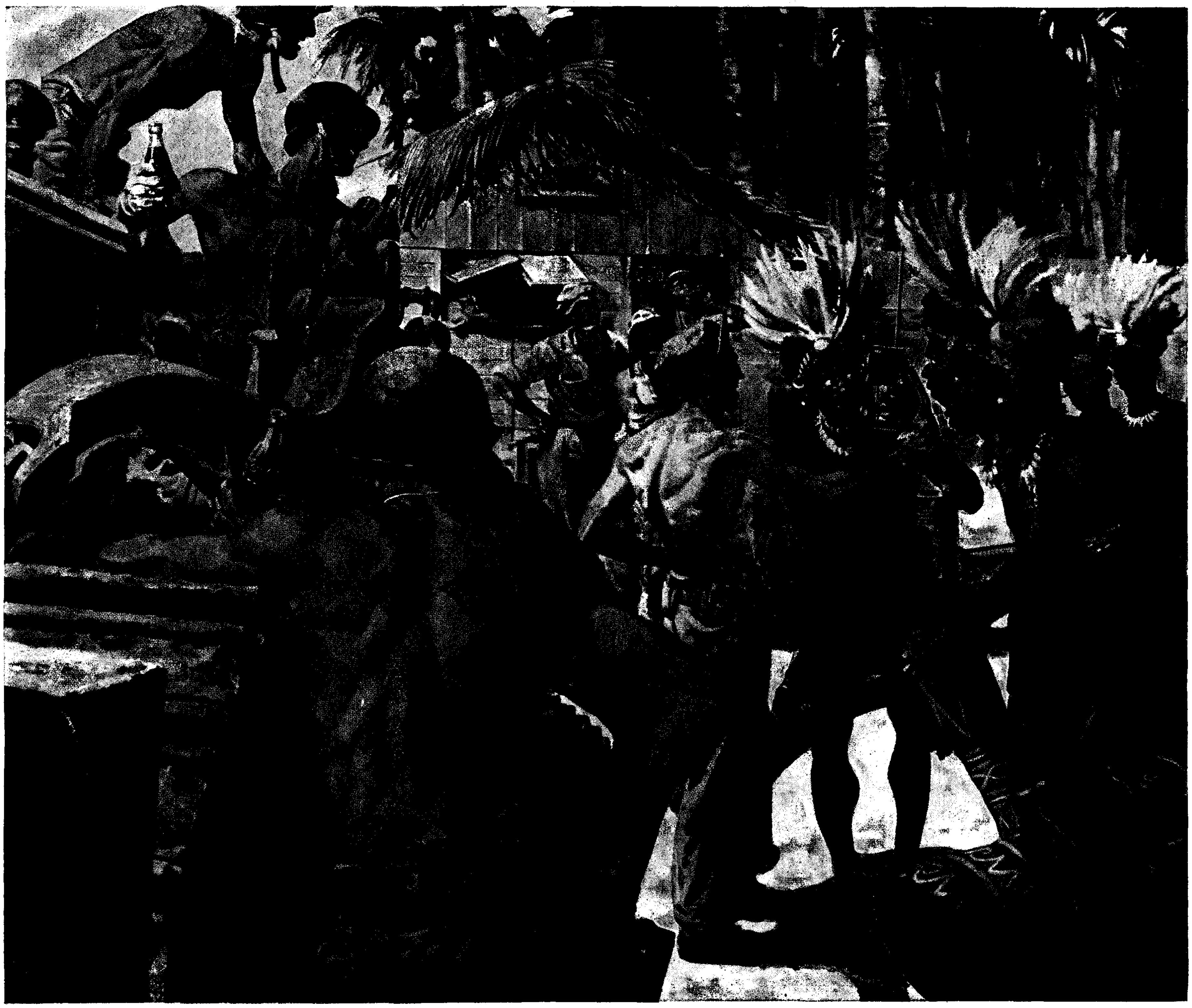
"I'll give you a massage," he offered.

*(Continued on page 64)*

**"All right, open up," Kenny said happily, holding up the black chiffon negligee. Joan opened her eyes wide**

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

# Now you're talking . . . Have a Coca-Cola



## . . . or tuning in refreshment on the Admiralty Isles

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# Arch of Triumph

Continued from page 24

"Nothing in particular. The border at Geneva was too well guarded. I tried it several times. Then at Basle. Difficult there, too. Finally I got across. Caught a cold. Rain and snow at night in the open fields. Couldn't do much about it. It turned out to be pneumonia. A doctor in Belfort got me into a hospital. He smuggled me in and out. Kept me in his house ten more days. I've got to send the money back to him."

"Are you all right again?"

Ravic smiled. "I'm a little tired and want to get used to things again. That's all. Strange, how much you think when you're on the road. And how little when you arrive."

Morosow waved this aside. "Ravic," he said in a fatherly tone, "you are talking to your father, Boris, a connoisseur of the human heart. Don't make detours, and ask me quickly so that we can get it behind us."

"All right. Where is Joan?"

"I don't know. I haven't heard anything about her for several weeks now. Haven't seen her either."

"And before that?"

"Before that she inquired about you for some time. Then not any more."

"She is no longer at the Scheherazade?"

"No. She left about six weeks ago. She came there two or three times later. But not after that."

"Isn't she in Paris now?"

"I don't think so. At least it seems not. Otherwise she would have come again."

"Do you know what she's doing? Instead of working at the Scheherazade?"

"Something in a movie, I think. She's supposed to have said so, at least. You know how it is. One of those damned pretenses."

"Pretenses?"

"Yes, pretenses," Morosow said angrily. "What else, Ravic? Did you expect anything else?"

"Yes," Ravic replied.

Morosow remained silent.

"To expect and to know are two different things," Ravic said.

"Only for damned romantics like you."

RAVIC went to his old room. The window. The blue silhouette of the roofs. The faded red sofa. The bed. He knew that he had to bear it. He sat on the sofa and smoked. Morosow had brought him his belongings and told him where to find him if he wanted him later.

He had thrown away his old suit. He had taken a bath, hot and cold, a long bath with much soap. He had washed away the three months and rubbed it from his skin. He had put on clean underwear and another suit; he had shaved. He had done all this and felt fine doing it. He would have liked to do even more, because suddenly now while sitting by the window, the emptiness began crawling out of the corners.

He filled a glass with calvados. Among his belongings had been an opened bottle. He recalled the nights when he had been drinking it with Joan, but it evoked little feeling. He merely noticed that it was very good.

The moon rose slowly above the roofs. The dirty yard opposite became a palace of shadows and silver. Everything could be turned from dirt into silver, with a little imagination. Ravic sat on the window sill. The fragrance of flowers came through the window. The sharp smell of carnations at night. A wooden box with flowers stood below him on the sill. They probably belonged to the refugee Wiesenhoff if he was still living there. Ravic knew him, he had pumped out his stomach. It had been at Christmas, a year ago.

The bottle was empty. He threw it onto the bed. There it lay like a dead thing. He rose. Why was he staying here brooding? He needed company. That was easy in Paris.

He went through the narrow streets to the Etoile. The warm life of the city at night vibrated from the Champs Elysées. He went back, faster, then gradually more slowly till he arrived at the Hôtel Milan.

"How is everything?" he asked the porter.

"Ah, monsieur!" The porter got up. "Monsieur hasn't been here for a long time."

"Not for quite a while. I wasn't in Paris," Ravic said.

The porter took stock of him with his small, lively eyes. "Madame isn't here any longer."

The porter was a good porter. He knew what was wanted of him without being asked. "Three weeks now," he said. "Three weeks ago she moved out."

Ravic took a cigarette out of his pack. "Is Madame no longer in Paris?" the porter asked.

"She is in Cannes," Ravic said.

"Cannes!" The porter rubbed his large hand across his face. "You wouldn't believe it, sir, but I was a porter at the Hôtel Ruhl in Nice eighteen years ago, would you?"

"Why, certainly," Ravic said.

"Those days! Those tips! That wonderful time after the war. Nowadays—"

Ravic understood hotel employees without need of too broad a hint. He drew a five-franc bill out of his pocket and put it on the table.

"Thank you, sir! Have a good time! You look younger, sir!"

"I feel it, too. Good night."

RAVIC stood on the street and gazed at the star-filled sky. He should be glad it had turned out this way. This saved a lot of unnecessary disputes. He knew it and Joan knew it, too. At the end, at least.

She had done what was the only right thing to do; she had acted, and it was done with. No tugging back and forth. He had acted, too. But why was he standing around here now?

He went back to the hotel. "May I use your telephone?"

"Certainly, sir. But we have no booth. Only this instrument."

"That's good enough."

Ravic looked at his watch. Veber might be at the hospital. It was the time for the last nightly round.

"Is Doctor Veber in?" he asked the nurse. He did not recognize her voice. It must be a new one.

"You can't talk to Doctor Veber now."

"Is he in?"

"He's in. But you can't talk to him now."

"Listen," Ravic said. "Go tell him that Ravic is on the phone. Go immediately. It's important. I'll hold on."

"All right—" the nurse said hesitatingly. "I'll ask him, but he won't come."

"We'll see about that. Ask him. Ravic."

A moment later Veber was at the telephone. "Ravic! Where are you?"

"In Paris. Arrived today. Do you still have to operate?"

"Yes. In twenty minutes. An urgent appendectomy. Could we meet afterward?"

"I can come over."

"Wonderful. When!"

"At once."

"All right. Then I'll wait for you."

"HERE is some coffee," Veber said. "Here are newspapers and medical journals. Make yourself comfortable."

"Just a gown and some gloves."

Veber looked at Ravic. "Simple case of appendicitis. Below your dignity. I can get through with it quickly with the nurses' help."

"Veber, do me a favor and let me perform the operation. I'm not tired and I'm all right."

Veber laughed. "You're certainly in a hurry to get back to work! All right. Just as you like."

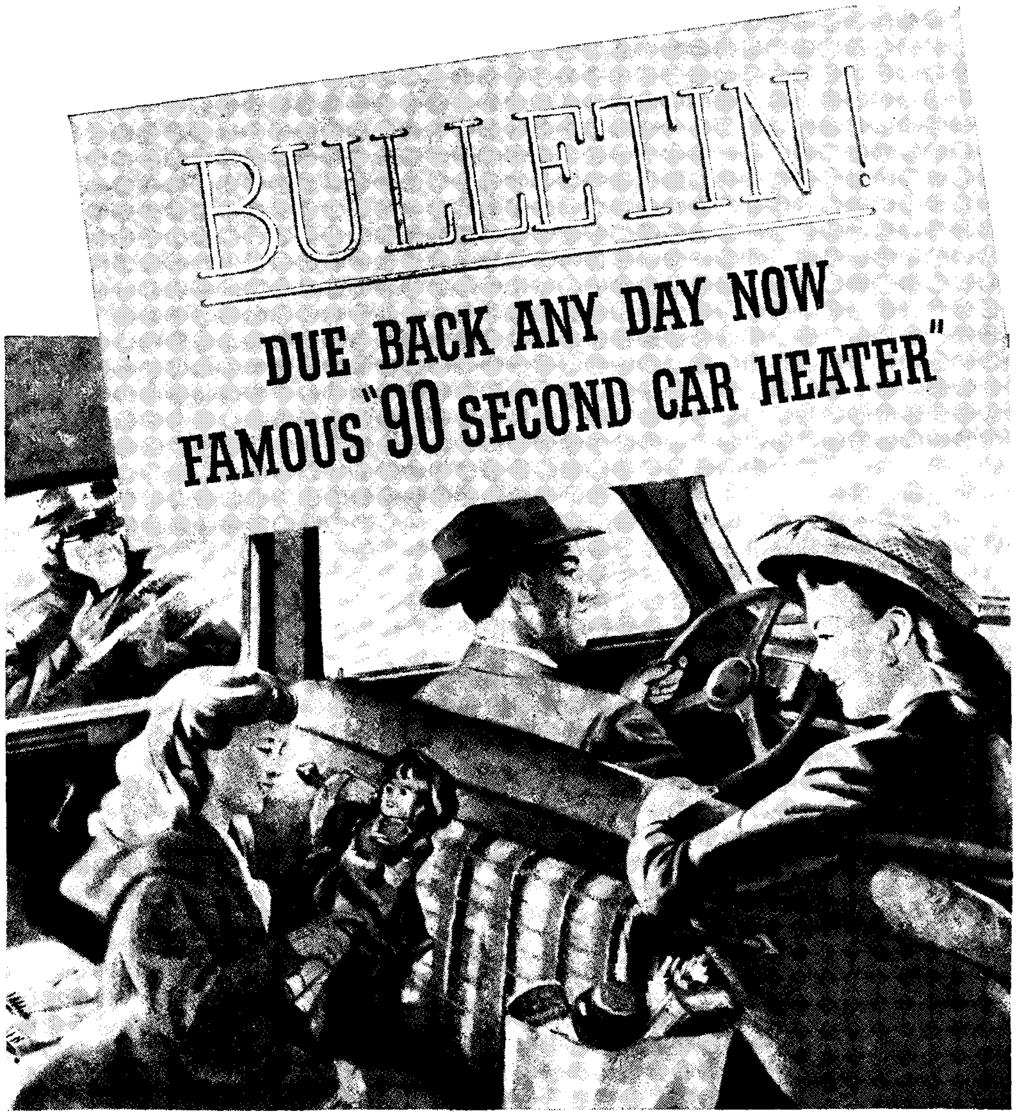
Ravic washed and put on the gown and gloves. They went into the operating room. He breathed in the smell of the ether. Eugenie stood by the head of the table and administered the anesthetic. A very beautiful young nurse put the instruments in order.

"Good evening, Eugenie," Ravic said.

She almost let the dropper fall. "Good evening, Doctor Ravic," she replied.

Veber smiled. It was the first time she had addressed Ravic this way.

Ravic bent over the patient. The strong operating lights blazed white and intense. They shut the world out. They shut off



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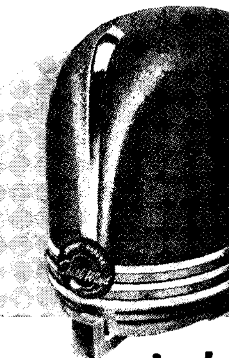

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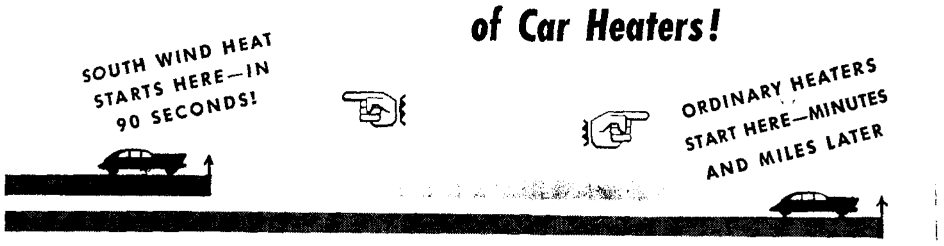
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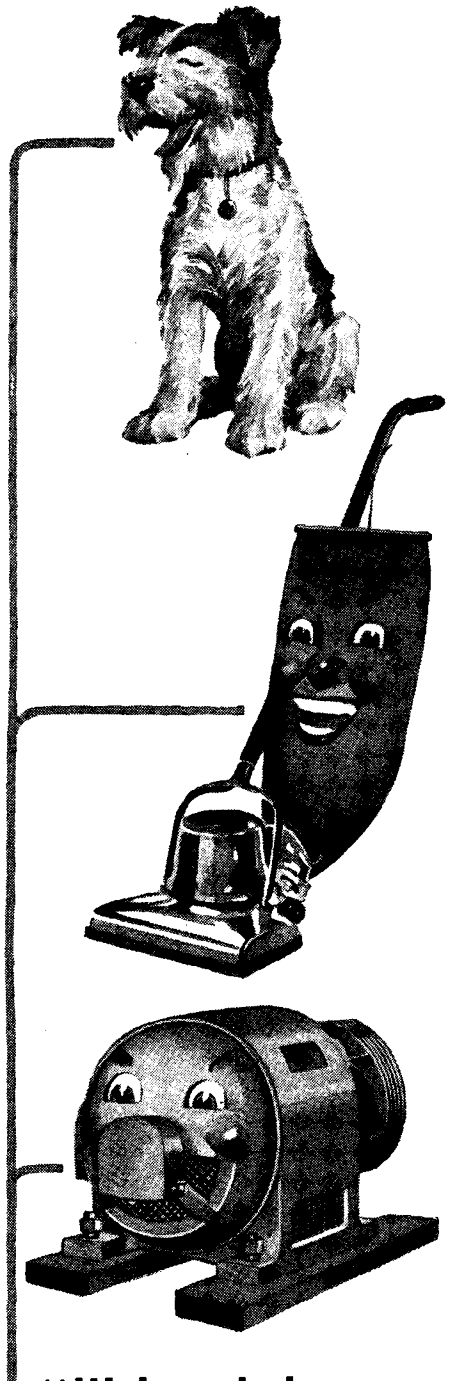

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thought. They were objective and cold and merciless and good.

Ravic took the knife which the nurse handed him. It felt cool in his hand. It did him good to feel it. It did him good to get out of a wavering uncertainty to clear preciseness.

He made the incision. Narrow and red, the line of blood followed the knife. Suddenly everything was simple. He felt like himself again for the first time since he had been back. At home, he thought. At last!

MOROSOW said, "She is here."

"Who?"

Morosow smoothed his uniform. "Don't act as if you didn't know who I mean. Do you think I can't guess why you have been at the Scheherazade three times in two weeks? Once accompanied by a miracle with two blue eyes and black hair, but twice alone? Man is weak; otherwise where would his charm be?"

"Go to the devil," Ravic said. "Don't humiliate me, just when I need all my strength."

"Would you have preferred not to be told about it?"

"Naturally."

Morosow stepped aside and let two Americans in. "Then go away and come back again some other evening."

"Is she here alone?"

"We don't even admit reigning princesses alone. Besides, what a question! The psychologists would like it."

"What do you know about psychologists? You are tight and I'll complain about you to the management."

"My manager was a lieutenant in the same regiment in which I was a colonel, boy. Just try it."

"All right. Let me by."

"Ravic!" Morosow put heavy hands on his shoulders. "Don't be a fool! Go, telephone the miracle with the blue eyes and return with her, if you must. That's the simple advice of an experienced old man. An extremely cheap trick; but always effective."

"My dear man," Ravic said. "I'm much older than you think. I don't use tricks any more."

"Then go home."

"To the Catacombs or to my hole?"

Morosow left Ravic and walked imposingly ahead of a couple that wanted a taxi. Ravic waited until he returned.

"I've changed my mind about it," Morosow said. "Go in. I'd do it, too. It will have to happen some time, anyway; why not now? If we are no longer childish, we are idiots."

"I've changed my mind, too. I'll go somewhere else."

TWO hours later Ravic was sitting in the Cloche d'Or. The place was rather empty. Three o'clock in the morning was still too early. Women sat at the long bar, like parrots on a perch and chattered. Next to them several peddlers of fake cocaine lounged about waiting for tourists. In the room upstairs, the familiar night-club types were eating onion soup.

"That's a good one, don't you think?" Someone addressed Ravic. It was the waiter.

"Good one? Why?"

"The redhead over there. Just out of prison. Shot her husband. Acquitted. Self-defense. Self-defense, my eye!"

Ravic was not interested in this sort of gossip. He waved it aside. "Bring me another drink."

The waiter took the glass from the table. "All right. One more cognac."

He shuffled away. Ravic looked up and saw Joan sitting a few tables from him. She had come in while he was talking with the waiter. He hadn't seen her enter. She was sitting with two men. At the same moment that he saw her she noticed him.

She turned pale under her sun tan. She sat still for a second without taking her eyes from him. Then with a brusque movement she pushed her chair back from the table, got up and came toward him. As she walked her face changed. It relaxed and became soft; only her eyes remained steady and transparent as crystals. To Ravic they appeared brighter than ever. He stood up.

"You are back?" she asked breathlessly.

She stood close to him. For a moment she made a move as if she were about to put her arms around him. She did not do it. Nor did she shake hands with him. "How long have you been back?" she asked in the same low tone as before.

"For the last two weeks."

"For two—and I didn't—you didn't even—"

"No one knew where you were. Not your hotel, nor the Scheherazade."

"The Scheherazade—but I was—" She interrupted herself. "Why did you never write?"

"I could not."

"You are lying."

"All right. I didn't want to. I didn't know whether I would come back again."

"You are lying again. That's no reason."

"It is. I might have come back or not. That was all. Don't you understand?"

"No. But I do understand that you were here for two weeks and you haven't done the least thing to—"

"Joan," Ravic said calmly. "You didn't get those brown shoulders in Paris."

She looked at him. "I thought you would never come back."

Ravic remained silent.

"I thought you would never come back," she repeated.

"Joan—"

"No! Not a thing is true! Nothing is true! Nothing!"

"Joan," Ravic said wearily. "Go back to your table."

Suddenly her eyes were wet.

"Go back to your table," he said.

"It's your fault!" she burst out. "Yours! Yours alone!"

ABRUPTLY she turned around and went back. Ravic sat down again. He had been calm while speaking to Joan. Now, suddenly he felt the excitement. Strange, he thought, the chest muscles under the skin. Why just those? He lifted the glass and looked at his hand. Steady. He drank half the glass. While he was drinking he could feel Joan's look. What does she expect, he thought. That I will get drunk out of misery right here in front of her?

He called the waiter and paid. The moment he got up Joan began talking to one of her companions. She did not look up when he passed her table. Her face was hard and entirely expressionless.

He woke up and knew at once that she was in the room. It was still dark and he could not see her, but he could feel that she was there. The room was different, the window was different, the air was different and even he was different.

She stood by the door. "Were you asleep?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I thought you wouldn't be here yet," she said. "I thought you would be drinking somewhere."

"I wasn't drinking. I was playing chess with Morosow."

"What?"

"Chess. With Morosow. Downstairs in the hole that looks like an aquarium without water."

"Chess!" She came closer. "Chess! But that's—! Someone who can play chess when—"

"I wouldn't have thought it myself. But it worked. In fact, it worked well. I was able to win a game."

"You're the coldest, most unfeeling—"

"Joan, I once knew someone who locked himself in his room and solved chess problems from the minute his wife died until she was buried. People thought him unfeeling, but I know that he loved his wife more than anything in the world. He simply couldn't act otherwise. Day and night he solved chess problems so he wouldn't think about it."

Joan stood in the middle of the room. "Is that why you did it?"

"No. I told you that was another man. I was sleeping when you came."

"Yes, you slept! You can sleep!"

"Can't you understand that one can do many contradictory things and be very unhappy at the same time? It is strange what etiquette has been built up just for unhappi-

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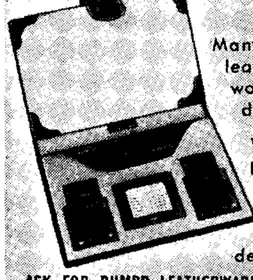

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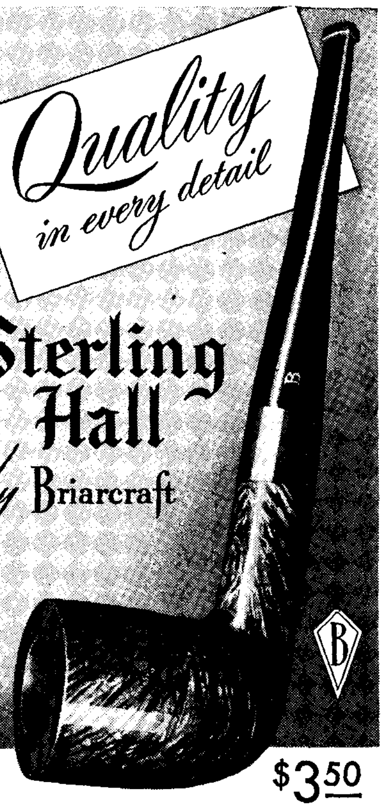

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ness! If you had found me tight as hell, everything would have been in good taste. That I played chess and slept is proof that I am crude and unfeeling. That's simple, isn't it?"

A crash and a shatter. Joan had seized a vase and thrown it to the floor.

"Fine," Ravic said. "I couldn't stand that thing anyway. Just be careful you don't get splinters in your foot."

She kicked the pieces aside. "Ravic," she said, "why are you doing this?"

"To give myself courage. Don't you see that?"

She turned her face toward him quickly. "It looks that way. But with you one never knows."

She carefully stepped over the scattered pieces and sat down on his bed. He could see her face distinctly now in the early dawn. He was surprised that it was not tired. It was young and clear and intense. She wore a light raincoat which he had not seen before and a different dress than the one she had worn in the Cloche d'Or.

"I thought you'd never come back again, Ravic."

"It would have been better if I hadn't come back. But there is no longer any other city for me."

"Won't the police here—"

"The police have just as little chance of catching me as before. That they got me at the time of the accident was just a silly coincidence. I don't need to worry any more than before."

Ravic reached for a pack of cigarettes which lay on the table beside his bed. It was good to talk about trifling matters. It calmed one and gave one time.

"Please let me have a cigarette, too." Joan said.

The flame of the match illumined her face and hair for a moment. It was momentary and accidental; Ravic did not know why but something moved within him as if a light wooden wall had slid aside and suddenly he felt that all the time he had been back he had waited only for her. He had tried to deceive himself; but that was all it had been.

"I couldn't think at all when I saw you this evening," she said. "I couldn't think of anything. And when you left I thought I'd never see you again. I didn't think so immediately; first I waited for you to come back to the Cloche d'Or. I thought you must come back. Why didn't you?"

"Why should I have come back?"

"I'd have gone with you."

Ravic knew that was not true. She had not even thought of it. She had only wished for him to come back.

But he did not want to think about it now. Suddenly he did not want to think about anything. There she sat at his side. that was enough for the moment. But it was enough in a strange, disquieting way.

It became lighter outside. The shutters began a low creaking. The morning wind rose.

Joan turned to look at him. "Is it good that I've come?" she asked.

"I don't know, Joan."

She bent over him. "You know. You must know."

HER face was so close to his that her hair fell on him. It was a picture that he knew and did not know, very strange to him and very familiar and yet never the same.

He saw that the skin on her forehead was peeling, he saw that the red of her lipstick was caked on her upper lip, he saw that she wasn't made up quite properly; he saw all his that in the face which was so close above his that in this moment it veiled all the rest of the world for him. He knew that there were more beautiful faces, cleverer and purer, and that it was only his fantasy which made this one, nevertheless, mysterious, but he also knew that this face, like no other, had full power over him. And he himself had given it this power.

"Yes," he said. "It is good."

"I couldn't have endured it, Ravic, for you to have stayed away. For good."

She straightened up and smoothed her hair. "You can't leave me alone. You are responsible for me!"

"Are you alone?"

"You are responsible for me," she said.

"All right. I am also responsible for the civil war in Spain. And now stop it. It's getting light. Soon you must go."

"What? You don't want me to stay here?" Joan asked.

"No."

"You don't love me any more."

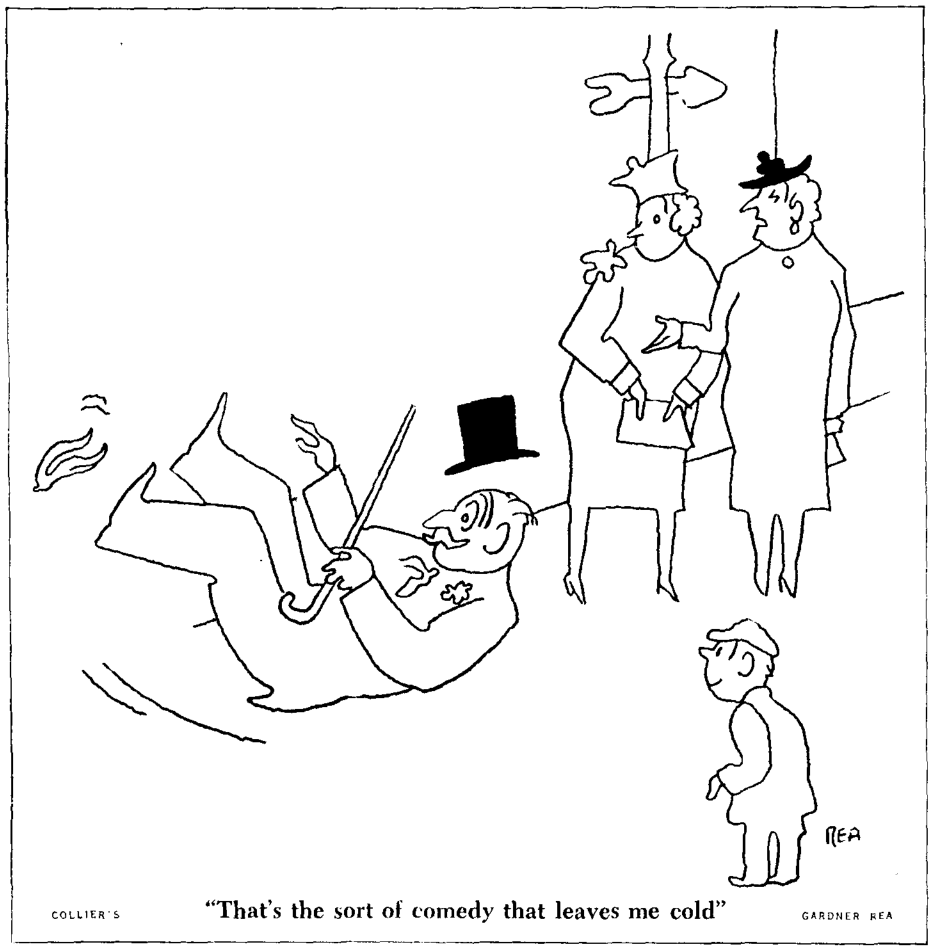
"Good heavens!" Ravic said. "That too! What idiots have you been with the last few months?"

"They weren't idiots. What else could I have done? Sat in the Hôtel Milan and stared at the walls?"

She looked at him. Her mouth and her eyes were dull. "Why do you always criticize me? Other people don't criticize me. With you every little thing immediately becomes a problem."

"Good heavens!" Ravic said again.

"It is true!" she said. "One never knows



COLLIER'S "That's the sort of comedy that leaves me cold" GARDNER REA

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what to make of you. You make me say things I never want to say."

Ravic breathed deeply. What was it that he had just been thinking about? Darkness of love, power of imagination—how fast that could be changed! Women did it themselves, incessantly. They were the most avid destroyers of dreams. Suddenly he felt relieved and free.

Joan was huddled at the foot of the bed. The dawn had turned into the red of morning and shone on them. The early day blew its pure breath from afar, across all the dirty back yards and the smoky roofs, into the window and there was still the breath of woods and fields in it.

"Joan," Ravic said. "It's fine that you've come."

She raised her head. "At last! But first you have to take away all the joy!"

Joy, Ravic thought. She calls that joy! To be driven by many dark propellers, in a gust of breathless desire for repossession—joy?

But the hell with it! Maybe she is right! Why all this pretense? Why this hide-and-seek? She has come and I am so stupidly superior only because she has come. If she had not come I would have continued to brood and heroically tried to deceive myself and wished secretly that she would come—as I did before I took the sleeping pills.

Ravic sat up. "What do you want?" Joan asked. "Are you going to throw me out?"

"I want to kiss you. I want to kiss you because you've come back again. . . ."

THE red of morning glowed beyond the roofs. The sky above was deep and blue. A few clouds floated there like sleeping flamingos. Ravic stood by the window. "Do you remember how it used to rain, Joan?"

"It was always raining, darling. It was gray and it rained."

"It was still raining when I left. You were desperate about all that rain. And now—"

"Yes," she said. "And now—"

She stood beside him. "Now we have everything, summer and warmth and brightness."

"Yes—and—"

"Everything. Even a garden. The carnations on the window sill of the refugee Wiesenhoff. And the birds down there in the chestnut tree."

He saw that she was crying.

"Why don't you ask me, Ravic?" she said.

"What shall I ask?"

"What happened while you were away."

"Nothing has happened."

She shook her head.

He looked at her. "What do you think I am?" he said. "Look outside. The red and the gold and the blue. Ask them whether it rained yesterday. Whether there was a war in China or Spain. Whether a thousand men are dying or a thousand men are being born at this moment. Life goes on, it grows, that's all there is to it. And you want me to ask you! Your shoulders are bronze in this light, and I should question you! Your eyes, in this reflected light, are like the sea of the Greeks, violet and wine-colored, and I should want to know about something that is done with! You've come back and I should be a fool and rummage about in the withered leaves of the past! What do you take me for, Joan?"

Her tears had ceased. "I haven't heard that for a long time," she said.

IT WAS as if a fly were buzzing in his head. Not in his forehead. His forehead was full of the heavy quicksilver of the operation. In back of his head. In the emptiness of the base of the skull it buzzed almost noiselessly, like a faint electric drill.

Ravic took the damp dressing out of the abdominal cavity. I have to be on my guard, he thought. I haven't slept for the last two nights. But it can't be that. I've often not slept for two nights in a row and nevertheless have operated as if I had come fresh from bed.

He straightened up, stretched himself and again bent over the body on the table. The fly. Buzzing, whizzing. The faint electric drill again. Something that stood behind him and whispered: Idiot! Fool! You should have known!

He began to sew. He pressed his lips together. Hell, what did it matter to him now? He had to make this stitch! What did it matter to him that he hadn't heard from Joan for two days? That he did not even know where she was living! That she had not come back again after that first evening.

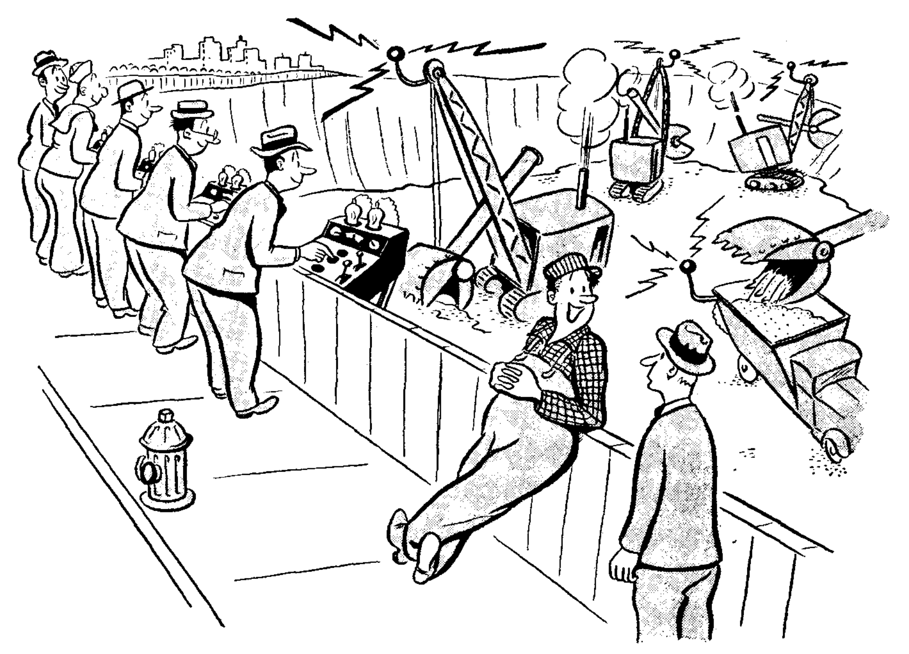
He sewed slower than usual. He noticed that Veber was looking at him. He knew that he was working more slowly. Crazy, he thought, crazy, and he closed up the incision.

The white light. Too bright, almost unbearable on these white sheets. It had never been too bright before. Why did he wonder about it? She had gotten what she wanted, now she was taking her time. She was concerned about the other man. She wasn't even thinking of giving him up. She wanted both of them. Of course! What an idiot he was! One knew everything about other people and how blind one was about oneself!

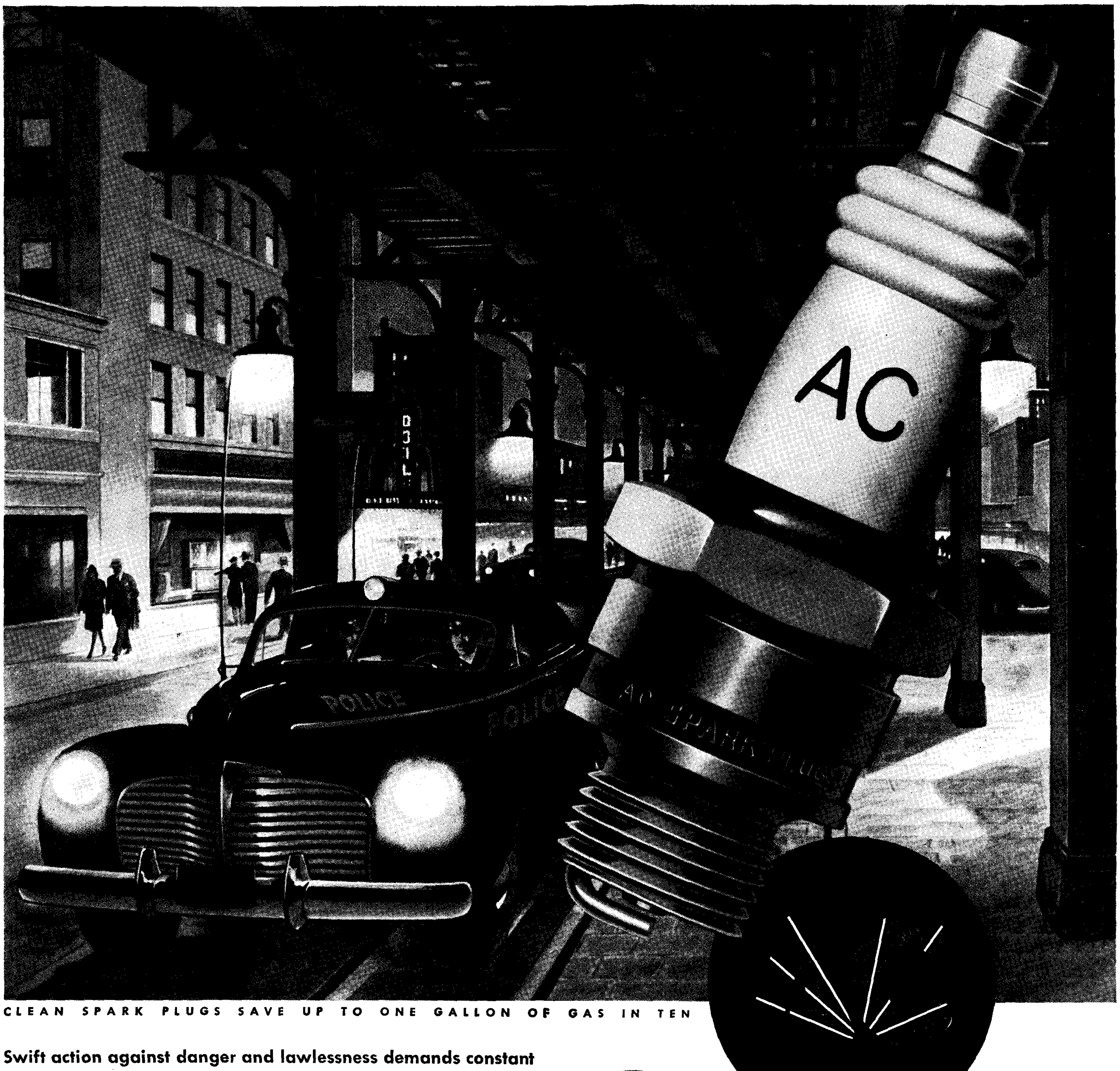
Clips. The small ones. One after the other. That will make the scar small. Why didn't they sew it this way in France? Finished. Really finished? He looked at it once more. Yes, finished. He straightened up. His back had grown stiff from the strain. He threw back his head. The quicksilver snapped out of his forehead. The drilling continued. He did not even know where she was living. Or her telephone number. He hadn't asked her. He was so sure of her coming again the next day. Why hadn't he listened to Morosow?

He took the gloves off. How they stuck! His hands were moist. He wiped his forehead with his bare arm.

The water ran down over his hands. What was wrong with him? He had been getting



COLLIER'S "We let them do it themselves by remote control" ELMER ATKINS



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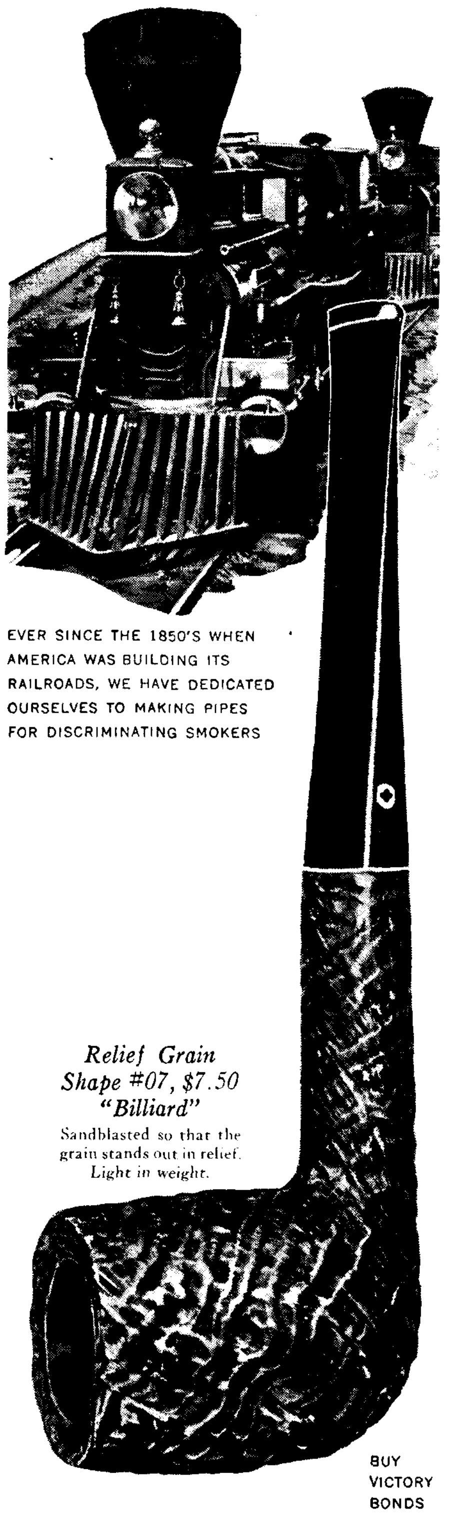

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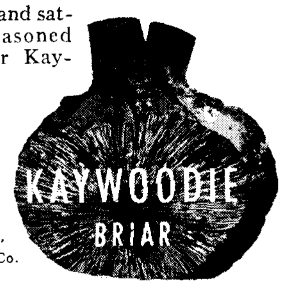

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YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND THE NEWEST AND BEST IN KAYWOODIE. LOOK FOR THE CLOVER LEAF ♣

along without her for two weeks. Three months and two weeks actually. Now, suddenly, the last two days—

He dried himself. Idiot, he thought. It's your hurt pride, isn't it? That's the last straw! Where now was his superiority? His placid cynicism?

"Doctor Ravic," Eugenie said. "Telephone."

"What? Telephone? For me?"

"Yes. The telephone there, in the consultation room." . . .

"Ravic?" Joan said.

"Yes—"

"Are you there?"

"Yes, it's me."

He heard her wait. "What's the matter? Is something wrong?" she asked.

"No, nothing. I'm at the hospital. Why do you call me here?"

"Don't you like me to call you up?"

"You never have called me at the hospital. That's what I mean."

"Oh, that's it. I did call your hotel. You weren't there."

He knew she had not called. The concierge in the International had received ten francs three days in a row for reporting each call. In addition to the promise of another ten francs in case of a call. He was on watch like a bloodhound and he would have let Ravic know long ago.

"Ravic," Joan said. "Why haven't I heard anything from you?"

He grinned into the black receiver. Not bad! "You couldn't hear anything from me because I don't have your telephone number and I don't know where you're living now."

"But I told you."

"No."

"Certainly. I told you. You must have forgotten."

There was no point in discussing this any longer. "All right," he said. "I haven't much time now, Joan. I've someone lying here with an open bandage."

She remained silent for a moment. "Why don't you come to see me?" she said.

He hesitated. Hang up, he thought. Make an end of it. But then she would get alarmed and come to him. "We can meet tonight," he said.

"Why tonight? Why not now?"

You have no time in the evening, he thought.

"Now I have to work. Why not tonight?"

"But, Ravic," she said, "sometimes you don't know the simplest things. Because I would like you to come now. I can't wait until tonight."

"All right. I'll come as soon as I am through here."

She gave him her address and he hung up. Then he went back. Veber was waiting for him. "You look bad, Ravic. Is something wrong?"

"I don't look bad. I worked badly. But it won't happen again."

A BUILDING at the corner of the Rue Pascal. A studio on the top floor, large in the full light of the afternoon. A large window looking onto the gardens between the Avenue Raphael and the Avenue Proudhon. At the right the view up to the Porte de la Muette. Behind it, gold and green, a part of the Bois.

A large couch with a cover that was too blue; a few chairs which looked more comfortable than they were; low tables; an American phonograph; some modern square pieces of furniture; a rubber plant. Ravic did not think much of it.

Joan wore a simple black tailored dressing gown. It was one of her good traits never to wear fluffy tulle or silk dresses. She was slightly agitated and Ravic noticed she watched him. She was not quite sure of what *would happen, but she had been sure enough* to risk it.

"So this is where you live now?" he said.

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"Nice." He stepped to the window. "Nice view."

He felt that she continued to watch him. "No longer in a dirty hotel, eh?" he said.

She smiled. He lifted the phonograph top. It was a trunk-shaped apparatus with an automatic record changer. She turned a dial. The room was filled with soft airy music and the songs of Lucienne Boyer. The phonograph was excellent. Ravic recognized the make and knew it had cost more than fifteen thousand francs.

Joan leaned forward and listened. "Nice?" she asked.

Ravic nodded. He wasn't looking at the phonograph. He was looking at Joan. Meanness is most becoming to them, he thought. They look like angels while they're committing the choicest infamy. This shameless wench wants to turn me into some kind of gigolo and she is not especially subtle about it; she even shows me, with naïve pride, the place her lover has furnished for her.

"Here is the other room."

She did not say bedroom. Discretion like a gentle roar, Ravic thought.

A bed, imitation antique; a kidney-shaped dressing table in the same style; an imitation baroque mirror, a modern Aubusson rug; stools, chairs, all in the style of a second-rate movie set; among them a very fine painted Florentine chest of the sixteenth century which did not fit in at all. It had been carelessly pushed into a corner. A hat with violets and a pair of silver shoes lay on its precious cover.

"Fine," Ravic said. "It suits you well."

JOAN was quite calm now. Ravic did not know whether he was mistaken; but he thought he saw an almost invisible satisfaction in her face; a very remote shadow of quietly suppressed triumph. She had got what she wanted; she possessed all this, and he was here and he didn't say anything, and somewhere she had someone else. Very likely she felt superior for the first time since they had known each other.

"Do you want something to drink?" she asked.

"No, Joan. I'll go now."

"Go? But you've just come!"

She leaned against him. He felt her warmth. "I'll go now," he said. "Still it was nice to have seen all this. I don't fit in here; I don't share women I love with other men."

She made a violent movement. "What? What did you say? I—" She stared at him. "Oh, I can imagine! Of course, Morosow, because he saw me last night! He had to tell you immediately—"

"Not Morosow. No one has to tell me anything. It speaks for itself."

Her face had become pale. She had been so sure and now what she had unconsciously feared had happened. "I know! I have an apartment and don't work at the Scheherazade any longer! Naturally there must be someone keeping me. Naturally! It couldn't be otherwise!"

"I didn't say that."

"It's the same thing! I understand! First they get us into these night clubs, and then when someone talks to us or cares about us because we are alone, then they say immediately that someone is keeping us! That doorman has nothing but his dirty imagination. That a person can be somebody and work and make something of herself doesn't penetrate his tip-taking soul! And you, you of all people, make the same mistake! I should think you would be ashamed of yourself!"

Ravic turned around, grabbed Joan by her arms, lifted her over the carved footboard with its artificial patina, and threw her on the bed. "There," he said, "and now stop your nonsense!"

She was so surprised that she remained lying. "Aren't you going to beat me, too?" she said.

"No. I just wanted to stop this babble."

There she lay silently. Her face was empty and white, her mouth was pale, her eyes had a lifeless glint. "And I thought you were different," she then said contemptuously.

*He did not answer. Everything was false* and so cheap it was almost unbearable.

Suddenly he could not comprehend why he had thought for two days that he would not sleep any more if she did not come. He took a cigarette out of his pocket and lighted it. His mouth was dry. He heard the phonograph still playing. He went into the other room and turned it off.

She was lying there motionless when he returned. "Joan," he said, "the less we talk about it, the better."

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"I didn't start it."

He felt like flinging a bottle of perfume at her head. "I know," he said. "I started it and now I am stopping it."

He turned and left.

Before he had reached the door of the studio she was standing before it, her arms and hands pressed against it. "So!" she said. "You'll break it off! You'll break it off and go! As simple as that! But I've still got a lot to say! You yourself saw me in the Cloche d'Or, you saw who I was with, and when I came to you that night, then nothing concerned you at all; you didn't want to know about anything, and I loved you for it as never before.

"And now you come and reproach me for what you waved aside with such a grand gesture that night; now you stand here like an injured guardian of virtue and you make a scene as if you were a jealous husband! What do you want of me? What rights do you have?" Her breath came fast and she stared at him.

"Joan," Ravic said, "that night when you came to my hotel I thought you were returning to me. I did not want to know anything of what had been. You came back. That was enough. It was a mistake. You have not come back."

"I haven't come back? What then? Was it a spirit that came to you?"

Ravic restrained himself. "Let's make it simpler," he said. "It was my fault. I should have known. I deceived myself."

"Don't lie! You knew it all along. At that time, too." She stood before the door and looked straight into his face.

"All right," he said. "Let's say I knew it. But I did not want to know it. I knew it and could not believe it. You can't understand that. Things like that can't happen to a woman. Besides," he added, "it has nothing to do with it."

"No?" she said. "Hasn't it?" She leaned forward. Her face became distorted. She stood there like a cat that wants to jump and from under whose feet the ground has been pulled away.

"Let's get away from the door." Ravic sat down in one of the chairs. He had to try to make an end of it in another way. "Come," he said. "I won't run away now."

She came to him hesitatingly and let herself drop onto the couch. She acted as if she were tired, but he could see she was not. "Give me something to drink," she said. "It is there in the cabinet."

Ravic observed that she wanted to gain time. In order to simplify things, he made no objection. He opened the low cabinet. There were a few bottles in it. Three of them were white crème de menthe. He eyed them with distaste and pushed them aside. In another corner he found a half-filled bottle of cognac and a bottle of calvados. The bottle of calvados was unopened. He let it stand and took the cognac.

"I don't want cognac," she said. "I want calvados. Please, open the bottle."

Ravic looked into the cabinet once more: There the white peppermint for the other man; here the calvados for him. Everything was so neat it was almost touching.

He took the bottle of calvados and opened it. He picked up two glasses and went back to the table. Joan watched him while he poured the apple brandy.

"Ravic," she said finally, "I need some time. I can't do it immediately. I can't just throw out without more ado someone who hasn't done me any harm, simply because you are suddenly back. I had no way of knowing whether you ever would come back! Do you understand that?"

"Take all the time in the world, Joan."

"No. Only you must understand. He would—I don't know what he would do. He loves me. And he needs me. And he can't help it. It is—"

Ravic emptied his glass quickly. "Why do we need details, Joan?"

She leaned against the pillow of the couch. "This apartment, Ravic—it isn't the way you think. I earn money myself. More than before. Small parts. He got me those. I'm not very talented. But I wanted to get away from those night clubs. I wasn't getting anywhere. This has more possibilities. Even if one isn't talented. He helped me. I couldn't stand the other place any more. You must understand that."

"Naturally."

There she sits now, Ravic thought, a gently reproachful innocent who has been badly treated by life and by me; she is calm now, the first storm has been weathered; she will forgive me, and if I don't go soon she'll tell me the story of the last few months in all its detail. He got up.

"Are you going already?" she asked.

"I've got to go back to the hospital," he told her.

"You said before you came that you were finished at the hospital."

He thought over whether he should tell her that he wouldn't come back. But this was enough for today. It was enough for her and for him. Nevertheless, she had prevented the break. But it would happen. She herself would cause it. And she was right. He looked around.

"Stay here," she said.

"I must go back. Adieu, Joan."

"Will you come again, Ravic?"

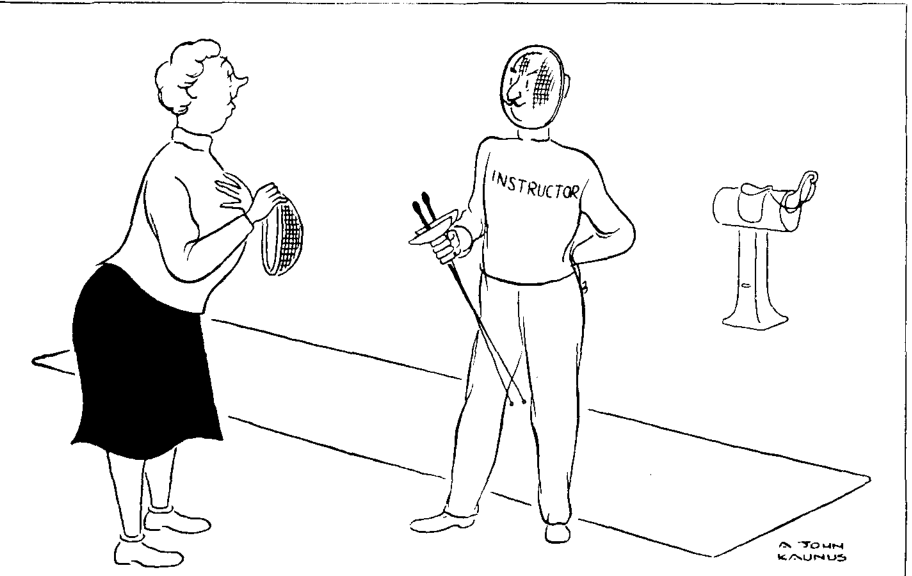
"Don't think about it. Take your time. Take all the time you need. You will find out for yourself."

He walked quickly to the door. She did not follow him. He felt strangely numb—as if he were drowning.

RAVIC had come to Kate Hegstroem's hotel at once when she had called him and said she was back.

She had become slimmer. The flesh under her skin seemed to be sunken in, as if it had been hollowed out from the inside with a fine instrument. Her features stood out more sharply and her skin was like silk—a very dry and somewhat shrunken silk that would tear easily.

He had felt relieved when he found her calm; and now he was ready to talk about



"Now that the war is over, I've decided to give up my lessons"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

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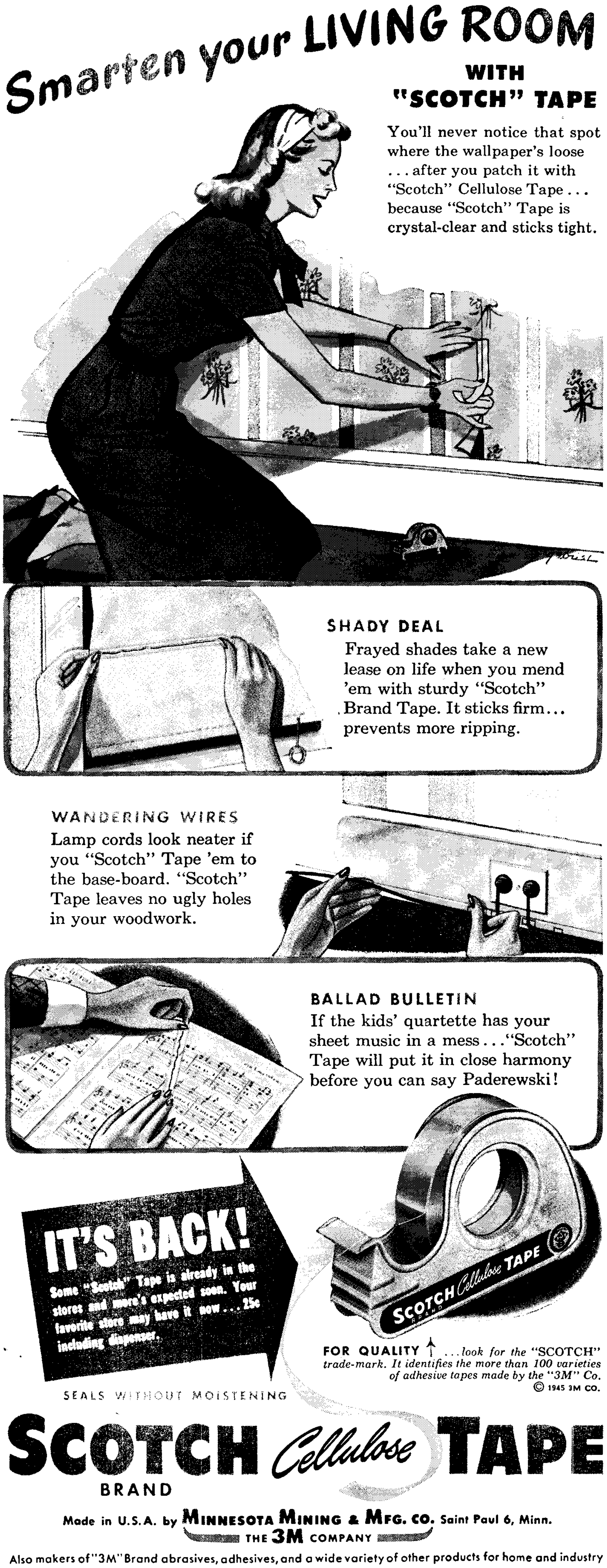
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anything and everything in order to avoid the one question he was afraid of.

"I thought you were still in Florence—or in Cannes—or in America by now," he said.

"I was in Florence. In Fiesole. Do you remember how I tried to persuade you to come with me? Books, a fireplace, evenings, peace? The books were there—the fireplace, too—but the peace! Ravic, the town of Francis of Assisi has become noisy. Noisy and disquieting like everything else there. Where he preached love to the birds, there are now files of men in uniform marching hither and yon, growing drunk with hatred."

"Hasn't it been this way for years?"

"Not this way. A few years ago the manager of my house was still a friendly man in Manchester trousers and cloth shoes. Now he is a hero in high boots, studded with daggers, and he delivers speeches saying that England must be destroyed and that Nice, Corsica and Savoy must be returned to Italy. Ravic, the country is boiling. They wear black shirts and think they are invincible. In Germany they wear brown ones and think they are supermen. Shirts seem to have a magic effect nowadays. Black, brown, green, silver, the world is in the midst of a shirt delirium, Ravic."

"They'll soon have a unified color. Red."

"Red like Communism?"

"No. Blood."

Kate Hegstroem reclined on her chair. "One can't believe it, Ravic, when one is back here again."

"Of course not. It is easier to assume that one manufactures guns to tend sheep with; bombs to cultivate flowers; cannons to praise God the louder, and that one produces arms feverishly to better propagate peace on earth."

Ravic looked at her. "But so it is; and nothing can stem the tide. Didn't you intend to go to America, Kate? Anyone who can leave Europe should do so. It is too late for anything else."

She shook her head. "I'll stay on in Paris."

"It will be hot and unpleasant here."

"I'll stay on in Paris, Ravic. Do you want to send me away?"

"No. It's good to have you here."

"It's good for me, too."

He looked at her again.

"What's going on at the Scheherazade?" she asked.

"I haven't been there for a long time. Morosow says it is overcrowded every night. As all other places are."

"Are you surprised at that?"

"No. Everyone grasps at whatever he can still get hold of."

"Will you take me there sometime?"

"Naturally. After what you said when you left the hospital, I thought you wouldn't want to go there again."

"I do. Now I want to again. I've changed my mind. Now it's different."

"All right. Whenever you like."

"I'll call you up."

He got up. She went to the door with him. She leaned against the doorpost, slender and frail. Her eyes were very clear and larger than before, and young.

She gave him her hand. It was hot and dry. "Why didn't you tell me what ailed me?" she asked lightly, as if she were asking about the weather.

He stared at her and did not answer.

"I could have taken it," she said and something like a reflection of an ironical smile with no reproach flitted across her face. "Adieu, Ravic. I'll see you soon."

THE telephone rang. He lifted the receiver. He had been expecting a call from the hospital. There was a man there, without a stomach, on whom he had operated that morning.

"Ravic," Joan said, "may I come to you?"

Ravic had been sitting by the window in the dusk. Now he moved his chair to the lamp and turned the light on. Clear light! This was better than the uncertain weaving of the June evening outside.

"No. I have to go to the hospital."

"That doesn't matter. I'll wait for you. I've done that often enough."

Ravic did not answer.

"And you don't have to go to the hospital," Joan said.

He had the feeling that she was smiling there in the Rue Pascal. "All right," he said. "I don't have to go to the hospital. But I don't want you to come."

She was silent a while. "Why not?" she then asked.

"You know why yourself. You don't belong to me any longer."

"I do."

"Don't be foolish, Joan."

"You don't want to see me again? Not ever?"

"No."

"Ravic, we are not enemies! We could see each other from time to time, at least."

"No, that doesn't lead to anything."

"You must help me."

"I'll help you best by leaving you alone. And you me."

"Ravic, you must help me. I have admitted that there is someone. But it is not the same as with you. It has nothing to do with you."

He groped for a cigarette and lit it. He could imagine what she looked like now. Pale, the eyes dark, the mouth soft; helpless, slender, frail, with a face full of the beseeching conviction of a young John the Baptist. . . . Strange, he thought, whenever they want to crucify us slowly so that we won't escape them, they look like angels striving to save us.

"It is never the same," he said. "And it is always the same."

WHAT cheap newspaper philosophy I talk, he thought. How shabby the truth can be when one utters it.

"Ravic," said the dark voice on the telephone. "There are people who can only love one man. They are happy. And there are people who are different. You know."

"Yes. It is one of our excuses."

"It is no excuse. One is not happy doing it. One does not want it, but it comes after you. It catches up with you. You hate it; you don't want it. But it is stronger."

"Why do you think about it? Follow it if it is stronger."

"That's what I'm doing. I can't do anything else. But—" Her voice changed. "I mustn't lose you. I don't know what it is, but I can't lose you."

Ravic remained silent. You don't want to lose me, he thought. Nor the other man. That's it. To think you can do such a thing! That's why I want to get away from you. It isn't the man; that could be quickly forgotten. You had every excuse. But that it ensnared you so that you can't let go of it, that's the thing. It shows that it is innate in you, that it will happen time and again. I, too, could have acted like this with another woman. I can't do it with you. That's why I must get away from you.

"You think it is an extraordinary situation," he said. "It is the commonest thing in the world. The husband and the lover."

"That's not true."

"It is. It has many variations. Yours is one of them."

"That's not true. You are no husband and you never were one and you'll never be one. The other man is more—" Joan interrupted herself. "I can't explain it."

"Security and adventure. It sounds better. It is the same."

"Ravic," Joan said, "I have thought it over. I have thought so much about it. About you and about myself. You never wholly wanted me. Perhaps you don't realize it yourself. There was always something that was closed off from me. Always. And then someone came who wanted me, nothing but me, simply and wholly me, without any complications. I laughed, I played with it, it was not dangerous, so easy to push aside again, and then suddenly it became more, a compulsion. Also there was something within me that wanted it. But I don't belong there. I belong to you."

Ravic threw his cigarette out of the window. It flew like a glowworm down into the yard. "What has happened has happened, Joan," he said. "We can't change it now."

"I won't change anything. It will pass. I belong to you. Why do I come back again and again? I know you won't believe it and you think I have other reasons. What reasons, then? If this other thing satisfied me, I would not have come back again. I'd have

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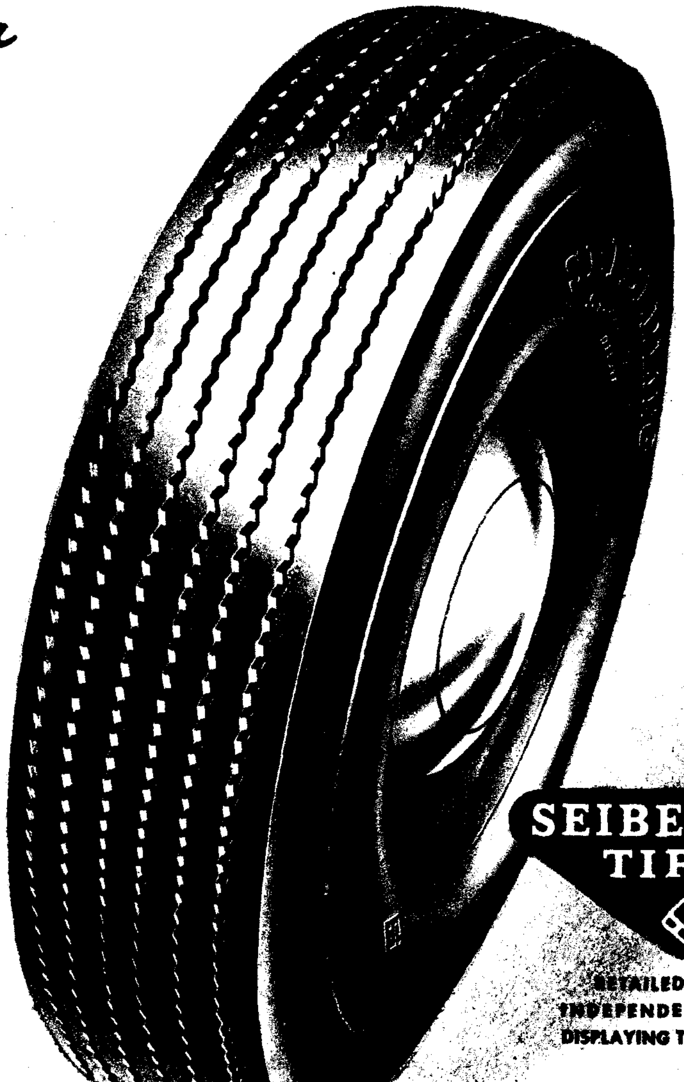

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forgotten you. I love you and I'll always love you."

Words, Ravic thought. Sweet words. Gentle self-deception. Help, love, to belong together—words, nothing but words. Sweet words, that mean nothing but farewell.

"I must go now, Joan."

"You don't have to go. Let me come to you, Ravic. Only today. I can't stay alone now."

"You need not stay alone for long."

"Yes. I am alone. For the past two days, now. He's gone. He isn't in Paris."

That's it, he thought. That's why you have called me up. And you even say so!

"No," he said.

He heard her breathing; it seemed strange to him for a moment: she was not here, not here any more; yet he heard her breathing.

"You don't want me any more—"

"Want—my God, Joan," Ravic said impatiently. "Don't you know that you have just heard one of the most candid confessions of love."

She did not answer. She waited.

"Do you think that otherwise I would mind having you here, no matter who you're living with?" he said. And thought: Why do I tell her that? Why don't I act as if I were made of stone?

He could picture how Joan would start smiling now. It wasn't really a smile. It was a shine from inside as if someone had lighted a lamp in her and the glow slowly rose higher up into her eyes.

"That's fine, Ravic," she said. "I knew that you would be this way. It was good to hear that."

"Fine, Joan. Good night. Never come again. And don't think about anything. You won't perish."

"No. Good night, Ravic."

"Good night, Joan."

He went to the table and poured a drink. They are made of clay and gold, he thought. Of lies and infatuations. Of deception and unvarnished truth.

He sat down by the window and wondered why he was not more unhappy.

THE waiter said to Ravic, "What shall it be?"

"Bring me a—"

"What?"

Ravic did not say anything.

"I did not understand you, sir," the waiter said.

"Anything. Bring me something."

"Pernod?"

"Yes."

Ravic closed his eyes. He slowly opened them again. The man was still sitting there.

This time no mistake was possible. Haake was sitting in the Restaurant Fouquet, at the table by the door. He was alone and was eating. A silver plate with the two halves of a lobster and a bottle of Champagne Natural in an ice bucket were on the table. The waiter stood by the table and mixed lettuce and tomatoes.

Ravic saw all this overdistinctly as though there were a bas-relief engraved on wax behind his eyes. He saw a signet ring with a coat of arms on a red stone when Haake took the bottle out of the ice bucket. He recognized this ring and the chubby, white hand. He had seen it when, after collapsing beside the whipping table, he had been hurled back from unconsciousness into the glaring light, with Haake before him, carefully stepping back to protect his neat uniform from the water pouring down over Ravic, with his chubby, too white hand stretched out, pointing at him and with his soft voice declaring: "That was only the beginning. It has been nothing yet. Now will you reveal the names to us? Or shall we continue? We still have many other possibilities. Your fingernails are still all right, I see."

Haake looked up. He looked Ravic straight in the eyes. Ravic needed all his strength to remain seated. He took his glass of Pernod, drank a gulp and forced his eyes to look at the salad plate as if its preparation interested him. He did not know whether Haake had recognized him. He could feel that his back was completely wet.

After a while he glanced at the table again. Haake was eating the lobster. He was looking at his plate. His bald head reflected the light. Ravic looked around. The place was crowded. It was pointless to do anything at the moment. He had no weapon on him and if he jumped at Haake, there would be ten people to pull him back the next second. Later the police. He had to wait and follow him and find out where he lived.

He forced himself to smoke a cigarette and not to glance at Haake again until he had finished smoking.

Slowly, as if he were seeking someone, he looked about. Haake had just finished his lobster. He had the napkin in his hands and was wiping his lips. He did not do it with one hand; he did it with both. He held the napkin somewhat taut and touched his lips lightly with it; first one, then the other, like a woman who takes off her lipstick. At that instant he looked straight at Ravic.

RAVIC let his eyes wander. He sensed that Haake went on staring at him. He called the waiter and asked for another Pernod. A second waiter was busy at Haake's table. He cleared off the dishes, filled the empty glass and brought a tray with cheeses. Haake pointed at a piece of melting Brie which was on a mat of straw.

Ravic smoked another cigarette. After a while he again felt Haake looking at him out of the corner of his eye. He stared straight ahead, and stopped the waiter when he passed by. "Can you bring the Pernod to me outside? I'd like to sit on the terrace. It's cooler there."

The waiter hesitated. "It would be easier if you'd pay here. There is another waiter outside. Then I can bring your glass outside to you."

Ravic shook his head and got a bill out of his pocket. "I can drink it here and order another one outside. Then there won't be any confusion. All right?"

"Very well, sir. Thank you, sir."

Ravic emptied his glass without haste. Haake had been listening, that he knew. He had stopped eating while Ravic had been talking. Now he continued eating. Ravic kept quiet. He feared that Haake had recognized him. After a while he stood up and sauntered out.

Almost every table there was occupied. Ravic remained standing until he found a table from which he could keep an eye on a part of Haake's table. He could not see him; but he would see him when he got up to leave. He ordered a Pernod and paid at once. He wanted to be ready to follow Haake immediately. . . .

"Ravic," someone said at his side.

He was startled. Joan stood beside him. He stared at her.

"Ravic," she repeated. "What's the matter? Do you no longer recognize me?"

"I have something to do, Joan." His eyes were on Haake's table. The waiter was standing there and had brought coffee. He caught his breath. There was still time. "Joan," he said, with an effort. "How do you happen to be here?"

"What a question! Everyone comes to Fouquet's almost every day."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

He realized that she was still standing while he was sitting. He got up in such a way that he could still keep Haake's table before him at an angle. "I have something to do here, Joan," he said. "I can't explain. But I mustn't have you with me. You must go and leave me alone."

"I'll wait." Joan sat down. "I'll see what that woman is like."

"What woman?"

"The woman you are expecting."

"It is not a woman."

"Who else?"

He looked at her. "You didn't recognize me," she said. "You want to send me away, you are excited—you're waiting for someone. I'll see who it is."

Five minutes, Ravic thought. Perhaps even ten or fifteen for the coffee. Haake would smoke another cigarette. He had to see that he was rid of Joan by then.

"Good," he said. "I can't prevent that. But sit down somewhere else."

She did not answer. Her eyes became sharper and her face tense.

"It isn't a woman," he said. "And hell, if it were one, what concern is it of yours? Don't make yourself ridiculous by acting jealous while you run around with someone else."

Joan did not answer. She turned in the direction in which he had been looking and tried to find out whom he had been looking at. "Don't do that," he said.

"Is she with another man?"

Ravic sat down. Haake had heard that he wanted to sit on the terrace. If he had recognized him, he would be suspicious and see where he was. In that case it would appear more casual to be sitting out here with a woman.

"All right," he said, "you may stay here. What you are thinking is nonsense. I'll get up at a certain moment and leave. I'll put you in a taxi."

"Why are you so mysterious?"

"I am not mysterious," Ravic insisted. "There is a man here whom I have not seen for a long time. I want to know where he lives. That's all."

"It isn't a woman?"

"No. It is a man and I won't tell you anything more about it."

Joan studied him. "You don't know how I hate you sometimes."

"That may be." Ravic glanced at Haake's table.

"You got me into all this," she said.

"I know."

"You! No one else but you! You have never loved me and you played with me and you saw that I loved you and did not take it seriously."

"That is true."

"What?"

"It is true," Ravic said without looking at her. "That is how it was at first, but it became different later on."

"Yes, later! Later! Everything was upside down then. Then it was too late. It was your fault."

"I know."

"Don't talk to me like that!" Her face was white and angry. "You're not even listening!"

"I am." He looked at her. "Did you have a fight with your boy friend?"

"Yes."

"That will pass."

BLUE smoke from the corner. The waiter poured the coffee. Haake seemed to be taking his time.

"I could have said no," Joan said. "I could have said that I just came here by accident. I didn't. I was looking for you. I am going to leave him."

"That's what one is always going to do. It's part of it."

"I'm afraid of him. He threatens me. He'll shoot me."

"What?" Suddenly Ravic looked up. "What was that?"

"He says he'll shoot me."

"Nonsense! Whoever says such a thing never does it. What is he? What is his profession?"

"He's an actor."

"Dear God, an actor! Don't be foolish. Actors only shoot on the stage and without bullets."

What am I talking about, he thought. What is all this? What does she want here? A voice, a face above the roaring in my ears. What does it matter to me?

"Why are you telling me all this?" he asked.

"I'll leave him. I want to come back to you."

If he takes a taxi it would take me at least a few seconds until I could stop one, Ravic thought. By the time it gets started it might be too late.

He got up. "Wait here. I'll be back at once."

He crossed the street and hailed a taxi. "Here are ten francs. Can you wait for me a few minutes? I still have something to do inside."

The driver looked at the money. Then at Ravic. Ravic winked. The driver winked back. He turned the bill around slowly. "That's extra," Ravic said.

"I understand." The driver grinned. "Fine. I'll park here."

"Park so that you can get started immediately."

"All right, chief."

Ravic forced his way back through the crowd. Suddenly his throat tightened. He saw Haake standing in the doorway. He did not hear what Joan was saying.

"Wait!" he said. "Wait! Right away! One second!"

"No." She rose. "You'll regret it! You'll regret it!" She almost sobbed.

He forced himself to a smile. He held her hand tight. Haake was still standing there. "Sit down," Ravic said. "One second."

"No!" Her hand strained in his grip. He let her go. He did not want a scene.

JOAN left quickly, making her way through the rows of tables, close by the door. Haake followed her with his eyes. Suddenly the blood thundered in Ravic's temples. Haake slowly looked back at Ravic, then again in the direction in which Joan had gone.

Ravic sat down. He took out his wallet and acted as if he were looking for something. He noticed that Haake was slowly walking between the tables. He looked indifferently in the opposite direction. Haake had to pass the place he was looking at.

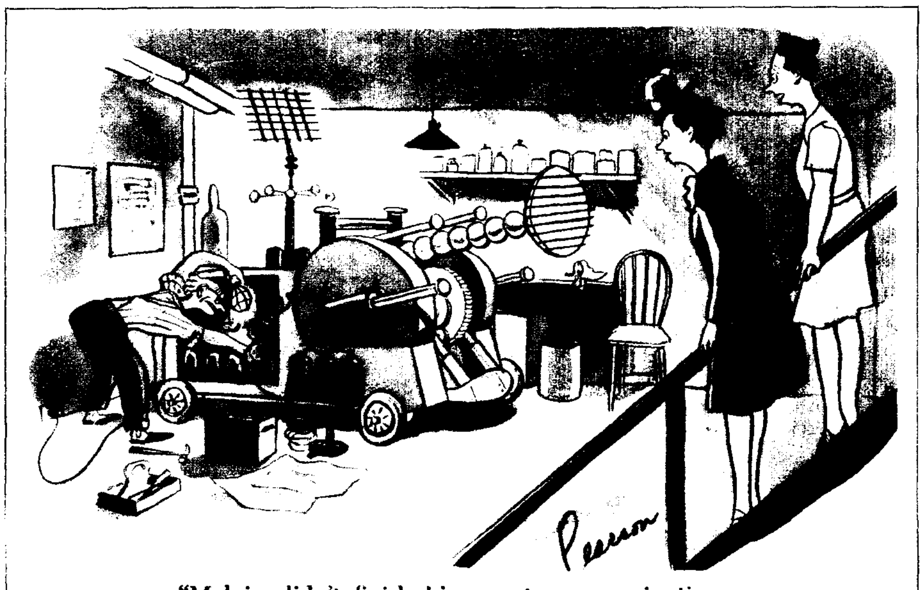
He waited. It took endless time. What if Haake had turned back? He turned his head. Haake was not there any more. It was like a spell of dizziness. . . .

"Will you permit me?" someone asked at his side.

Ravic did not hear. He looked at the door. He ought to jump up and run after Haake—still try to get hold of him. The voice was there again. He turned his head and stared. Haake had come around behind his back and was standing beside him.

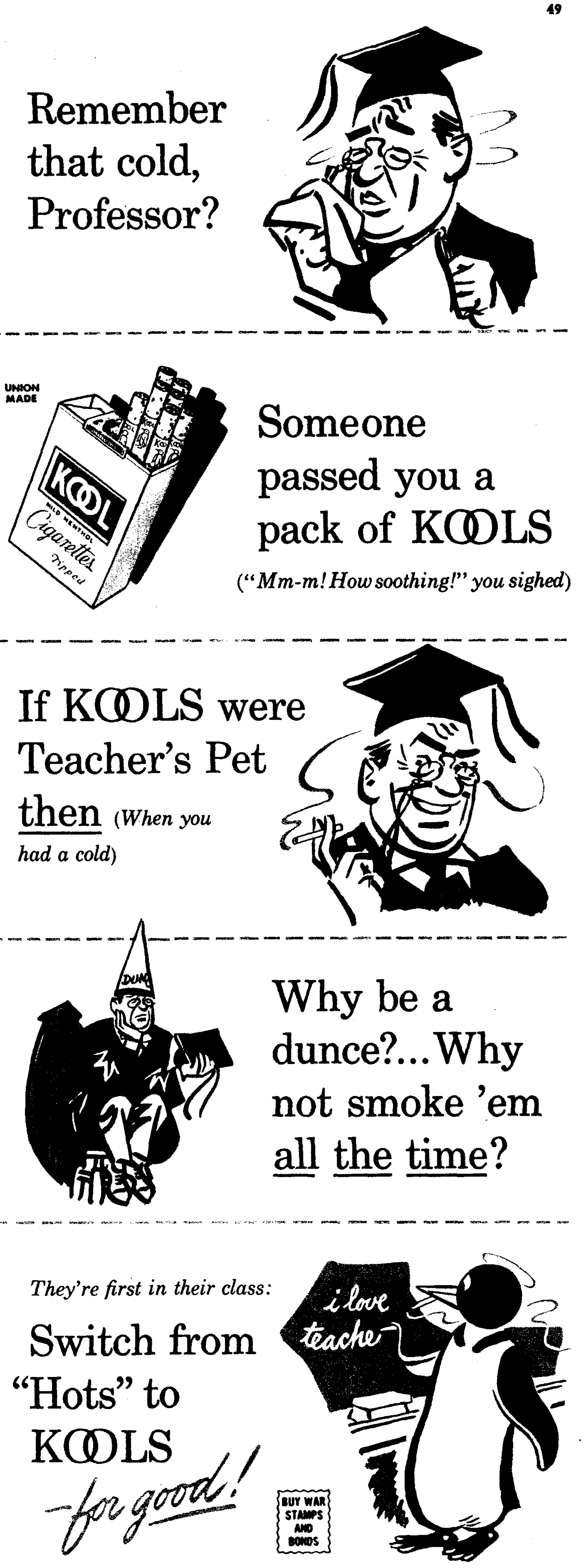
He pointed at the chair on which Joan had sat. "Will you permit me?" he said. "There is no table free."

*(To be continued next week)*



"Melvin didn't finish his secret weapon in time. Now he's trying to convert it to peacetime use" CHARLES PEARSON

COLLIER'S


Remember that cold, Professor?

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Someone passed you a pack of KOOLS

("*Mm-m! How soothing!*" you sighed)

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Why be a dunce?...Why not smoke 'em all the time?

*They're first in their class:*

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS —for good!

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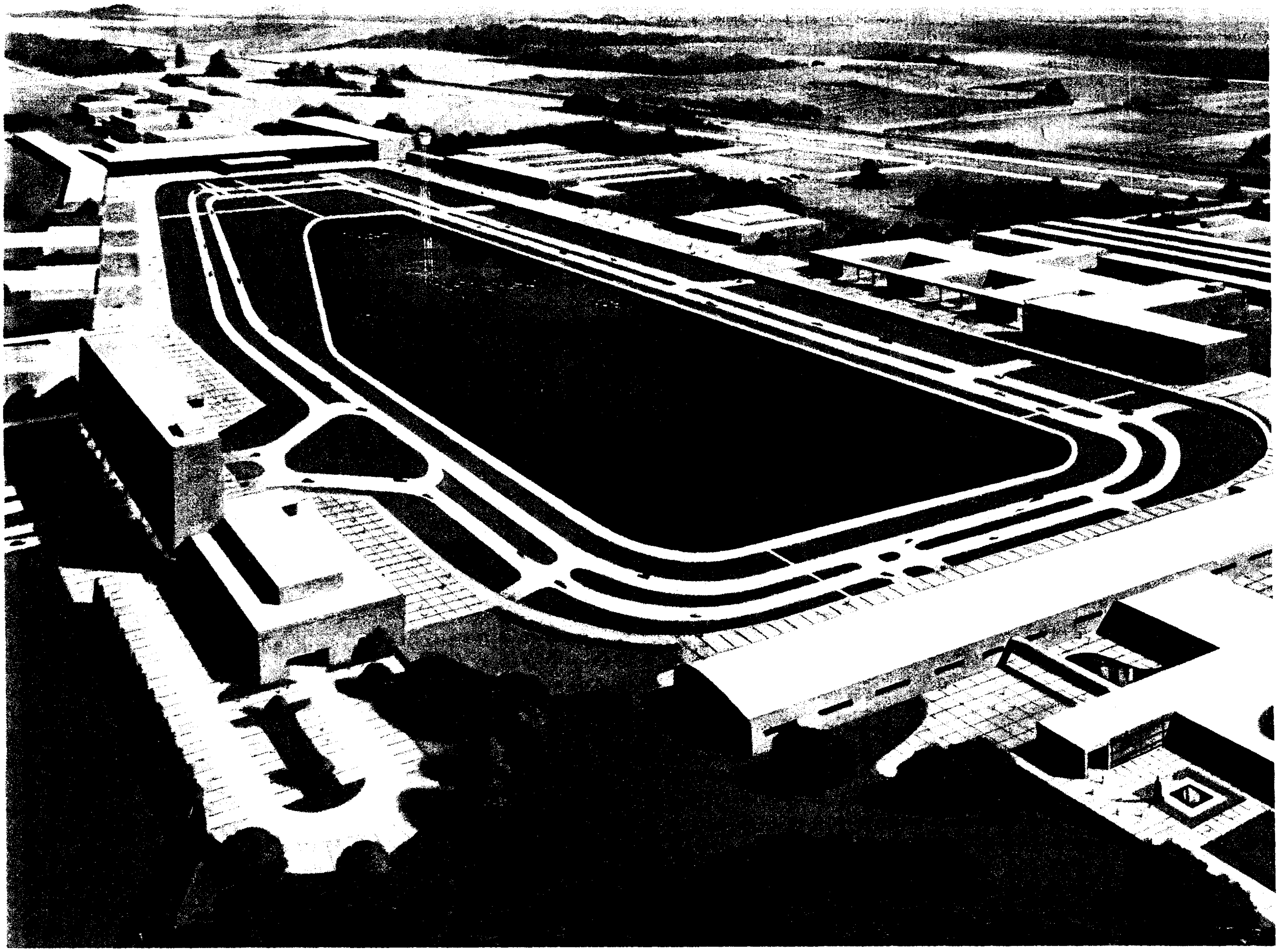
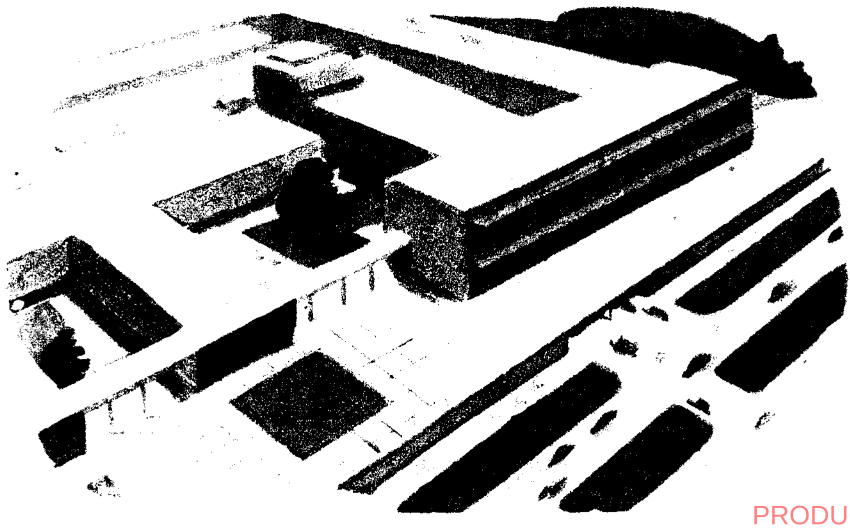
# TO SPEED THE PACE OF

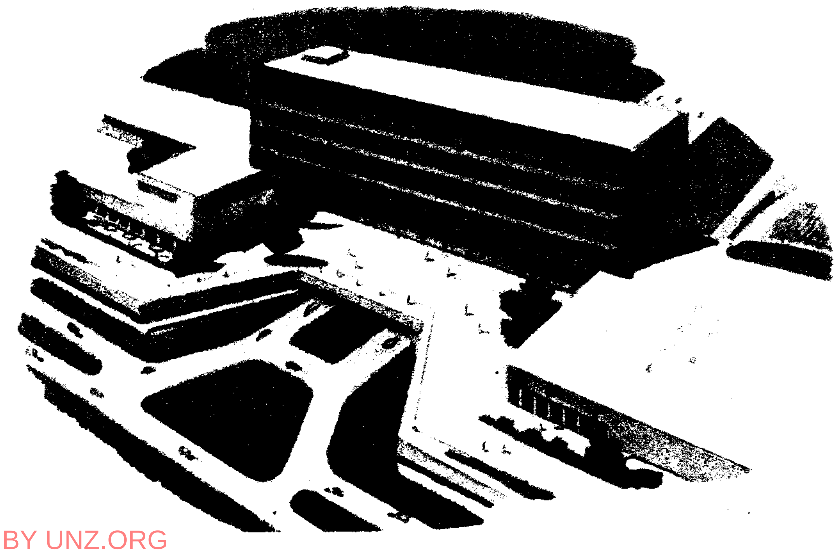
## —*and bring you __better__ __things__*



**THE BUILDINGS** of the Technical Center will face a seven-acre lake. These buildings will be connected by a covered walk and vehicular roadway. Sketched below is the Advanced Engineering Building in which improvements will be quickly made in existing products.

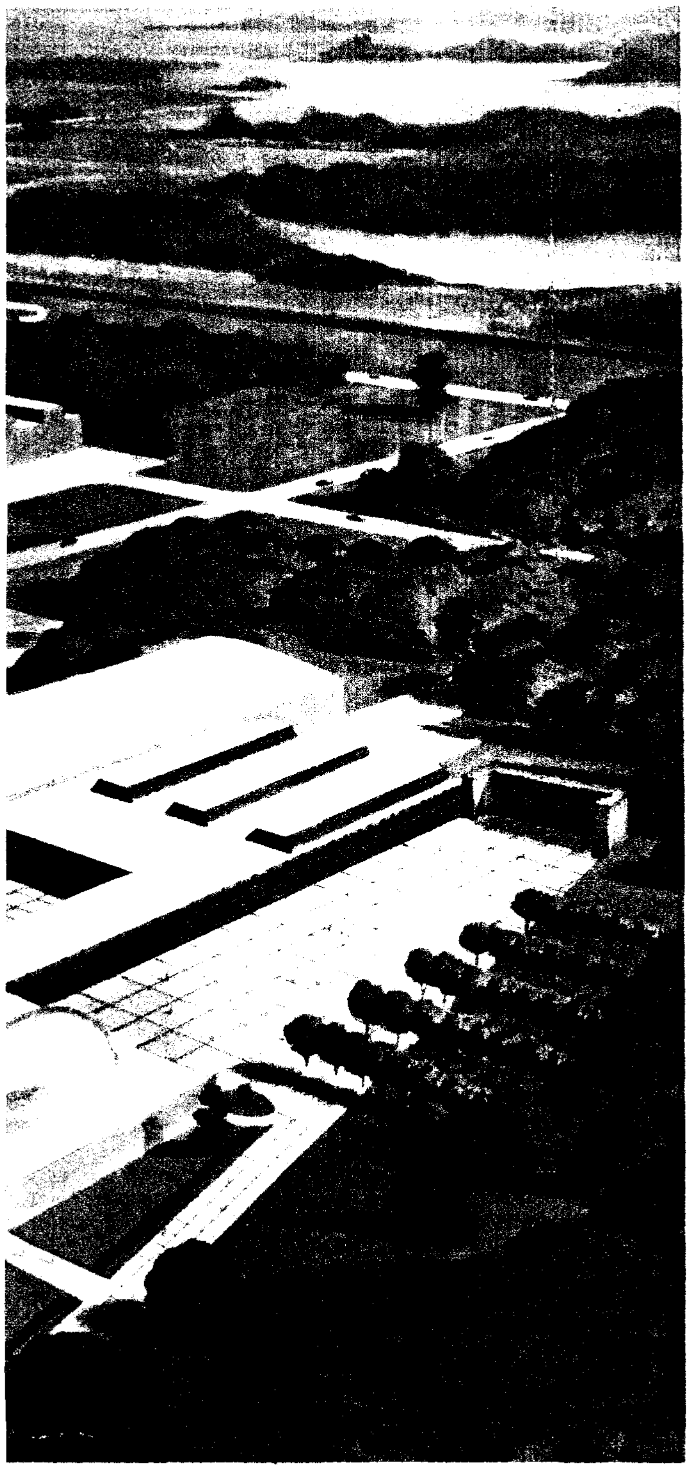
**LOCATED ON** a major highway leading from Detroit, access to the Center will be through the Administration Building sketched here. A system of modern roadways will provide practical opportunity to study traffic control as well as to make simple road tests of new car developments.



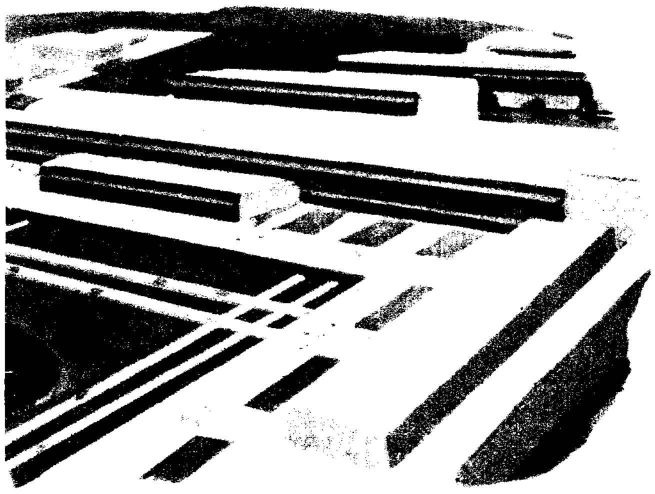


# PROGRESS

*more quickly*



**A FLOOD OF SUNSHINE** will pour into the southern windows of the Research Buildings where experimental work is carried on in such diverse fields as the study of chlorophyl, research into fuels and engine design.



## The New
## GENERAL MOTORS TECHNICAL CENTER
## will be created to stimulate opportunities, promote employment and bring about MORE and BETTER THINGS for MORE PEOPLE

THESE are times when the world cries out for new and finer things. There is a great hunger, broad as all mankind, for happier relationships among men — for greater individual opportunity for accomplishment, for more and better goods within reach of everyone.

It is by satisfying this hunger that we can bring greatest benefit to our national economy in the future. Through such action lies the road to more good jobs, to an ever-rising standard of living through the continual replacement of old things with new and better ones.

The General Motors Technical Center is dedicated to such an objective. It will occupy a 350-acre tract of land outside of Detroit as soon as conditions permit. Its purpose is to develop new things that add to the comfort and security of our living, and to enable existing things to be made more efficiently, hence at lower selling prices, so more people may own and enjoy them — all with expanding job opportunities.

It will shorten the time required to bring the work of creative thinkers out of the idea stage and into usable reality.

Here in groups of buildings designed especially for the purpose, General Motors will gather in advantageous and inspiring new surroundings the most modern facilities for research, advanced engineering, styling and the development of new manufacturing techniques.

Here physicists and engineers will discover new facts and convert them into new improved products. Stylists will give them new and more attractive form. Process engineers will develop better manufacturing techniques for making them.

Science here will go to work in the interest of economic progress. And history is full of proof that when science is so harnessed, more jobs are created, more comforts and conveniences are brought within reach of more people.

Serving as a source on which the engineering staffs of all of our Divisions may draw, the General Motors Technical Center will stimulate improvement in all General Motors products. Automobiles, refrigerators, Diesel engines, locomotives and other good and useful things may be expected to be improved at even faster pace than in the past.

But the work of the Technical Center will not be confined to existing things. It is dedicated to the idea that progress is the servant of mankind and that whosoever advances it not only helps himself but his fellow men. Its goal will be "more and better things for more people," whether that comes through improvement of the old or development of the new.

# GENERAL MOTORS

*MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE*

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GEM SINGLEDGE GEM BLADE

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EVERY TUESDAY EVENING OVER MUTUAL NETWORK

ASSOCIATI

Pitchers who kept the Cubs on top. Left to right, Passeau, Wyse, Derringer, Borowy and Prim

# UPSIDE-DOWN MAN

## BY WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

**Jim Gallagher's operations are definitely not in the baseball tradition, but they have paid. As general manager of the Cubs he has at last given Chicago a winning team**

THERE'S an old saying down in Wall Street that when the stock market goes up, the brokers' ulcers go down; and when stocks go down, ulcers go up like skyrockets. It's pretty much the same in baseball with most people, but not with Jim Gallagher, vice-president and general manager of the Chicago Cubs. With Gallagher it's the other way around. Out in the Windy City fans and sports writers call him the "upside-down man." When the Cubs are losing, Gallagher looks contented and is usually in a jovial humor; when they're winning, he moans and glooms. He's sure a slump is just around the corner. In early August, with the Cubs out in front by six games after having won 17 out of 23, Gallagher looked and acted as if he had just been furloughed from a graveyard.

"What's the matter with you?" asked a friend. "Last year, when the Cubs lost 15 straight you looked fine, but now when they're going good you're 'way down in the dumps."

"Who cared last year?" moaned Gallagher. "This year everybody's yelling at us. It puts butterflies in my stomach."

That's the way Gallagher is. Nobody can figure him. He is naturally a moody little man, given to brooding, and no one can ever tell whether he's going to be brusque and snarling, or kindly, generous and good company. He's apt to be any of these at the wrong time.

Some of the sports writers say he's also inclined to be profane, though actually he never uses any expression stronger than "Judas Priest!"

"Yeah," said one of his friends. "That's all he says. But you should hear the way he says it!"

Gallagher's quirks have antagonized many of the Chicago sports writers, including some who were his colleagues and chums when he was writing baseball for the Chicago Herald-American. One of the newspapers, The Daily Times, even crusaded against him. But journalistic blasts don't seem to worry him any, nor do the violent criticisms of the fans who follow the sports writers. Gallagher has very little contact with the reporters. Instead of sitting on the bench or in the press box, as many baseball moguls like to do, he watches the Cubs' games from the bleachers. There, the way he tells it, he sits quietly, roots gently and gets into no arguments. But there are sports writers in Chicago who'll tell you it is not uncommon to see Gallagher waving his arms about, jumping up and down and screaming furiously at an irate fan twice his size.

Gallagher began doing the unexpected when P. K. Wrigley, owner of the Cubs, took him away from the sports desk of the Chicago American, where he had been writing baseball for some thirteen years, and made him general manager of the club late in 1940.

He has been doing it ever since and, with tactics that at times have seemed definitely screwy and upside-down, has put over some of the classiest deals in baseball. A couple engineered during the past two years have been real honeys.

In May of 1944, after the Cubs had hit the bottom and were busily trying to dig a hole in it, he eased Jimmy Wilson out of the manager's job and got the able and popular Charley Grimm to return to Chicago. And only a very short time ago Gallagher succeeded in slipping Hank Borowy, a first-rate pitcher, away from the New York Yankees

Nothing to worry about. Cubs are behind

and out of the American League. The yelps of Clark Griffith and other American League owners and managers, any of whom could have used Borowy, have only begun to subside.

In the middle of July, the Cubs were rolling along in good style, with Claude Passeau, Paul Derringer and Hank Wyse doing the bulk of the pitching. But the St. Louis Cardinals were hot on their heels, and the margin by which the Cubs led the National League was pretty narrow. So Gallagher began looking around the American League, hoping to pick up a likely pitcher. He didn't imagine, or so he says, that he could ever get a top ranker like Borowy; he hoped to pick up a hurler who was in a slump, bring him to Chicago and let Charley Grimm work a little magic on him, as Grimm has done with many a slipping moundsman in the past.

Derringer's pitching like a house afire

Gallagher talked a few times on the phone to Larry MacPhail of the Yankees, casually mentioning Ernie Bonham, who'd been slumping and seemed on the point of sliding right out of New York.

Suddenly MacPhail said, "How'd you like Borowy?"

"Who's he?" asked Gallagher, just a mite indifferently.

"Who's he?" screamed MacPhail. "Borowy's the best pitcher in the league and you know it!"

"Oh," said Gallagher. "Borowy. Sure, Borowy's all right, but I know darned well I can't get him. So quit kidding."

"Yeah?" said MacPhail. "Suppose you make me an offer."

Lowrey's going to lose it in the sun

"Okay," Gallagher said. "I'll talk it over with Wrigley and Charley Grimm."

Any other man in baseball, probably, would have burned up his tires getting to Wrigley and Grimm, for here in prospect was a deal that should put the pennant on ice for the Cubs. But Gallagher was still Gallagher. He considered. Larry MacPhail was a great kidder; he might just be having a bit of what he called fun. Anyway, why appear eager? So Gallagher said to himself: "Time works wonders. I think I'll go fishing."

He got home that night at midnight, with no fish, and found his wife in something of a stew.

"Larry MacPhail," she said, "has called you six times from New York. He says you're to call him back tonight, no matter how late it is."

"Is that so?" said Gallagher, gloomily, of course.

He ate a leisurely icebox snack, and at 3 A.M. put in a phone call for MacPhail in New York. The first words the Yankee boss said were:

"How about it, Gallagher? Do you want Borowy or not?"

"Of course we want him," said Gallagher, "but you know the other American League clubs won't give you waivers on him."

"Oh, yes, they will," said MacPhail. "As a matter of fact, they have. Borowy's free to go to the National League right now."

This time Gallagher did burn up the tires getting to Wrigley and Grimm. And when MacPhail reached his office next morning, Gallagher was ready with an offer. Within a few hours the deal was closed on the basis of about $100,000 in cash and players to be delivered by the Cubs at some time in the future. The thing to expect after such a deal was that Borowy would show up with a sore arm, or that his draft board would call him into the Army. But of course, with Gallagher, nothing like that happened. Borowy reported in fine shape, and proceeded to win his first two games. And his draft board gave him another deferment. And then the war ended. And Gallagher moaned.

Gallagher's career had its upside-down features even before he went into baseball.

Too bad! Cavarretta hits a home run

Once he scooped the other Chicago newspapers without writing a line or even knowing anything about it. That was in 1938, at a winter meeting of the National League moguls in New York. Gallagher covered the meeting for the Herald-American, and John Carmichael was there for the Chicago Daily News, of which he is now sports editor. The proceedings one day were so dull that Gallagher decided to do a little shopping and asked Carmichael to keep an eye on things for him. Being notoriously kind and obliging, Carmichael agreed to do so. While Gallagher was away, Carmichael learned the details of a big three-cornered deal among the Chicago White Sox, the Cleveland Indians and the Washington Senators, whereby the Sox were to get Pitcher Thornton Lee.

Wishing to protect Gallagher, Carmichael immediately sat down and wrote a story and put it on the wire to the Chicago Herald-American, under Gallagher's by-line. Then he went to lunch, forgetting to write anything for his own paper. Before long he received a hurry-up message from Lloyd Lewis, then sports editor of the Daily News:

"Herald-American carries front-page story by Gallagher on three-cornered deal involving Sox, Cleveland and Washington. Where's our story on that?"

So Carmichael had to hurry another story to Chicago.

A native of Ohio, Gallagher worked his

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY C. W. HUSTON—PIX

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way through Notre Dame as sports editor and night city editor of the South Bend News-Times. He quit school in 1927 and struck out for Chicago, where he got a job in the sports department of the Herald-American. He first came in contact with P. K. Wrigley, owner of the Cubs, in 1933, when he covered the Cubs' training jaunt to Catalina. The two men were never particularly friendly, but Chicago sports writers say that Wrigley admired the way Gallagher wrote about the Cubs.

### He Knew What He Wrote About

Gallagher could never produce on his typewriter such literary tunes as great sports writers like Ring Lardner and Charley Dryden used to play, but he did a good, workmanlike job, and his stories showed a fundamental honesty and a thorough knowledge of the game.

Also, Gallagher never pulled his punches. He covered the Cub games for half a dozen years, and in 1938 was in charge of the press arrangements for the World Series, which the Cubs lost. Wrigley was greatly impressed by the businesslike way in which Gallagher handled the visiting reporters.

During the two years that followed the Series, the Cubs went rapidly downhill. The Chicago newspapers, which take such things very seriously, began lambasting Wrigley, declaring that he knew nothing of the game and cared less, and that his policy of front-office interference was wrecking what had always been one of the most profitable baseball properties in the country. For years Wrigley had been a sucker for cagey and experienced rival owners who had unloaded on him their morning-glories and their aged and creaking stars. He was opposed to the farm system, and to scouting for players in the minor leagues, hence the Cubs had almost no subsidiary clubs on which to draw for talent. The club employed only two full-time scouts.

In November, 1940, the criticism, and perhaps the fact that the club's troubles had begun to affect the box office, brought about a shake-up in the management. Gabby Hartnett, a great catcher and a popular though not-too-successful manager, was ousted, and Charles Webster resigned as treasurer. The latter was succeeded by William L. Veeck, Jr., whose father, as president of the Cubs more than twenty years ago, had brought Manager Joe McCarthy of the Yankees into the big leagues.

A few days after Hartnett was dismissed, Wrigley announced the appointment of Gallagher, who had been one of his sharpest critics, as general manager. At that time Gallagher, at 36, was the youngest executive in major-league baseball. Two years later he became vice-president and a member of the board of directors.

### Nothing for the Boys

In his first press interview, Gallagher said that he was "not going to pop off about what I hope to accomplish." That has been his rule ever since, and the fact that he hands out no advance dope about his deals doesn't endear him to the sports writers. Within a week after he took office, Gallagher had begun to make things hum, and soon he had changed the whole Cub setup.

He sold a lot of high-salaried prima donnas and began to organize a farm system. The Cubs already owned the Los Angeles team of the Pacific Coast League, and Gallagher acquired controlling interests in clubs in Tulsa, Milwaukee and various other minor-league cities.

Today the Cubs have one of the finest systems in baseball, while seven full-time and two part-time scouts comb the minor leagues for new talent. Gallagher has developed an uncanny ability to spot young players and to form an accurate judgment as to what they can do in the big time.

During his regime he has brought to the Cubs such notable youngsters as Peanuts Lowrey, Andy Pafco, Don Johnson, Henry Wyse, Len Merullo, Paul Gillespie and Paul Erickson. Jimmy Wilson, who succeeded Gabby Hartnett as manager, wasn't able to do much with these boys and others of equal ability, but Charley Grimm has worked them into a first-class ball club. It is probably significant that Gallagher never interferes with Grimm, and since Gallagher became general manager, Wrigley has kept hands off, also.

"If anything comes up," said Gallagher, "Grimm and Wrigley and myself, and other officials, hold a meeting and decide what to do. Then the man whose job it is does it. Grimm is the manager. So we let him manage."

One of Gallagher's dominant characteristics is aggressiveness, and it is one of the few traits that doesn't operate upside-down with him. He may gloom when he should be chortling, but he's aggressive when aggressiveness counts. Moreover, he has imparted some of his aggressiveness to his players, and in large measure has restored to the Cubs some of the color and belligerency the team displayed during the days of the Peerless Leader, Frank Chance, and his teammates, Tinker and Evers.

Outside of baseball, Gallagher has few interests. He used to bowl and golf frequently when he was a sports writer; now he plays golf twice a year and doesn't bowl at all. His only diversion apart from the game is cards, and whatever he wins—and he's a good card player—goes into the bank, earmarked for a fund for the education of his son, who is now almost four years old.

### It Pays to Spend

Gallagher is fundamentally a thrifty person, both with his own money and with Wrigley's, but when necessary he'll shovel it out with both hands. He operates on the theory that if a club owner spends enough money to win, then he'll get the crowds, and the money will come back through the turnstiles. So far his theory has worked out that way, too.

Once in a while a rival club owner or manager will put something over on Gallagher, but as a rule he's always sorry afterward. For Gallagher always gets his revenge, even though he may have to wait for it. About three years ago he slapped the Brooklyn Dodgers because the Dodgers had indulged in a little trickery in a Brooklyn-Chicago deal.

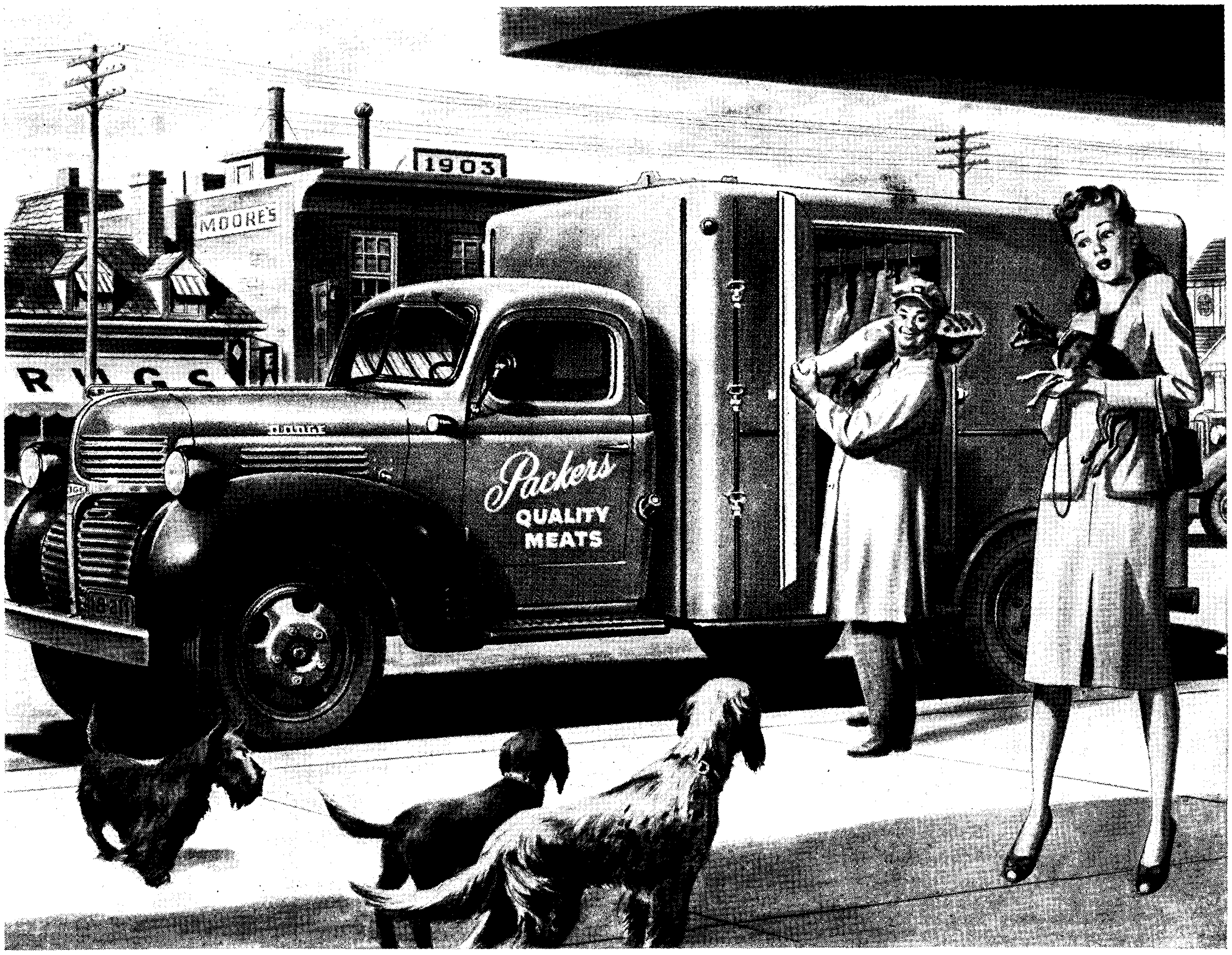
The first episode in this saga of Gallagher's revenge occurred in 1941, soon after he took over as general manager of the Cubs. Gallagher traded Billy Herman, a good second baseman, to Brooklyn for cash and a couple of minor leaguers. One of the latter was Charlie Gilberts, an outfielder. When Gilberts reported to the Cubs, he was ill, and Gallagher learned that he had been ill when Brooklyn made the deal. The player was hospitalized, put on the Chicago pay roll and Gallagher carried him on the roster as a Cub player.

Later when the Cubs played a series with Brooklyn, the Dodgers complained that the Chicago team had 26 players, one above the legal limit, ignoring the fact that the extra man was Gilberts and that he was in a hospital. The league upheld the Dodgers and fined the Cubs $500. Then everybody forgot about the incident but Gallagher—and Gallagher waited.

In the fall of 1942, Milwaukee, a Chicago farm, put Hall Peck on the market, and Brooklyn bought him for $15,000 and a player, Charlie Brewster. What Brooklyn didn't know till too late was that a few days before the deal went through, Peck lost two toes in a hunting accident. Milwaukee sold Brewster to Cincinnati for $7,500. The Dodgers had an option on Peck until May 15, 1944, and could have returned him to Milwaukee any time before that date and got their money back. But Peck's injuries healed, and the Brooklyn management decided to keep him.

Then suddenly they tried to sell him out of the league, and Gallagher immediately refused to give a waiver, thus gaining the right to take Peck at the price of $7,500. This the Cubs did, so that Chicago and Milwaukee again owned Peck, as well as $15,000 of good Brooklyn money, while Brooklyn was out training expenses for Peck and had also lost the services of Brewster.

THE END



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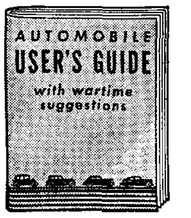

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# Decoration

Continued from page 30

pulled away from the two men without animosity. "I'm going to kick Art's teeth out. Let go, now."

He headed again for the door. The two other men went with him, arguing, talking fast, trying to hold him back. He paid no attention except to disengage himself when they laid hands on him. At the door to the street they gave up. He crossed the walk outside and stepped off the high curb into the dusty, topless roadster there. Charlie, standing in the doorway, said halfheartedly, "Bud, don't be a damn' fool."

Bud found his key, got it into the ignition lock after a couple of tries, and put his foot on the starter. The two men looked after the car until it disappeared around a corner.

Charlie winked at the man with the Adam's apple. "Hold your hats, kids," he said. "Here we go again."

The other man grinned. They went back into the beer parlor.

The bartender gave them a disgusted look as they came in. Charlie shrugged. They went to the table and sat down. The bartender said, "Well, why didn't you stop him?"

Charlie snorted. "You stop him. I tried it once."

"There was two of you. I should think two of you could stop one drunk."

"Are you kidding?" Charlie said.

The bartender did not answer.

The man with the Adam's apple said, "If he's as rugged as all that, why isn't he in the Army? He must be nineteen or twenty."

"4-F," Charlie said.

"Him?"

"He's got asthma or hay fever or something. He tried to get in a couple of times, and as soon as they shipped him down into the valley he swelled up like a poisoned cow and couldn't breathe. He's okay up here in the hills."

"Maybe they ought to ship the Japs up here for him to fight, huh?"

Charlie and the man with the Adam's apple laughed together.

"Bud's all right when he isn't stiff," the bartender said. "Then he wants to clean up on someone."

"Just Art. He's got it in for him." Charlie swallowed the last of his beer and nodded at the bartender. "Art's going to be sore about this. He told you not to let Bud get drunk here again."

"What can I do about it? I got to make a living, don't I? If he didn't get it here he'd get it someplace else." The bartender was hurt. "Anyway, I didn't know he was getting stiff. He only had three or four."

"He had about ten boilermakers. What did you think they'd do to him?"

"You brought him in here," the bartender said angrily.

"Horse collar. Don't go blaming it on me." Charlie stood up. "It's all the same to me if Art has this dump closed, but if I was you I'd telephone him and tell him Bud's on his way." He jerked his head at his companion. "Come on. Let's go to the game."

"Okay."

The man with the Adam's apple drained the beer glass. They went out.

The bartender came out from behind the bar, picked up the empty glasses, mopped the table and went back to his stand. He muttered to himself while he was rinsing the glasses. When they were dried and put away, he went to the old-fashioned telephone on the wall across the room and gave the crank an angry twist.

BUD drove fast, giving the car all it would take. The highway carried considerable traffic, but most of it was going to town, toward movies, beer and the Sunday ball game, and he did not have to slow down often. Some of the cars coming toward him carried people he knew, who shouted as they passed. Bud lifted a hand from the wheel to wave when that happened, but kept his eyes on the road. He knew he was drunk, and he knew he had to be careful.

Eight or nine miles from town he turned off on a dirt road that led from the highway back into the hills. The light roadster bounced and the hind wheels slid in the dust as he made the turn, but he held the wheel hard, still with his foot on the gas pedal, and the car came back on the crown of the road. A long plume of dust kicked up behind him as he drove.

He met no other cars on the side road. It wound up through the foothills, around curves and over creeks. He knew the way well, and he kept his foot on the gas except once when he had to brake for a sharp turn where the road jumped from one hill to the next by way of a short wooden bridge across a creek bed.

Three miles past the bridge another road turned off to the right through a well-kept grove of apple trees planted on a hillside. A galvanized-iron mailbox at the turning was neatly lettered in black paint: Arthur Lundberg. Bud made the turn, shifting into second, and drove the car up through the trees toward the white farmhouse set back from the road.

The climb leveled off to a big dusty yard in front of the house, where a handful of chickens pecked in the dirt. They squawked and ran as he skidded to a stop. Bud lifted his feet over the door and dropped spraddle-legged into the dust.

A WOMAN in a gingham apron came out through a screen door on the farmhouse porch. She was young, not more than four or five years older than Bud, but big and full-bosomed. She wiped her hands on her apron and looked at Bud standing in the yard.

"Where's Art?" Bud asked. His body swayed a little. He shifted one foot to balance himself.

"He's gone to Appleton," the girl said. "Come in and have something to eat. He won't be back till sundown."

"He wouldn't go to Appleton on Sunday. Where is he?"

"What do you want to see him for?" the girl asked.

"I got to see him," Bud insisted. "Is he in the house?"

The girl did not answer. Bud said, "Tell him to come out."

"He isn't in the house," the girl said levelly.

They looked at each other. At last Bud turned away, toward the road that led around the farmhouse and up the hill through the orchard. He weaved as he walked.

The girl said sharply, "Where are you going?"

Bud paid no attention. The girl said, "Come back here!"

He kept on, walking fast. The girl watched him irresolutely for a moment and jumped off the porch as if to follow. She took three or four quick steps, stopped, and stood looking after him until he disappeared in the trees. Then she turned back and went slowly into the house. The screen door slammed.

Bud stumbled several times, walking up the hill. The road was only a truck track through the plowed ground of the orchard, and the dried clods turned under his feet. He was breathing hard when he came within sight of his brother's dehydrator shed up the slope. He stopped for a moment to catch his wind before he went on up the hill.

The dehydrator was a big barnlike building in the center of the apple orchard. The trees had been cleared away on all sides and the shed was built on the hillside, so that from below, it seemed to have two stories and from above only one. The truck track split around the building and went up on either side.

Bud stopped at the fork and rested again. A film of sweat and dust covered his face. When he had his breath back, he shouted at the building.

"Hey, Art!"

In a moment a man in overalls came around the uphill side of the building and looked down at him. He was older than Bud and had the same straight blond hair, sunbleached in streaks. He did not have Bud's chunky heaviness through the chest and

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shoulders, but he was bigger than average and strong. He said, "Hello, Bud."

"Come on down." Bud's arm moved in a wide sweep of invitation.

"What do you want?"

"You know what I want. I'm going to knock your ears off."

"You're drunk again. I told Frank not to let you get drunk in his place."

"Never you mind about Frank." Bud said earnestly. "Come on down here." He made another broad beckoning gesture with his arm.

His brother said, "Go back to the house and sleep it off. I got work to do."

"You work when I get through with you. Come on down here where there's room."

Art looked at his brother gloomily and came down the hill. Bud waited until he was fairly on the level at the fork of the road and then rushed, swinging his fists.

THEY were both agile, for big men. Bud was stronger than his brother, but his coordination was slower because of the boilermakers he had drunk, and his wind went almost immediately. At first Art fought cautiously, trying only to defend himself until Bud was tired out, but Bud finally stung him into anger. He opened up. They slugged at each other fiercely for a few minutes, grunting, open-mouthed, unscientific, trying hard to hurt, then finally came together in a clinch. For a moment they half wrestled and half rested. Then Bud pushed his brother off and followed him, swinging both hands in wide, hard, brutal punches. Art stepped back before the attack, letting the blows hit his arms and elbows. He set himself, waited for his chance and slugged Bud squarely on the chin. Bud stumbled and went down heavily.

Art stood over him, his fists still clenched. Bud recovered from the blow in a moment. He lifted himself to his heels and squatted there, his chest heaving, sucking huge gulps of air into his lungs.

"There, you crazy trouble-hunter," Art said. "Had enough?"

Bud said nothing. He crouched on his heels, one hand on the ground to balance himself. When his head was clear, he lifted the other hand to his eyes to wipe away sweat and in the same moment jumped to his feet.

They fought again, for a long time. The sun, two or three hours past the meridian, beat down strongly on the open hillside. Both men sweated heavily, swinging, dodging, coming together to slug, resting in a clinch while they punched half-heartedly and got back their wind, then breaking away to slug again. Bud sweated more heavily and breathed harder than Art, but he forced the fight most of the time. Art stayed out of reach when he could and stood up to Bud when he got close. Bud always came in, trying only to hit as hard and as often as he could, reckless of defense. He finally caught Art off balance. The punch was hard, although no harder than some that had gone before. Art went down.

"Come on," Bud said. He was sobbing for air after every couple of words. "You aren't—hurt, Art. Get up—and get—licked."

"Had enough?" Art said.

Bud shook his head stubbornly. He was badly cut about the face, his shirt stuck to his chest and back, trickles of sweat cut lines through the dirt on his face.

"You're not licked—yet. I got to—lick you right—Art. Get up." His voice sounded almost as if he were pleading.

"I know when I'm licked," Art said. "I quit."

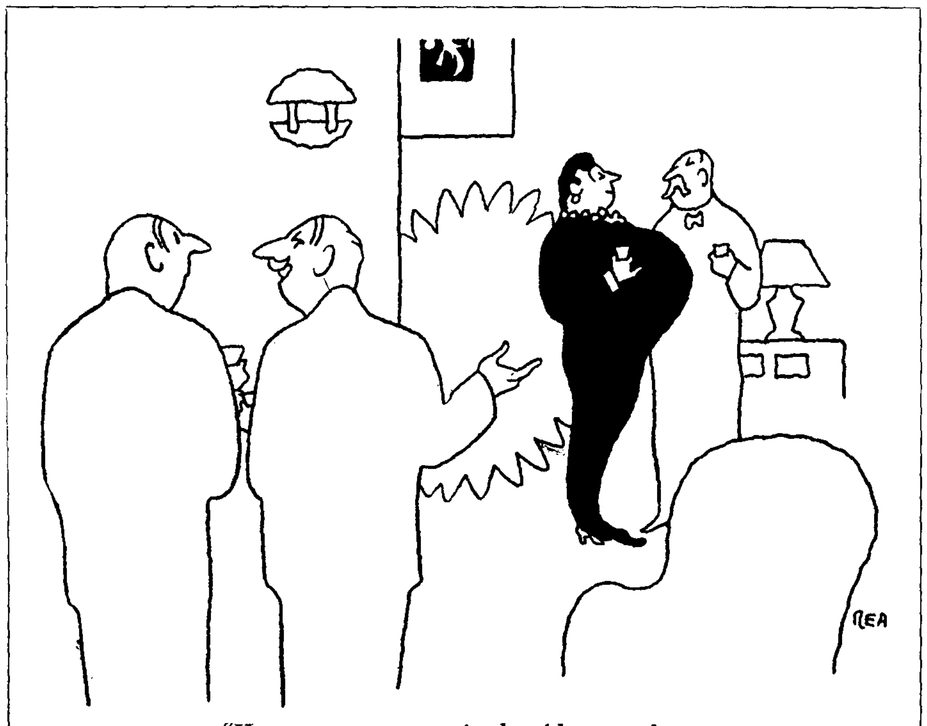
"Get up." Bud bent over him, took hold of the front of his overalls and heaved. Art came to his feet and stood there, his mouth open, his chest heaving, his hands down. Bud backed off a few feet and put up his fists.

"Come on—Art," he said urgently. "I got to—lick you. Please."

Art's arms hung loosely at his sides. Bud came to him, hit him lightly in the face and moved away, waiting anxiously for Art's hands to come up. When they did, Bud rushed in, overeager and wide open. His brother, standing solidly on both feet as Bud came at him, smashed one tremendous roundhouse punch at Bud's heart. The shock in his arm and shoulder threw him off balance and he stumbled and sat down hard. He was looking up into Bud's face when Bud's knees buckled, his body sagged, and he fell limply forward. Art put up his hands to break the fall. The big, loose body dropped heavily across his knees.

ART rested for a minute, looking into Bud's vacant, beaten face. Finally he sighed, spat into the dirt and got painfully out from under his brother's body. He was beginning to feel the ache in his belly and chest where Bud's fists had hit. His face stung and throbbed, and his arms and legs were trembling. He bent over, slipped one arm under Bud's knees and one under his shoulders, and tried to pick him up, but the body sagged in the middle and Art could not handle it. He rested for another moment, then knelt in the dirt, pulled Bud to a sitting position and forward over his shoulder, and stood up under the load. He was bent nearly double as he struggled up the slope to the dehydrator and into the big room at the top where the drying kiln filled the center of the building. There he lowered Bud carefully onto a pile of gunny sacks near the open doorway. . . .

Bud was breathing easily. He showed no sign of returning consciousness. Art got an empty jar from a locker near the drying kiln and filled it with water from a pump in back of the building. He rinsed his mouth, spat



"Have you ever noticed, old man, how much your aunt looks like South America?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

*Better than ever!* THE NEW

PERFECT SLEEPER

*Tuftless*

MATTRESS

JOAN BENNETT, star of the Walter Wanger Universal Pictures Production, "Scarlet Street," says: "My PERFECT SLEEPER Mattress gives me relaxing sleep to keep fit and fresh before the camera."

The Only Innerspring Mattress with [illegible]S!

1 *Thrilling new comfort!* These patented, exclusive SERTA coils have far greater resilience and durability. Ask for a demonstration at your dealer's. *Feel* the difference. *See* the difference.

2 *No bumps! No hollows!* SERTA'S exclusive non-shift Tuftless construction provides a "smooth as satin" surface that's better looking, more comfortable, more sanitary.

3 *Complete luxury!* The matching PERFECT SLEEPER Box Spring—noiseless, dustproof—is specially built to give the PERFECT SLEEPER Mattress perfect support for supreme sleeping comfort.

If your dealer can't supply you with the PERFECT SLEEPER Mattress at once, please be patient. You'll be glad you waited. Available now—SERTA 4-A Tuftless Mattress, PERFECT SLEEPER Box Spring, $39.50 each. West Coast and Canada, $42.50 each.

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*Twelve beautiful roses* **SENT BY WIRE**

**FOR "MA" PERKINS' 12 YEARS ON THE AIR!**

— "Ma" Perkins' sponsors were in another town, but they remembered her 12th radio anniversary — with flowers-by-telegraph!

A dozen years deserve
a dozen beautiful roses
Your
Cincinnati Friends

*In any event—wire Flowers*

**As an example, you can send a $5.00 bouquet from Detroit to:**

| PLACE | | Price of FLOWERS | + | Av. Cost of WIRE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cincinnati | for | $5.00 | + | 35¢ |
| Tampa | " | " | " | 63¢ |
| Hollywood | " | " | " | 63¢ |
| Butte | " | " | " | 63¢ |
| Philadelphia | " | " | " | 44¢ |
| Amarillo | " | " | " | 63¢ |
| Salt Lake City | " | " | " | 63¢ |

NOTE: These are just a few examples of how inexpensive it is to send flowers by wire.

**FOR BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES— FLOWERS-BY-WIRE**

**Just follow these 3 simple steps:**

1 Go to any florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window.

2 Tell him kind of flowers and amount you wish to spend.

3 He does the rest! He wires your order and message for card to FTD florist in other town—who then delivers the flowers.

It's *easy*—just be sure florist has FTD seal (shown at left) on his window.

*"Ma Perkins" is portrayed by Virginia Payne. Listen to "Ma Perkins" every weekday at 1:15 E. W. T. over the CBS Network or at 3:15 E. W. T. on NBC Network.*

**FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION**
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

the water into the dust and drank deeply. When his thirst was quenched he filled the jar again and put it near the bed of gunny sacks. Bud slept on. Art left the dehydrator and went down the road toward the farmhouse. His shoulders sagged with weariness.

Bud lay motionless on his back for fifteen or twenty minutes before he came out of it. He stared blankly at the shingles of the roof until his eyes focused. He sat up, his head pounding, saw the jar standing on the floor and drank thirstily. When the jar was empty he put his head in his hands and stared at the floor. Tears welled up in his eyes and rolled down his dirty cheeks. He sat there, sniffling and rubbing his nose with his big, skinned knuckles for several minutes. At last he lay back on the gunny sacks and went to sleep.

An hour after dark Art came back up the hill carrying a hissing gasoline lamp in his hand and a bundle under his arm. Bud still slept. Art hung the lantern from a nail in the wall and put down his bundle. The harsh white light of the lantern glared on Bud's face. He stirred, moved one arm to his head and opened his eyes. They looked at each other for a minute. Bud grinned painfully.

"You sure are a mess," he said.

Art smiled. He had put iodine on the cuts, and his face was speckled with brown markings. His right hand had a strip of adhesive tape pasted across the knuckles. He had changed his shirt and put on clean overalls, and his sun-streaked hair was plastered down with water.

"How do you feel?" he said.

"Pretty bad."

Bud reached for the jar. It was empty. Art filled it at the pump and brought it to him. Bud's mouth had puffed during his sleep, and he held the jar carefully away from his lips while he drank.

Art said, "You sober now?"

"Uh-huh. I guess so. I feel bad enough."

Art took an unlabeled flat pint bottle from his hip pocket and pulled the cork.

"Here. This'll fix you up."

Bud looked longingly at the bottle, but shook his head. "No. Thanks, Art."

"Go ahead."

"I'll have one if you'll have one."

"Okay."

Art had a small drink. Bud took the bottle and swallowed three times before he put it down. He gagged, reached for the jar, and drank what was left of the water.

Art corked the bottle and put it back in his pocket. "You'll feel better when that takes hold," he said. "Now let's fix your face before we go down to the house."

The bundle he had brought with him contained a first-aid kit. Bud lay back on the gunny sacks, and his brother wiped his face gently with a wet cloth and dabbed at it with iodine. They were both silent while the disinfecting was going on. Art put the glass applicator back into the iodine bottle.

"What's the matter with you, Bud?"

"I don't know," Bud answered miserably.

Art examined his brother's face and reached again for the iodine. "Why do you want to lick me?"

"I don't know."

"You got to have a reason."

"I don't know why. I just want to lick you when I'm drunk."

"You could lick me if you were sober. You're faster than I am. Stronger, too."

Bud shook his head. "I don't want to when I'm sober."

Art put the iodine away. Bud sat up. "I got nothing against you, Art," he said earnestly. "You're my brother. We always got along all right. It's just that when I get stiff I—I—I—" He shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "I never want to fight anyone else. I just got to take you on."

Art said, "Um." He looked critically at Bud's face. "I really hit you, didn't I?"

"You don't look so good yourself."

"I guess not." Art dug around in his bundle and found a clean shirt and a comb. "Strip off that shirt and go out to the pump and wash yourself off."

Bud obediently got up from the sacks and went out to the pump. Art stood in the doorway and watched him take off his shirt, pump water over his head, and slap it across his muscular chest and shoulders. The fight had not marked his body except for a faint blue blotch from the blow over his heart. He came back to the shed, toweling himself with the discarded shirt, blowing like a horse.

"That applejack sure fixed me up," he said. He put on the clean shirt and combed his wet hair, parting it raggedly by touch and slicking it down on either side.

"Think you could stand another?" said Art.

"I'll have one if you'll have one."

Art took out the bottle and they had another drink. Art corked the bottle again, banging the cork with the flat of his hand. "D'you suppose if you licked me once you'd get over it?"

"I don't know. Maybe. But I'd have to do it right. It wouldn't be any good if you lay down on me, like this afternoon."

"You can't lick me when you're drunk."

"I know. I know. But when I'm not drunk—" Bud shook his head helplessly. "I like you, Art. Honest to God. I wouldn't want you to think that I don't."

"I know you do, kid. Let's forget it." Art took the lamp from its nail. "Anna's got supper ready. Come along."

"What does she think about me?" Bud asked. He was reluctant to leave the shed.

Art pushed him ahead through the doorway. "Anna's all right. She got just as mad as she did last time, and then she dug up the iodine and the applejack and made me come up to see how you were."

"I don't blame her for getting mad. I sure make a fool out of myself."

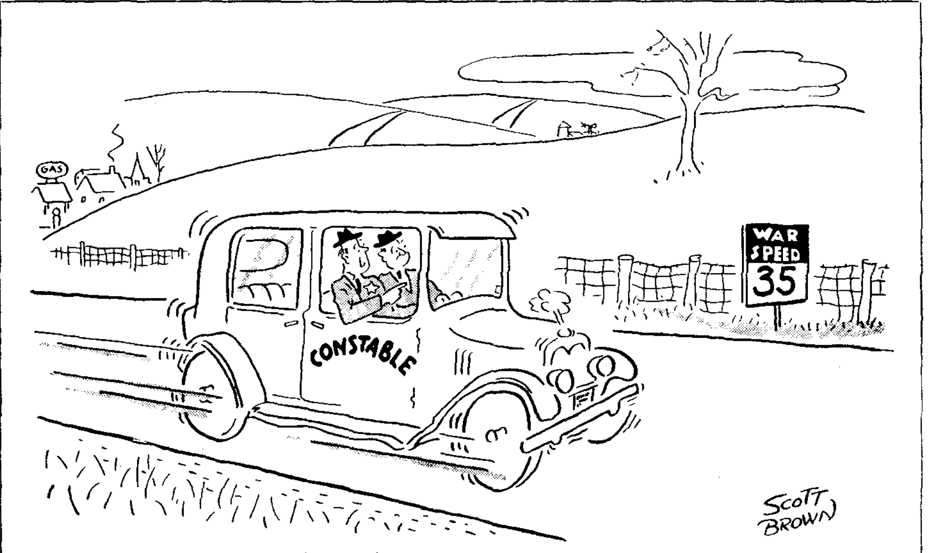
"That's the truth."

Art held the lantern high so they could see their footing going down the hill. The light shone brightly in their faces. Bud linked his arm through his brother's. "Boy, you look like you got the apple blight, with all that iodine," he said.

"You're no rose either," Art said.

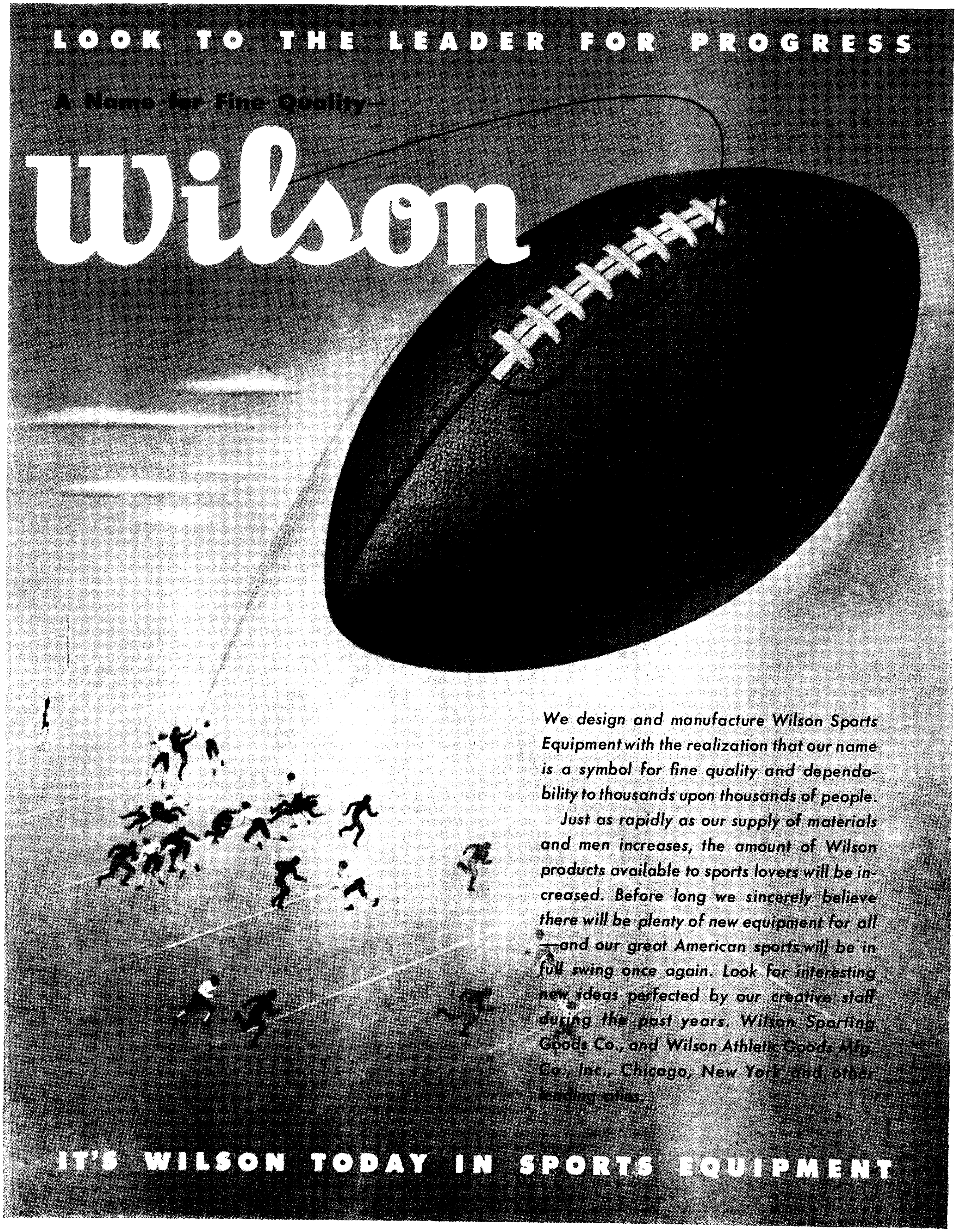
They walked arm in arm down the hill toward the lights of the farmhouse.

THE END



". . . and change all those along this stretch back to twenty-five again"

COLLIER S SCOTT BROWN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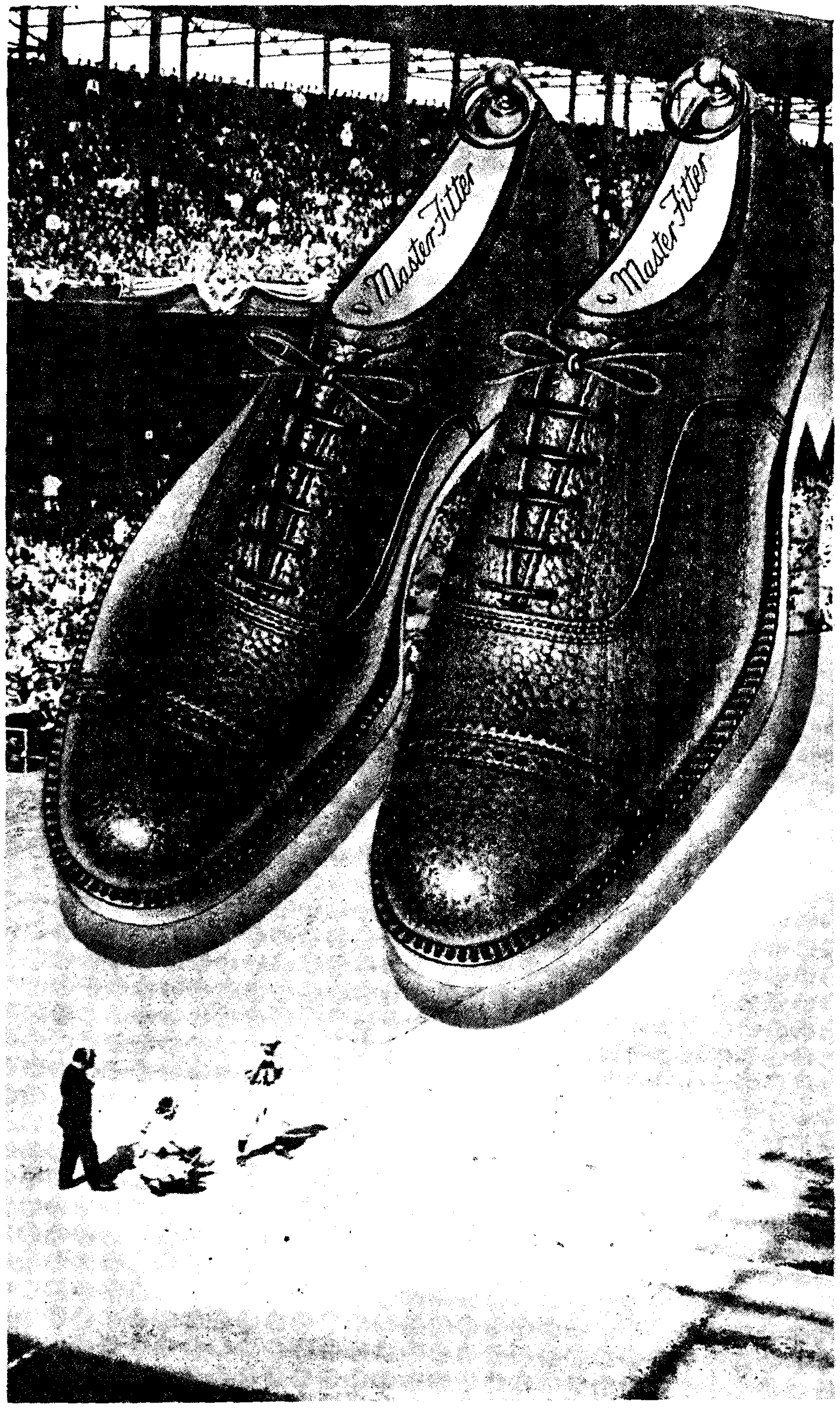

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Slip on a pair of Master Fitters . . . run your fingers over its rich leather . . . see how fine shoemaking adds character to its handsome style lines . . . take a few steps and notice how your feet feel right at home in the comfortable contours of a special precision-graded last.

It's easy to sell yourself on Master Fitters because they're so easy on you. Write for the name of your dealer. Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin.

It's a FREEMAN Shoe
WORN WITH PRIDE BY MILLIONS

$8.75 MOST STYLES

*It's a* **FREEMAN** *shoe*

## Saturday Afternoons

**Continued from page 15**

shoe. "She'll be all right," he said. "Nick's okay."

"I know," she said. "Only we were going to see Ingrid Bergman. I told Mother that."

"Your friend's the mental type, isn't she?"

Marcie giggled. "That's what everyone says. P. G.'s awfully smart. How did you know?"

He laughed. "I know a lot of things."

"We're both going to be social service workers," she said.

"You are? You and your friend?" He looked surprised. "What do you service?"

She made a serious face. "That's not the way it's done. You go to a university and study and then you work in clinics for people who need your help."

"Like in floods?"

She shook her head. "You think it's funny."

HE SAT on the bench beside her. "No," he said. "I don't think it's funny. I just think maybe you won't like it much after all."

"It's not always floods," she explained. "You just work to change the world, to make it better." She looked at him to see if he was laughing. He had grayish eyes, serious and full of astonishment at what she was saying. She looked at his ribbons. One was for good conduct, one was the Purple Heart and the other was from being in the E.T.O.

He touched them with his fingers. "Yeah," he said. "Southern France, northern France, Belgium." He took her hand. "Let's go somewhere, kid. I'm gettin' kind of hungry again."

"We could go to Brewer's Pharmacy."

He shook his head. "Some place swell," he suggested.

"Babcock's," she said. "That's the best."

"Okay." They walked swinging their arms. Babcock's was where Marcie went with her mother in the summer evenings after the movies or on very special occasions.

The soldier said, "You're a pretty kid. There's a girl at home—Nashville—she lives on our street. She looks like you, dark and pretty. Her name's Donna—Donna Marquis."

"I like that. Donna Marquis."

"Yeah," he said. "Dreamy and pretty like you. Know what she was gonna be one time? She was gonna be an explorer and find a new place for people to live. Then she was gonna run for Congress."

"Did she?"

"No. Not yet. But any day now, she might do something important. She's a very important person."

"Oh," Marcie said. She knew what he meant.

She had never seen anyone eat the way this soldier ate. He had two shrimp cocktails, three hamburgers, a chicken sandwich, two chocolate eclairs, five dill pickles and two dishes of ice cream, chocolate and vanilla. He talked a lot, too, and he asked questions and almost everything she said seemed to please him. She told him how she and P. G. looked at things in the world and how P. G. said there was a lot to be done.

"People are starving," she said.

"I know. All kinds of starving."

"I mean—poor people."

"Sure—all the poor people. I've been thinking about eating these things for a long time. I was starving. I was starving to see people in the streets, men in offices, spring in the city—all sorts of things. It was a very big, hungry feeling inside me."

"Oh," she said. "You mean many kinds of hunger."

"You're a funny, smart, sweet kid."

"My mother's a dancer," she said. She waited for him to say that explained why she was a funny kid.

"Honest?" he said. "I never knew anyone whose mother was a dancer. I never even knew anyone who knew a dancer."

"I'm a dancer, too," she said. "Or I used to be. I studied with Madam Ducart. But now I'm going to be something else, something serious."

"Oh, no," he said. "A dancer is the best thing in the world to be."

"Is it?"

"Sure."

"My mother's Sonia Ivanovna. Her real name's Johnson—I mean before she was married—but then she had to have a stage name."

"Ivanovna," he said. He leaned across the table, suddenly very excited. His eyes were a green color now, and a little scar showed on his forehead. "Sure. I saw her last night. She was wonderful. I saw her at the ballet. Wonderful, like a butterfly."

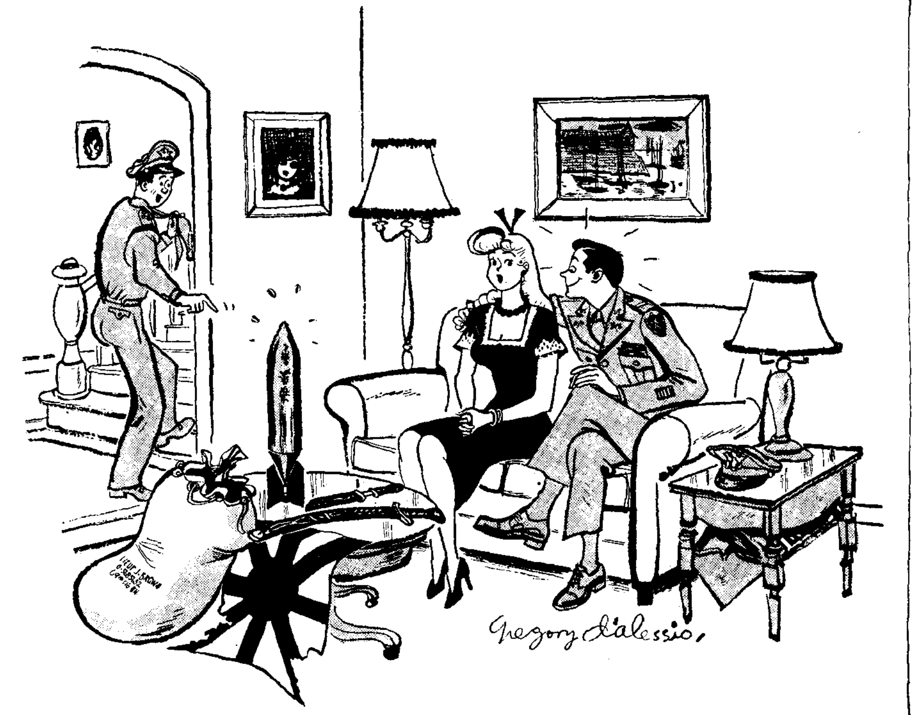
"I know," she said. "That's what we all say about her."

He was looking out the window. "I never saw anything like that before. Where I come from, we don't see dancers. I guess I always wanted to see a dancer like your mother, only I never knew I wanted it until I saw it."

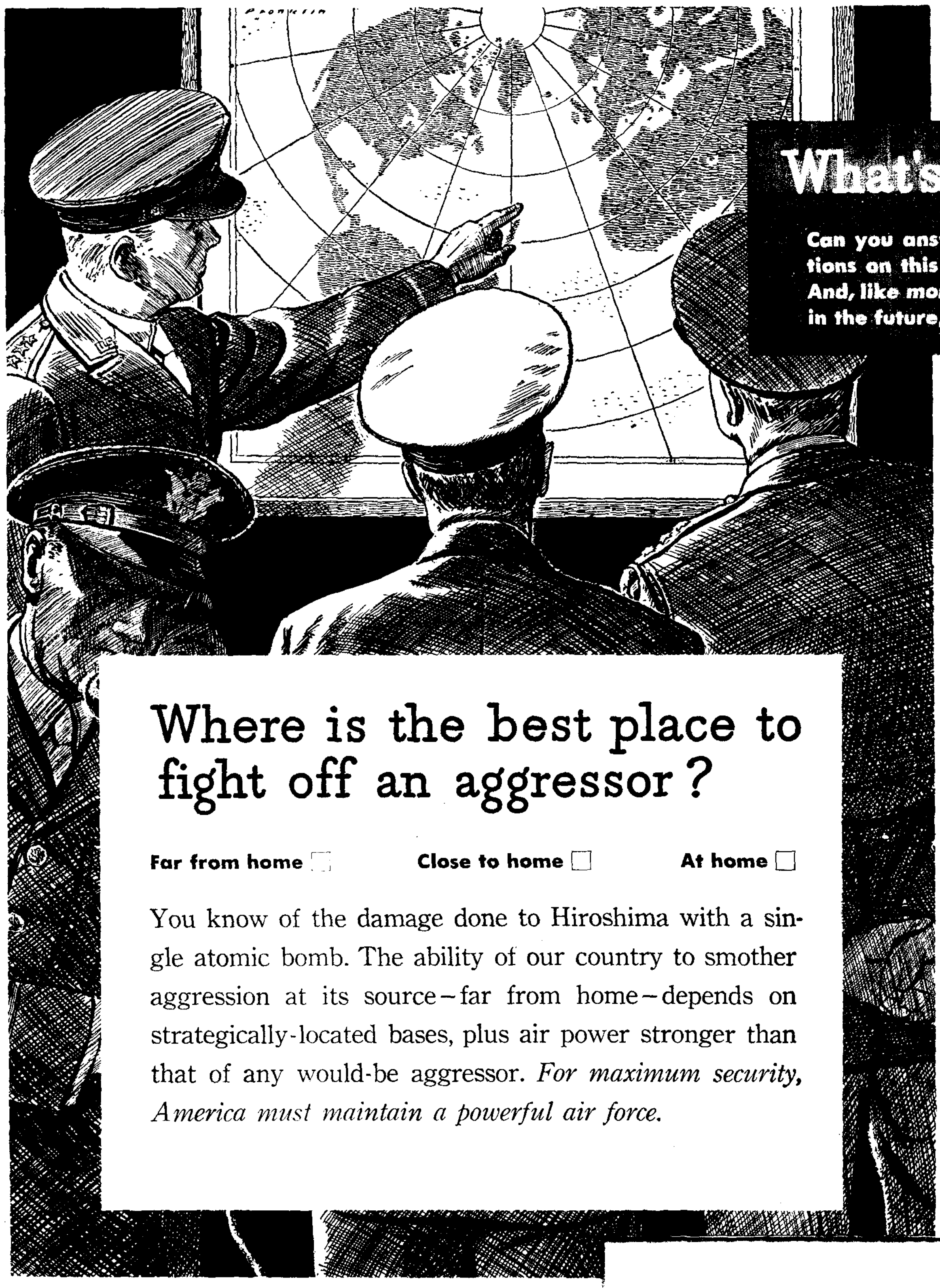
"Oh," Marcie said. She felt herself aching

### WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"No need to be afraid of that bomb, Sis—it's a dud. But watch Lieutenant Fredericks"



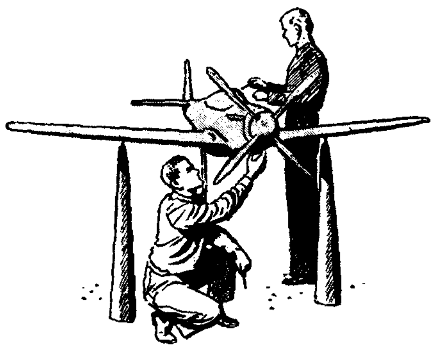
# What's your AIR-Q rating?

**Can you answer correctly at least three of the four questions on this page? If you can, you know your aviation. And, like more and more other Americans, you know that, in the future, "Airpower is peacepower."**

## Where is the best place to fight off an aggressor?

**Far from home** ☐ **Close to home** ☐ **At home** ☐

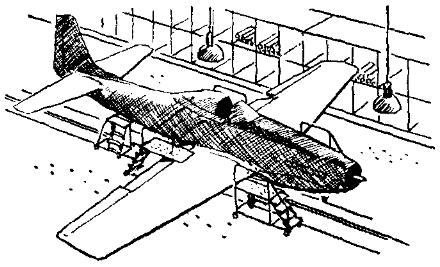
You know of the damage done to Hiroshima with a single atomic bomb. The ability of our country to smother aggression at its source—far from home—depends on strategically-located bases, plus air power stronger than that of any would-be aggressor. *For maximum security, America must maintain a powerful air force.*



## Are these men working on:

**A target-practice plane?** ☐
**A wind-tunnel model?** ☐
**An air-race trophy?** ☐

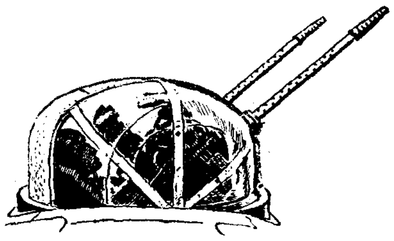
The miniature plane above is a scale model of an advanced type of aircraft. This model will be tested for high-speed flight performance in a wind tunnel. Without scientific investigation of this kind, America's future aircraft would lag far behind that of other nations—and, like the Great Wall of China today, would merely give the illusion of security. *To protect the peace, and advance its benefits, we must have constant research.*



## How long does it take to build a new warplane?

**One month** ☐ **One year** ☐ **Two years** ☐

Though most warplanes have taken longer, it took more than 2 years of designing, tooling and building before the first P-51 Mustangs went into combat. Compare this with the few short weeks it took the Nazis to conquer France! It's obvious that if our air force is to have the power to prevent future aggression, *tomorrow's aircraft must be developed today.*



## How many degrees will this B-25 turret revolve?

**90°** ☐ **180°** ☐ **360°** ☐

This transparent, electrically-operated "bubble" gives gunners unlimited visibility, plus a wide field of fire. It revolves a full 360 degrees. As long as ten years ago, North American Aviation engineers contributed to modern air tactics by developing one of the first enclosed revolving turrets. *In designing, engineering and building military planes, North American Aviation sets the pace.*

# North American Aviation
## *Sets the Pace*

**DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS** of the P-51 Mustang fighter, the B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer. North American Aviation, Inc. General Offices, Inglewood, California. Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

How to handle a stubborn Husband

**RIDICULE HIM!** . . . Let him know what you think of a man who deliberately punishes himself with a harsh, bad-tasting laxative. Laugh at the faces he makes when he tries to down a dose of the stuff. If that doesn't discourage him, let him find out for himself what it *does* to him! He'll probably admit then that

**Some laxatives are too strong!**

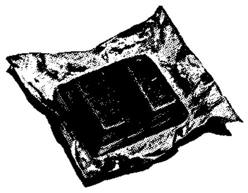
**"BABY" HIM!** . . . If, on the other hand, he insists on taking some insipid, namby-pamby laxative, just because it's supposed to be *very mild* — indulge him! If it works . . . fine! But, if it only stirs him up inside, without giving him the proper relief, he won't need you to tell him that

**Some laxatives are too mild!**

**GIVE THE GUY A BREAK!** . . . He'll think you're the "smartest little wife on earth," if you'll keep a box of Ex-Lax handy for the times when he needs a laxative. How he'll go for that good chocolate taste! He'll like the way Ex-Lax acts, too — gentle, but mighty effective. Not too strong, not too mild

**EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!**

**IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD!**
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax — the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but it's kind and gentle, too!
*10¢ and 25¢ at drug stores*



*As a precaution use only as directed*

**EX-LAX**

**THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE**

inside. She moved her feet lightly, impatiently on the floor.

"Yeah," he said. "Think maybe I'll go up there and see her again."

"Would you like to meet her?" Marcie asked. P. G. never paid much attention to her mother, but the soldier was different.

"No. I guess not. I wouldn't know what to say. I just like to watch her."

"Yes," she said. She was thinking of how her mother had not cried or said anything when she stopped going to Madam Ducart's. In that moment, she felt silly and dull and heavy.

After a while, they went outside and walked in the park again, and then they went to Brewer's and waited for P. G. It was almost six o'clock before P. G. came. She carried packages from the dime store, and she was talking very fast.

The blond soldier looked tired. He whistled softly through his teeth and said, "Saw the whole city." Then he winked at P. G., who winked back at him.

Marcie and P. G. said goodby and started down their street. When Marcie looked back, the soldier with the ribbons was still standing there. He waved to her.

P. G. was talking all the time, but her voice seemed far away. Marcie walked slowly, her eyes half-closed. The city street was full of people going home, of women wheeling buggies, of children and their tireless world of activity; everything was just as it should be here on her street and inside herself. She was conscious of the vastness of the world beyond her. Suddenly she smiled.

"You're not listening," P. G. said. "You should see the stuff I've got—that book of astrology I always wanted. That Nick. He's a real character."

"Uh-hunh," Marcie said. She began to walk a little faster. "I want to get home before Mother. She's got to dance again tonight."

"All right," P. G. said. "Be seein' you Monday." . . .

Mrs. Donetz had left everything ready for dinner and a note on the stove for Marcie to turn on the soup at six-fifteen and mind not to let it boil over. She did this. Then she changed into her slacks and mended her mother's favorite slippers. She knew how to do this well so that there would be no painful knots or lumps. When she had finished she put them in the little blue bag her mother carried to the theater in the evenings, and all the while she felt very happy. She thought of the soldier and what he had said and of the girl named Donna Marquis. Life was a very wonderful thing that changed all the while.

"You look busy," her mother said when she came in.

Marcie lay across her bed and watched her mother get out of her clothes and into her housecoat.

"I had a wonderful day," she said. "I guess I had the best day in the world."

"I've got to hurry," her mother said. "How was Ingrid Bergman?"

"Who, Mother?"

"Ingrid Bergman, darling." Her mother slanted her dark eyes at her.

"We didn't go," Marcie said. She got up and turned on her mother's shower and went out and dimmed down the gas under the soup. Then she stood outside the bathroom. "How was the new ballet, Mother?"

"Wonderful," her mother said. "I must write Dad about it. Very intricate and wonderful." She came out of the bathroom with her hair still pinned up and put her arm around Marcie. "Tell me, angel," she said.

"What?"

"Tell me whatever it is."

"You know, Mother, I think I'll be a dancer. I mean, I'd like to be a dancer like you."

"Of course," her mother laughed again. "Naturally. What else would you be but a dancer? You're that already. Madam Ducart, that hateful woman, says as much."

Marcie looked at her mother in a moment of silence. Her mother looked back at her.

They both began to laugh. "Oh, Mother," Marcie said. "Really, Mother. . . ."

THE END

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

course, were decided in Washington. All that was known in Casablanca was that about mid-April there was word from ATC's Lieutenant General Harold L. George that the project had been given the green light by the War Department.

"So that's what we called it," General Stowell explained with a smile. "It's the Green Project. And twenty-eight days later we moved the first passengers."

Green Project is perhaps the biggest thing of its kind ever undertaken. At peak operations, it scheduled one of those big C-54 transport planes into or out of Casablanca every 15 minutes, carrying some 1,300 passengers a day or 40,000 a month on the "Skyrocket Home" fleet via the Azores and Newfoundland or via Dakar, Brazil and Trinidad. For purposes of comparison, Colonel Turner will point out that the previous record for transatlantic passengers to the United States was 8,500 last April.

Naturally, the over-all operations involve much more than the key junction point of Casablanca, where the Cazes and Port Lyautey airports handle the constant stream of traffic. The operations men, for instance, think in terms of tons that can be carried rather than the number of men transported. First, General Stowell's staff gets together on the number of planes that will be available as feeders into Casablanca for the coming month and thus determine the number of tons they can carry. When Washington gets that figure they must work out with the commercial airline planes under Army contract, the tonnage they can handle across the Atlantic. Then the War Department puts it all together and comes up with the number of men who can come home by air from the various theaters—European, Mediterranean, African, Middle East, Persian Gulf Command and China-Burma-India. Then the operation shifts to the outlying areas and it is the ATC's problem to keep the traffic flowing on an even keel.

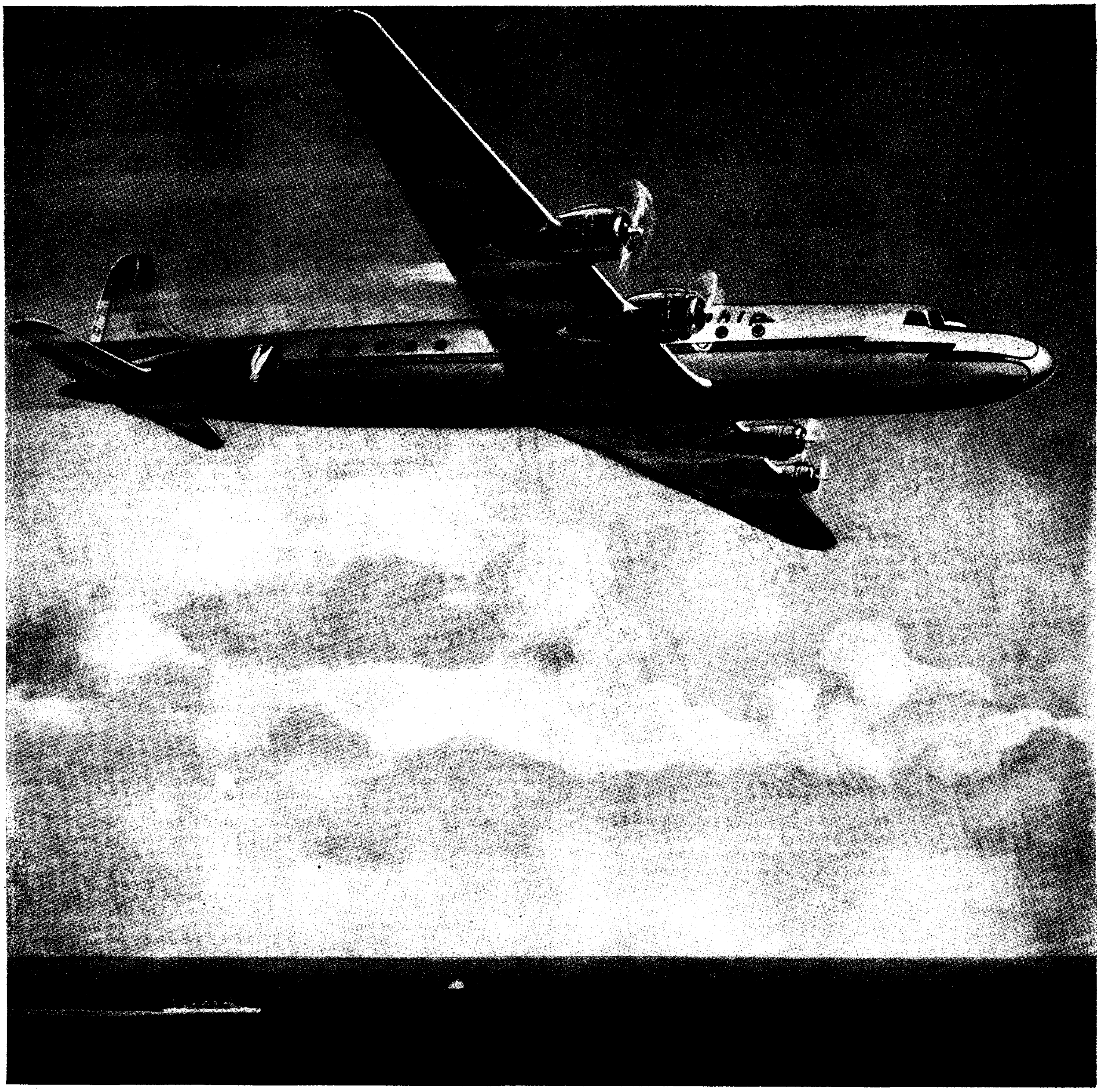
The most important cargoes flown into Casablanca are the loads of wounded men evacuated all the way from Karachi, India, a distance of 4,725 miles. Twenty-seven wounded men are carried aboard the big-bellied Curtiss Commandos and the Evacuee Run is a streamlined operation under an impressive priority. However, one of the biggest problems encountered was the intense heat which built up inside the mercy ships at the various stopping points.

The Abadan Air Base on the Persian Gulf, for instance, is one of the hottest spots in the world, where summer temperatures soar as high as 132 degrees.

Staff Sergeant Howard Wilke, an ATC engineer, finally solved the problem by constructing a device on the principle of the desert cooler—blowing air over excelsior through which cold water is kept running. Two long, accordion-type air ducts, stretching from the portable air cooler, attach to the two escape hatches of the Commando on the fuselage. The air cooler can be quickly installed and put into operation by two men and it has cut down the inside temperature from 125 degrees to 92 within an hour.

Sometimes General Stowell goes around Casablanca to see how the homebound soldiers are getting along. "If you're looking for high morale, here is the place to find it," he commented after one such trip. "I asked them whether everything was all right; what they needed; whether they had any gripes. Nobody had anything to complain about. They were feeling fine. Even liked the food."

Well, why not? They were going home, weren't they? . . . J.A.M.



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This man with carelessly groomed, unruly hair didn't even get in the race. Why doesn't someone tip him off how Kreml keeps hair neatly groomed—so trim and spruce-looking all day long?

Plug Ugly:

And doesn't he look it with his hair plastered down so silly with grease! No wonder girls 'turn on the ice' when he asks for a date! Kreml grooms hair so handsomely yet never leaves it looking or feeling oily or greasy.

Also Ran:

His shoulders are covered with ugly dandruff flakes. What girl would even place a bet on him! Kreml is *famous* to promptly relieve itching of dry scalp and remove dandruff flakes.

'Favorite' Wins:

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● Kreml Hair Tonic is *famous* to keep hair neatly groomed all day long—it leaves it so *lustrous*, looking as if it had some 'body' to it. Kreml *never* pastes your hair down or leaves it looking greasy or oily. Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at your drug counter.

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# Gift from the Heart

Continued from page 37

"Oh, you and your massages," she said. She turned her head and looked him in the face and her eyes were full and warm on him, her glance lingering on each part of his face.

"Miss me?" he said. He ran his hand up and down her arm inside the jacket sleeve.

She pressed her face against his shoulder. He felt her tremble.

"Don't," he said. "Please don't." He laid one arm awkwardly across her lap.

"I don't think you know," she said. "I don't think you have any idea."

He sat stiffly, not wanting to let down here. The taxi drew up in front of the hotel, and she stumbled a little against him getting out. Then she stood straight and prim on the sidewalk, waiting while he paid the driver.

In their room he held her fiercely against him. "Yes, I missed you," he said, his voice hard and hurting. "What do you think I've been doing?"

She took his face between her hands: "I wanted you to miss me," she said. "I wanted you to be perfectly miserable."

HER eyes were wide and in them was something he couldn't understand. It was so fierce it looked like hate. But at that he laughed and then she began to laugh too and they fell onto the bed, both laughing hilariously.

"We're crazy," he said. "Fighting about who missed who the most."

She stopped laughing. "Yes," she said slowly. She raised herself on an elbow, her eyes intent on him. "Yes, we are. But it couldn't be as bad for you. You can always find someone else."

He pulled her down and kissed her until she pushed him away. "Sure, the world's full of girls," he teased. At that her eyes turned dark, and she brought her face close to his.

"Oh, is it?" she said.

Later, they had dinner sent up. After it was taken away, Joan smiled at him mysteriously. "I've got something for you," she said. She went to her bag and pulled out an envelope. Silently she laid before him all the allotment checks she had received.

"You didn't use them," he said, amazed.

"No." Her face was as pleased as if she had handed him the Empire State Building. "No, I thought we'd use them to pay on the debt."

The debt. He rose slowly from his chair. "All this time," he said, "and you haven't used a cent of my money."

"I didn't need it," she said quietly. The pleasure had died from her face.

He walked to the window and looked down. He counted the taxis going by; they were so bright and gay in the sun. His eyes blurred and the taxis were a thin long streak of yellow.

She came up behind him. "I only wanted to help you," she said. "It's our debt. We should pay it together."

"Yes," he said. He controlled his voice with difficulty. "It's all right." He had never felt so cheated in his life. He had thought those checks were helping her, making those last months at college easier, more fun. She didn't have much money; she had had to work part time always. And she hadn't used them.

"Kenny," she said, putting her hand in his. "Please, Kenny."

He turned around and held her in his arms. "All right," he said again. "If that's the way you want it."

She didn't say anything more. She reached up and kissed him, running her finger along his cheekbone. His arms tightened around her.

THEY went to Trenton late that night. He was stationed there, and he had to be on duty the next day. He was up at five the next morning, and he tried to get dressed quietly so that he wouldn't wake Joan. But she turned over in bed like a small kitten, stretching slowly.

"You stay in bed and get a good rest," he said, coming over to the bed and pushing her back against the pillow. Her face was soft and relaxed in the pale morning light, her lips warmly red against the creaminess of her skin.

"Nope," she told him. "Today I go house hunting for us. Next time you come we'll have a place to stay."

He urged her to wait until his day off, but her eyes were so gay and eager that he could not insist. He went away, whistling softly under his breath, "You'd be so nice to come home to—you'd be so nice by the fire. . . ." It wouldn't be long before that song would come true: He and Joan would have a home of their own.

He got Wednesday night off and hitched a ride into town. Joan was waiting for him, her small face like a beacon.

"Any luck?" he said, pulling her onto his lap, rubbing his cheek against her soft one.

"Well . . ." she said. She straightened his tie, fussing with it for quite a while. "I looked at apartments. Such dingy little holes, darling. And the rent was awful for them. So . . ."

"So?" he prompted.

"So I decided to try something else." The words came out in a rush then, like bottled steam, but she didn't look at him. "It would take all our money just to live if we took one of those apartments, Kenny. So I got a job. As a maid. You can come there to sleep on your nights off and I made them promise to let me off every one of your days off. And they pay me $18 a week."

No wonder she won't look at me, he thought grimly.

"So we can save my allotment checks to pay Aunt Doris," he said.

"Yes . . ."

"So I'll never have to worry about supporting you," he said.

She didn't answer. He saw her hands squeezed together in her lap, locking and unlocking. Her shoulders were slumped and he couldn't see her face at all. With a quick motion he shoved her off his lap and stood up.

"That's just dandy," he said, picking up his hat. He had a swift glimpse of terror-filled gray eyes and a white face, before he walked out of the room.

HE WALKED and walked, not noticing or caring where he went. Finally he turned into a bar and ordered a beer. He drank it, not tasting it at all.

Okay, he told himself. So you wanted a place of your own. A place where you could go and be with her. Okay. He ran his hand over his eyes, shook his head. You didn't care if it was a hole. Just so it was a home. Married folks need a home.

He stopped his thoughts then, turning them as neatly as he would a car. He got up slowly. Joan and he had only a little while. Any day now the orders might come through—there were all sorts of rumors at the base about when they would be sent out to the Pacific. So there wasn't much time—no time for quarreling. . . .

He walked back toward the hotel. He couldn't blame Joan. After all, she had majored in psychology at the university; there wasn't much chance of her getting a job at that here. And the only thing she knew besides that was how to keep house. It would be pretty tough going, trying to live on what he got—although it could be done.

He made himself stop thinking again, and went into the hotel. When he opened the door of their room he saw Joan huddled in a chair by the window. The tenseness of her face and the hair all mussed from running her fingers through it, the way she did when she was unhappy, struck him like a blow in the heart.

Leaning down, he pushed his cheek hard against hers. At the familiar feel of his cheek matching hers, fitting together with hers, he felt a deep, still tenderness, a gentleness for her.

"Tell me," he said. "Tell me why it has to be this way. Talk to me."

She put one hand against his head, holding him close with spread fingers. "You know I love you," she said, her voice muffled. "You know that."

"Sure," he said. "I know that."

"You're the only person in the world I do love," she said slowly. "You're the only one."

He waited then, knowing that what she had to say was difficult for her, so difficult that she had never tried to tell him before, so hard that she would rather not say it.

"I can't bear your depending on your family," she said. "You think you can, because you've never had a chance to try them out. But your family will let you down sooner than anyone else. Sometime, when you least expect it, they will demand that you pay that debt. And you won't be able to. I'd rather that you'd never have to face that."

He raised his head and stared at her unbelievingly. "You can't mean that."

Her eyes were suddenly fierce and bitter. "Oh, yes, I can," she said. "Because I know. I know because of my own family. They've never thought of me once. It was always Lucille. They never wanted me. Lucille was beautiful, Lucille had everything. Why do you suppose I had to work part time for my college expenses? Because the money saved for my education was spent on a big wedding for Lucille. It was always that way. Families don't mean a thing. You have to learn to stand alone. As I did. As I had to." Joan buried her head in her arms, her shoulders shaking with weeping and the remembered hurt.

He wondered how it was that he hadn't known. But Joan was proud. He remembered the way she always carried her head, straight and firm, asking nothing from anyone. He thought back and a lot of things became clear to him: the way Joan's family talked all the time about Lucille; and Lucille, when she was home, dressed to the hilt, beautiful and pampered and charming. He could see how Joan would hate the very thought of dressing up, of being anything that Lucille was.

Catching Joan to him, he said, "You've got me, darling. Forget the rest."

"And we'll be free from everyone?" she said.

He tried to tell her then. "It's not like that with my family," he said. "We're so big there's always room for one more. Gee, give them a chance and they'd make you one of them."

She looked at him longingly, holding to the words, and her face was so pathetic that he stroked her arm gently and said, "But we'll try it your way. Don't be afraid. We'll give it a try anyway."

THE first time he went to see Joan at her new job he was greeted by the man of the house. Mr. Stennius was short and dark and he made a big point of being very cordial to the Navy. Mrs. Stennius bustled in too, all smiles, full of the delight of her own generosity. Joan was in the kitchen, she said at last when she had asked him all the questions she could think of.

Kenny went through the living room, the large dining room the small breakfast room. Joan was at the stove, bending over a roast which she was carefully basting. Her face was flushed and she looked tired. When she saw him she straightened self-consciously and smoothed her hair.

"Hello," she said.

"You look busy." He glanced around the kitchen. It was pretty nice, all right, gleaming and white, with plenty of handy gadgets. It would be years before he could afford a layout like this. His lips tightened and he looked at Joan again.

"Need any help?" he said.

"I have to serve dinner yet," she said. "I'll take you up to our room and you can wait for me. There's stuff to read . . ." Her voice trailed off and he followed her up the stairs.

When they got inside the room she clung to him. "Please, Kenny," she said. "Please love me."

"I do, silly," he said. He kissed her quickly, feeling guilty and somehow alien in this house. Another man's house.

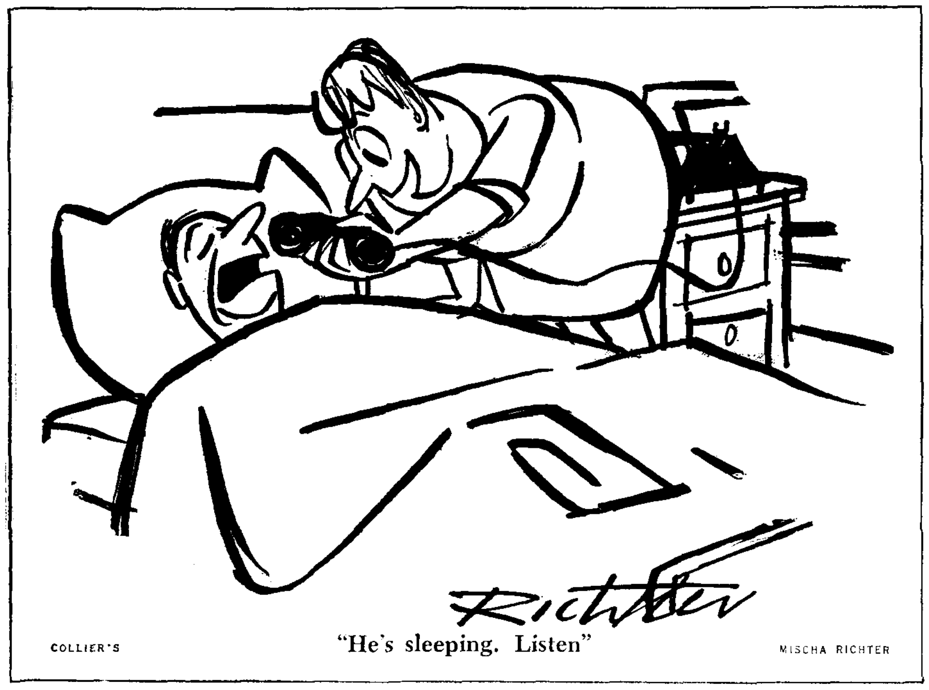
AFTER she was gone he lay and looked at the ceiling. He didn't think anything, and after a long time she came and they went out. It was all right then, and they were happy. They walked by the Delaware River and talked and held hands.

But when he got back to the house he felt strange again. He didn't want to hold her in his arms in this house. He couldn't let down and their talk was perfunctory, as if they were strangers—strangers sharing the same room out of some queer politeness. He left the next morning, feeling dissatisfied and unhappy.

He wanted Joan to be happy, he told himself. He'd have to make her think he liked the arrangement. So for the next few weeks he pretended. He listened to Mrs. Stennius talk, and he heard all Mr. Stennius had to say about the difficulties of running a business these days. But on the nights the Stenniuses went out, he prowled the house like a man with a sore tooth. He couldn't settle down here, couldn't forget that this was another man's house, that Joan was working for another man, getting his meals and darning his socks.

Finally it got so he couldn't stand it. He tried to reason himself out of it, but there was no reasoning away a feeling. He hated the house. Even when he and Joan were out for the day the shadow of the house haunted him, knowing that she would have to go back to it, knowing how tired the work made her. Though he would try to forget, there was, at last, no joy in anything.

Something alien and perverse happened inside of him then. First he went a week without calling Joan. Then he finally made himself call and tell her he couldn't get in that night. Next thing, he called her and said that his day off had been canceled. He spent the day moping around the shop, tinkering with a radio, talking with the boys, doing anything so that he wouldn't have to think about Joan. Once she called him, but he



COLLIER'S "He's sleeping. Listen" MISCHA RICHTER

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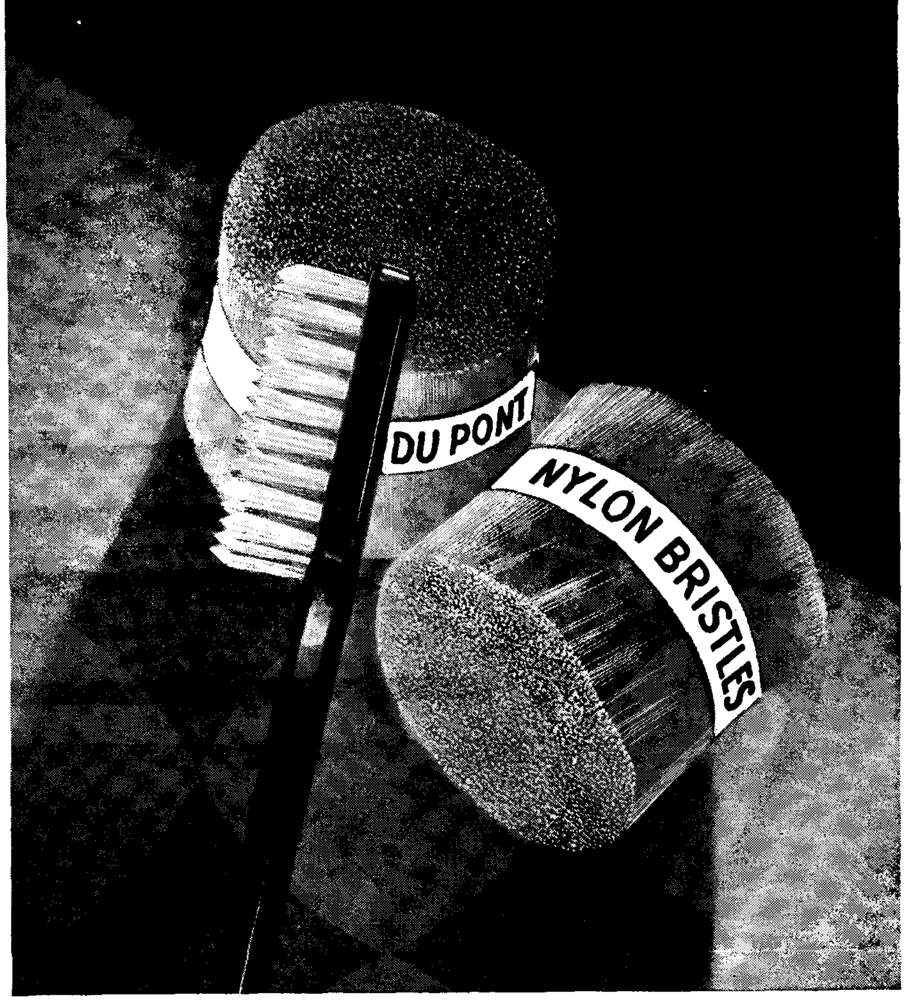

**Stockings** of Du Pont nylon need no introduction. But did you know that nylon—in bristle form—is used in brushes of many kinds? Before nylon, brushes were made with hog bristles. Now these science-made bristles—one of Du Pont's "Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry"—are better because:

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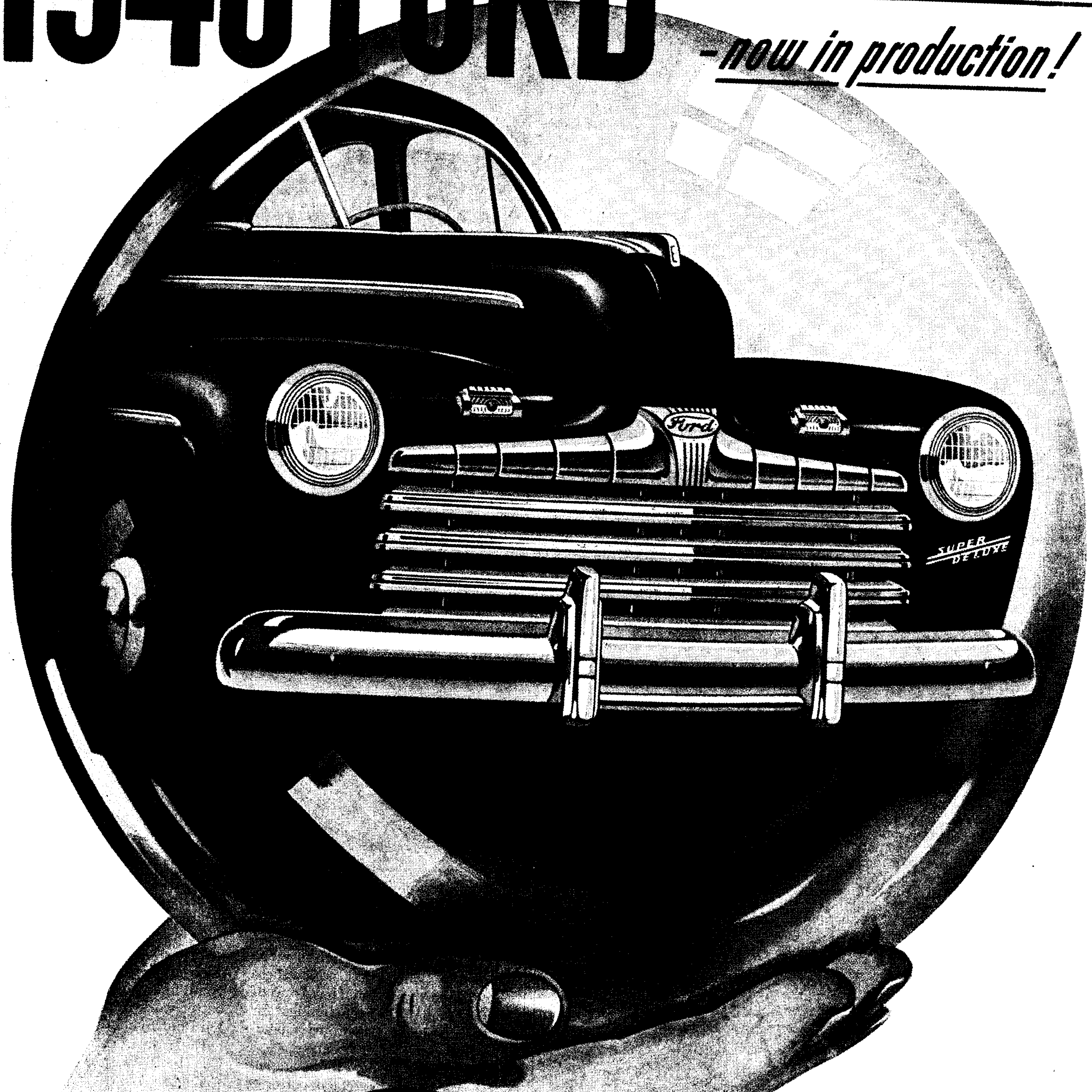

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Here is the most beautiful Ford car ever built—with more advances than many pre-war yearly models. . . . Under the broad hood there's new and greater power. Plus improved economy in oil and gasoline. . . . Roomy, colorful interiors invite you to relax in luxury. New-type springs assure a full-cushioned level ride. Brakes are new hydraulics—extra-large and self-centering—to make stops quick, smooth and quiet. . . . Ask your Ford Dealer about the smartest Ford cars ever built. FORD MOTOR COMPANY told her that he was too busy and couldn't get away.

If he hadn't noticed the date on the little calendar he carried in his wallet, he might have just let things drag on the way they were. But the date was carefully circled in red, and after staring at it a long time, he realized that the date meant their wedding anniversary. September tenth. His mind came awake then, and he was frightened. He'd have to try once more to reach her, to get her to stop thinking about that debt, of shutting everything out of their lives because of that debt. They would soon be married a year, and yet they weren't really married at all.

That night he went into town. The stores were open until nine o'clock and he went methodically through each one until he found what he wanted—something beautiful and soft, something that meant warmth and love. He took the package under his arm and returned to the base. He called her then, telling her to meet him at the hotel they had used when they first arrived in Trenton, telling her only the time and date, and giving her no chance to answer.

She was there when he arrived, her face pale and worried. He took her arm, looking down into her face, and her smile was so pitifully glad to see him that he felt weak.

And then he found that he couldn't say anything at all, and he just held her arm closer to his side.

Inside their room she put her arms around his neck and held him. "Oh, Kenny," she said. "Kenny . . ."

"I know," he said, his throat achingly tight. Then he held her off, making himself grin at her. "Look," he said. "We're going to be happy for a change. This is our anniversary. Remember? And I've got a surprise for you."

He placed her in a chair. "Now, close your eyes," he said. "Don't open them until I tell you." She closed her eyes obediently, sitting still in the big chair like a young child.

He opened the box, carefully lifting out the beautiful folds of the black chiffon negligee. He held the softness in his hands, liking the feel of it against his skin.

"All right," he said, happily. "Open up."

SHE opened her eyes, seeing him first, and then seeing the negligee. Something warm and sweet came into her face, softening it, and she made a motion with her hand, letting the chiffon seep through her fingers. She looked up at him again and he saw in her eyes what he had never seen before, a letting down, as if she were letting him into her heart always before kept so proudly from everyone. But suddenly, as he watched, her face crumbled like tissue paper, and he couldn't understand the look in her eyes, the hopelessness. Then she started to cry. Before he could say anything, she let the negligee drop from her fingers, and ran past him, not touching him, into the bathroom and shut the door behind her.

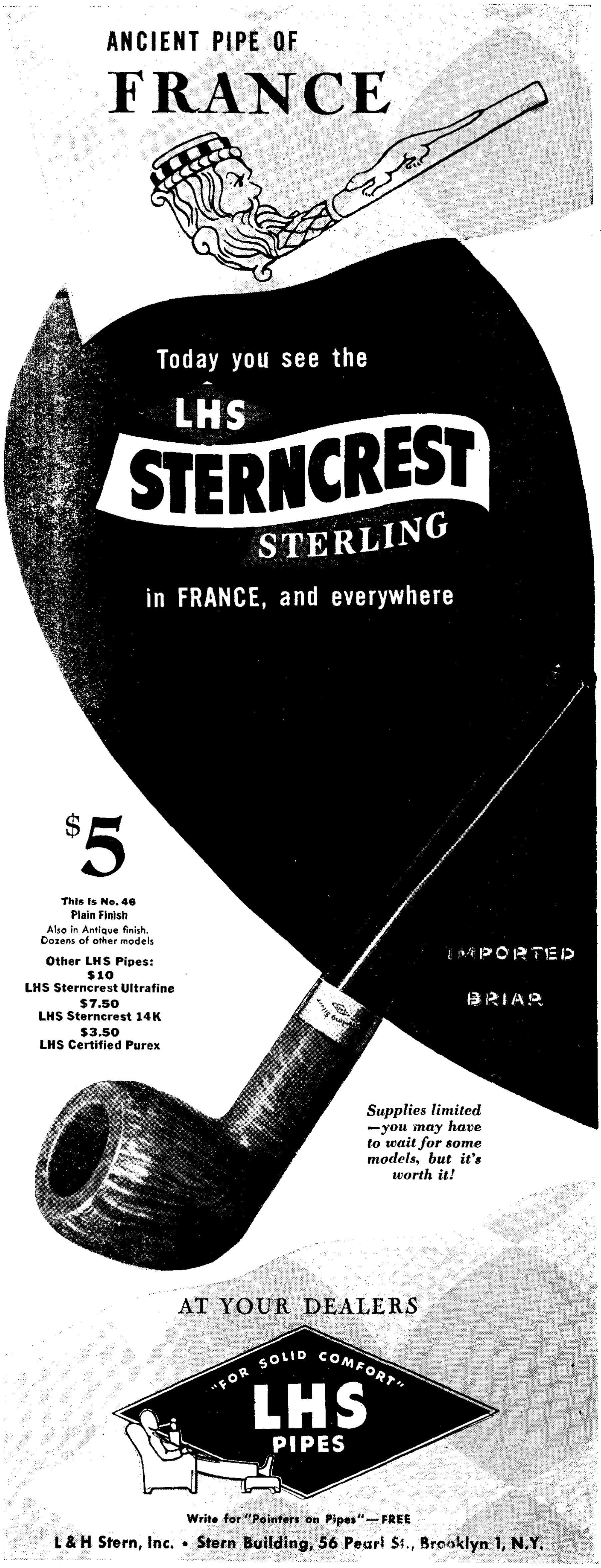
He stared at the closed door, unbelieving. After a long time, he walked around the room aimlessly. Once he stopped by the closed door and raised his hand to knock, then he let it fall. What was the use? What in hell was the use? She thought he was only a weak, extravagant so-and-so who

## *What Am I Ordering?*

**If you wrinkle your brow when confronted with a French culinary term on a restaurant menu, this is for you. Answers on page 72.**

1. ***St. Germain* means (a) with peas (b) chopped (c) fried**
2. ***Au beurre* means (a) with berries (b) buttered (c) with crumbs**
3. ***Au fromage* means (a) with lettuce (b) with stuffing (c) with cheese**
4. ***L'addition* means (a) the waiter (b) the bill (c) the dessert**
5. ***Parmentier* means (a) potato soup (b) fruit cocktail (c) a salad**
6. ***Pomme* means (a) pear (b) apple (c) potato**
7. ***Carte des vins* means (a) sandwich list (b) wine list (c) vegetable list**
8. ***Rouennaise* means (a) mayonnaise (b) cream sauce (c) brown sauce**
9. ***Florentine* means (a) with onions (b) with spinach (c) roast**
10. ***Crêpes* means (a) pancakes (b) cupcakes (c) pastries**
11. ***Lapin* means (a) bacon (b) pork (c) rabbit**
12. ***Au gratin* means (a) with cheese (b) with crumbs (c) with dressing**
13. ***Volaille* means (a) fish (b) a broth (c) fowl**
14. ***Petits pois* means (a) Paste of goose livers (b) green peas (c) onions in broth**
15. ***Bigarade* means (a) with vegetables (b) with orange (c) chicken jelly**
16. ***Champignons* means (a) champagne (b) pheasant (c) mushrooms**
17. ***Mousse* means (a) whipped (b) essence of tomato (c) sauce of Madeira wine**
18. ***Plat du jour* means (a) fixed price (b) breakfast menu (c) today's special**
19. ***Chasseur* means (a) sauce (b) chicken (c) consommé**
20. ***Glace* means (a) spice (b) sherbet (c) pudding**

**—J. Howard Posner**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FROM
INDIANA

" Never had the heads or pan off in 229,000 miles "

*Below are excerpts of letter from Charles J. Read—one of a series of testimonial letters from all parts of the United States.*

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**...never had a bearing or rod failure nor a broken valve. One car has a total of 229,000 miles on it...has never had the heads or pan off, consequently have not spent a cent on the motor.**

**...in the taxicab business...we work under most difficult conditions...maintenance costs must be kept low...Macmillan Ring-Free does not form hard carbon, accumulate sludge, varnish and other foreign material. It keeps the motor mechanically clean and prevents much wearing and expensive friction.**

**...start on Macmillan Ring-Free and stay with it—is excellent advice to any new car owner."**

Charles J. Read
Lawrence, Indiana

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didn't think enough of her to do what she wanted.

He opened the door to the hotel room and softly let himself out. He went down by the Delaware and sat on one of the benches and stared at the water. A leaf was floating on the surface, and he watched it intently, everything else blanked out in his mind. It seemed there was nothing in the world but that leaf. It wasn't a very big leaf, and it was old and curled and it looked pretty dry. But it had a strong vein running through its center, and he could even make out the fine smaller veins running into the big one. The leaf seemed to be doing fine in the water. It looked pretty secure. And it would be, too, as long as that center vein held.

He shook himself then and took his eyes off the leaf. He'd have to go back to the hotel. He didn't know what he was going to say, because he couldn't let Joan go on the way she was and she couldn't change. As he walked back, the debt was heavy on his shoulders; he knew that he would never be free of that debt, even with every cent paid.

Once he got to the room, he hated to go in. He leaned against the wall, feeling sick at his stomach, and then he made himself open the door. When he did, he stood perfectly still.

Dim lights were on in the room, and Joan was sitting in a chair with a small white package in her lap. Almost he didn't recognize her. Her hair was combed softly around her face, dark and soft and smooth, making her skin warm and glowing. Her mouth was red and full and trembling, and her eyes were watching him with that tenderness he'd seen for the first time once before this evening.

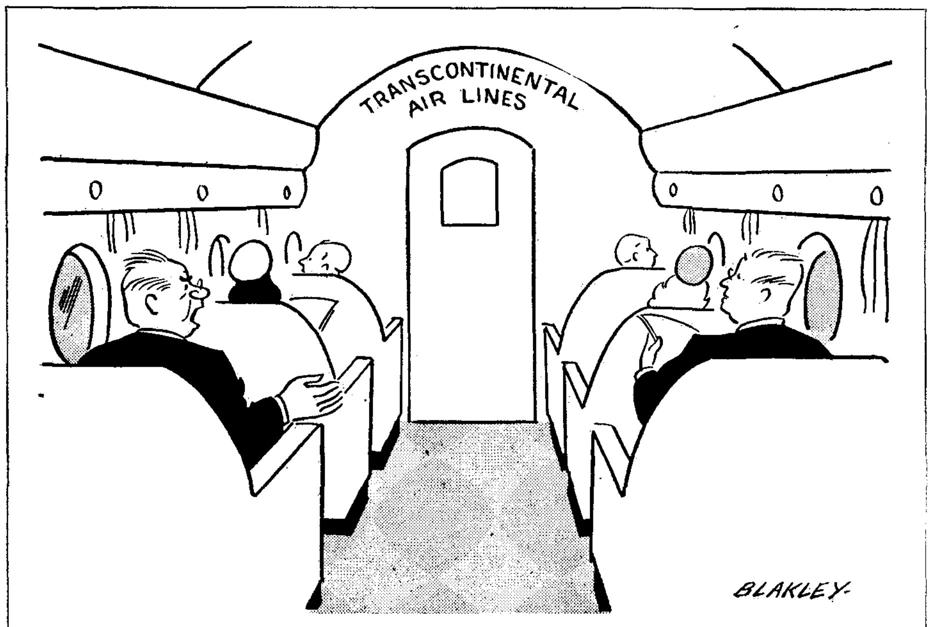
HE TOOK a step toward her, and then he saw, flitting caressingly around her shoulders, the black chiffon negligee.

"Joan . . ."

"Darling," she said quickly. "I have something for you too. But it's only a pen and pencil set. . . ." She stopped, her breath catching. "Oh, Kenny, I wish it were more. I wish—I wish I could give you everything. I think I'm beginning to see now. When you didn't call I got scared. I began to think you'd left me for good, and then I began to understand about you and your family and all the things you've told me about your life. It's what I really want, Kenny. I think it's what I've needed all along. Then as soon as you called—I ran out to buy you a present. But when I saw what you had for me I knew I still hadn't chosen anything that showed the kind of love I really feel for you."

He reached her then, holding her close, her body in the robe unbelievably soft and yielding. He could look at what she had bought for him later. Now he wanted only to know, to be sure, that he had the real gift, the one he had always wanted from her.

THE END



"I hate riding locals. We've stopped at Denver, Chicago and now Pittsburgh!"

COLLIER'S TOM BLAKLEY

## Any Week

Continued from page 4

AND we have a letter from a lady who tells us, amongst other things, that she and her husband have not been friends for years but still live together. "He told me," says she, "that he would get a divorce only who would support him. I asked him was I the only fool he knew and he said no but I was the best of the lot. He is always winding up arguments with something nice like that and he isn't much of a hand at making compliments either."

THIS is to announce that we have received more than three hundred letters as the result of all this new atomic excitement. We aren't even trying to answer them. In fact, we shall pay no attention to them after this mention of a fourteen-pager from "Working Doctor Tomas (Wizard) Fullstone" of Pasadena, California. Working Doctor Fullstone says: "As a result do you know that there is not a child under twelve today who is not wasting time growing up." Of course, we've suspected this for some time but were staggered for a split second by the doctor's final word: "The end of the world happened last Thursday and we don't know it."

BUT our Kansas City, Kansas, correspondent went somewhat belatedly into a diner and read the menu. Originally it read: "Roast beef, loin of pork, baked ham, leg of lamb, etc." But by the time he got there everything had been crossed off except the etc. So he had some.

AT THE liquor store across the street we saw a young lady buying a bottle of gin. The clerk gave her change, saying sweetly: "Sorry, Miss, that I snatched that five-dollar bill out of your hand. Please forgive me." She looked startled: "But you didn't snatch it. Anyway, I didn't notice." Said he: "Ah, but I did. And I'm sorry. You see it's so hard to remember that the war's over. Thank you so much."

AS NEAT a whodunit as we've read in a long time was right in the center of Louella Parsons' Hollywood column: "Nobody on the Doll Face set at 20th Century could figure out what the huge initials P.R.C. meant on Perry Como's sweaters. But Carmen Miranda solved the mystery—they are his initials."

WE WERE on our way to Boston and were wondering why so much important Army brass was on the train. That day's Boston Traveler solved the mystery though. It was a want ad: "Wanted. Adaptable general fond of children and country. Liberal time off." . . .

W. D.

# FOR AMERICA'S NEW CARS

# New Foot-Control Auto Radio

## *Keeps Both Hands on the Wheel... Eyes on the Road!*

YOU CONTROL IT WITH YOUR FOOT

**You'll Tune It Automatically by TIP-TOE—**
Press the foot-knob all the way down and the station changes automatically. It's convenient, instantaneous and safe.

**You'll Regulate Volume by TIP-TOE—**
Rotate the foot-knob and you regulate volume up or down—*never* taking hands from the wheel or eyes from the road.

**You'll Silence It for Conversation, Mute It for Safety by TIP-TOE—**
Press the foot-knob lightly and program is hushed so you may talk to passengers, or listen at rail crossings, or tune out momentarily for any reason whatever. Release pressure and program goes on again—instantly—with none of the usual wait for warm-up.

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THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY has always led the way in adopting the new and practical to promote greater driving safety, convenience and pleasure.

That's why today you never crank an engine, nor use a hand throttle, nor reach a hand to dim your headlamps. You do it by foot! In tomorrow's cars you'll tune in the radio by foot. Station after station, as loud or soft as you please without ever taking your hands off the wheel or your eyes off the road.

Leading car designers, safety engineers and insurance companies welcome foot-control as the modern trend in auto radios. It is destined to be as great a safety factor as four-wheel brakes, shatterproof glass and all-steel bodies.

Zenith is proud to make this contribution toward the ultimate in driving pleasure and safety for America's motorists.

***The foot-control auto radio is ready. It was developed by Zenith for America's car makers. It will be sold only as original equipment and through car manufacturers and their dealers.***

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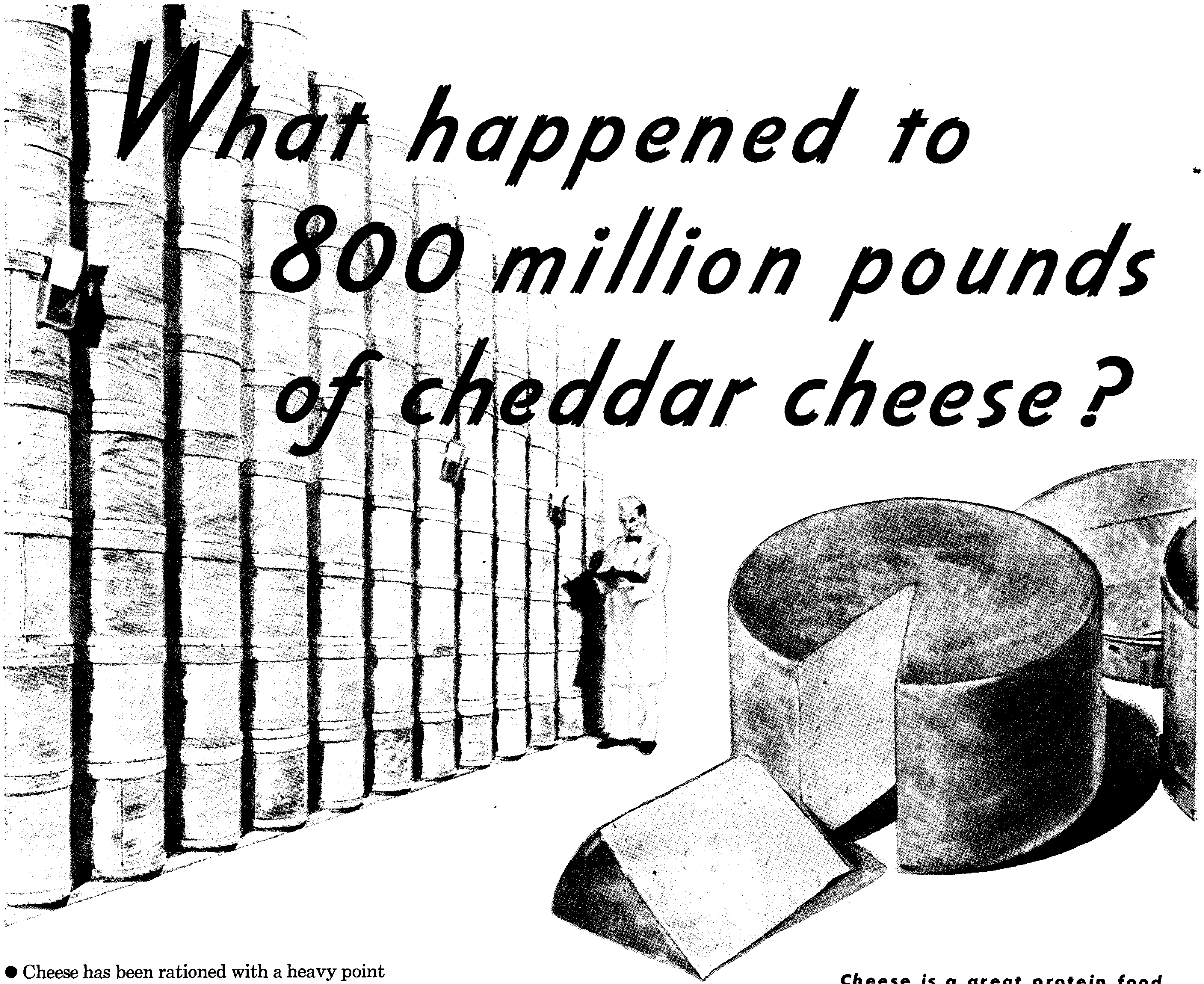
**RADIONIC**
**FOOT-CONTROL AUTO-RADIO**

**ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION**
**CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS**

***Buy More War Bonds!***

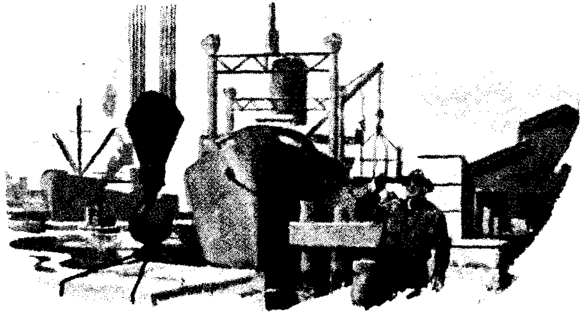
# What happened to 800 million pounds of cheddar cheese?



● Cheese has been rationed with a heavy point value, but seldom at the stores have you come across the hungering sight of great golden wheels of cheddar. Frequently *none* of the familiar packages of pasteurized process cheese in Kraft varieties that tasted so fine and cooked so well.

Yet America has been *producing nearly 3 times as much cheddar* as in 1918 when the other world war ended. About 800 million pounds this past year! What happened to it?

Well, cheddar cheese is a highly concentrated form of milk that can be shipped overseas. So the Government took some 380 million pounds for our armed forces and our Allies. All the rest was allotted to civilians—and Americans, busy at war work, have not overlooked the splendid nutritional values of cheese.

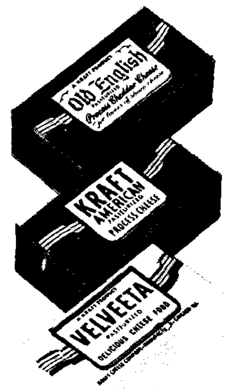


*Ounce for ounce there is no other basic food that equals cheese for complete, high-quality protein . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients from milk.*

So America's dairy and cheese industry sticks steadily to its important task. When the military needs are met, then—and soon, we hope—you'll have *more* cheese in its *many* tempting varieties.

KRAFT FOODS COMPANY
*Division of National Dairy Products Corporation*

***Cheese is a great protein food, is rich in the precious minerals of milk that fighters need and workers need and children need most of all.***



These are among the popular Kraft varieties that have been scarce—sharp "Old English", medium mild Kraft American, and the famous cheese food, Velveeta, with its rich yet mild cheddar flavor.

Copr. 1945 by Kraft Foods Company

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY THE MEN AND WOMEN OF **KRAFT**

Attorney Strickland (left) with his celebrated clients. They are Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Williams, who face prison sentences as a result of a Supreme Court ruling that may upset the lives of millions of divorced persons

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DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS
Dorothy McKay

# GREAT AMERICAN GAMBLE

## BY HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

DRAWINGS BY DOROTHY McKAY

**Marriage is supposed to be a lottery, but if ou really like taking chances, try getting n out-of-state divorce. Even our lawyers an't guess who's a bigamist and who isn't**

LENOIR, North Carolina, is a peaceful little town at the southern end of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It has a hotel and a courthouse, and its homes are set back leep under the trees, out of the slumberous Carolina unshine. In this pleasant spot, four years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Otis B. Williams of near-by Granite Falls were rought to trial for an act which was not unheard of ven in the Blue Ridge country, though never before unished as a crime. They had gone out to Nevada and ad been divorced from their previous spouses. They ad then married each other in Nevada and returned to North Carolina.

Nobody could accuse them of committing bigamy beause they had married under the law of Nevada—the same tate that gave them their divorce—and that marriage was egal. However, North Carolina found them guilty of somehing called bigamous cohabitation—which is essentially the ame thing as bigamy. And, in May of this year, their coniction was upheld by the United States Supreme Court. he majority of the Court, led by Associate Justice Felix Frankfurter, held that since the six weeks Nevada residence of these particular individuals was not a genuine domicile, North Carolina did not have to pay any attention to the two divorce decrees involved. So the Williamses were sentenced to prison for living together: for one to three years in his case, eight months to two years in hers.

From now on, any state can refuse recognition to a divorce granted in another state simply by finding that the domicile maintained there was not genuine. Justice Rutledge pointed out this fact in a dissenting opinion. As a reult, millions of married couples who have been trundling along in calm domesticity will now have to worry about whether they are bigamously cohabiting, and if their children are that word which Junior gets his mouth washed out with soap and water for using.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

What the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta gaily referred to as "that annual blister, marriage with deceased wife's sister," has its U.S. counterpart in the ghastly 48-state confusion of our marriage and divorce laws, and nobody has pricked it yet. With the Supreme Court decision in the Williams case, the problem is assuming serious proportions. Said Justice Black in another dissent, which was concurred in by Justice Douglas:

"The Court's opinion will cast a cloud over the lives of countless numbers of the multitude of divorced persons in the United States. There are approximately 5,000,000 divorced persons scattered throughout the forty-eight states. More than 85 per cent of these divorces were granted in uncontested proceedings.

"Not one of this latter group can now retain any feeling of security in his divorce decree. Ever present will be the danger of criminal prosecution and harassment."

In an attempt to find out what all this portends for the future of domestic relations, this writer spent several weeks consulting lawyers in New York and Washington, talking with such leaders of the bar as George Gordon Battle, Francis L. Kohlman, Arthur Garfield Hays and a spokesman for a number of bar associations. Most of them took that calm view of human upset which is so characteristic of lawyers. They said, of the general legal picture involving divorce: "There's not much change." (But for this writer's money, going to jail is a change.) They meant, of course, that the divorce situation has always been a muddle and is still a muddle—only a bigger and better one, thanks to the latest clarification by the Supreme Court. They were soothing, too, on the subject of criminal prosecutions for bigamy. They thought there would "not be very many such prosecutions." Which brings up a question: If Americans are going to be deprived of their liberty for no better reason than the Williams couple were, how many such prosecutions does it take to make too many?

In discussing the fine points of the Williams case, nearly everybody forgets Mr. and Mr. Williams, who have had the misfortune to become embalmed in a lawbook before their time. I met them in Pineola, North Carolina, the crossroads hamlet where they have been sweating out four years of misery and uncertainty and woeful personal upset, ever since the majesty of the law singled them out for its particular victims. Mrs. Williams, plump and aproned, had just finished a big ironing, and her husband, in coveralls, had been painting and carpentering around the place. They are church people, and Mrs. Williams is proud that through all their troubles their pastor, the Reverend K. L. Haga of Crossmore Baptist Church has been their loyal supporter.

### No End to the Rocky Road

Williams was a country storekeeper who had been traveling the rocky road of matrimony for twenty-three years when he fell in love with Mrs. Lillie Shaver Hendrix, who had been none too happily married for eighteen years. They went out to Las Vegas, Nevada, to get their divorces, and stayed in an auto court until the decrees were obtained. At the various trials this auto-court business counted heavily against them, because to Eastern judges and juries it seemed like a cynical flaunting of their transient intentions. While it is probably true that they never intended to remain in Nevada, somebody ought to point out that west of the Mississippi an auto-court residence is hardly any more proof of transience than an apartment, since thousands of people who have no other homes live in them.

So Mr. and Mrs. Williams were adjudged guilty of not planning to live permanently in Nevada—though that wasn't what the verdict said—and were sentenced to jail. (Their attorney has filed a parole application in their behalf, but no action had been taken on it at this writing.) Legally speaking, the whole matter has that Gilbert and Sullivan flavor and would be equally high comedy if it were not for two reasons, one being Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and the other the fact that it could happen to a lot of people you know. It probably won't. But it could. There is something awfully unfunny about a jail.

So-called "foreign" state divorces have been upheld before now, under a clause in the Constitution which requires that "full faith and credit" must be given by every state to the acts of a sister state. In the course of their extraordinary legal run-around the Williamses appealed to the Supreme Court on an earlier occasion. The decision that time, handed down in December, 1942, and written by Justice Douglas, affirmed that the principle of full faith and credit did apply.

It was the *second* Williams decision which said that since neither Mr. nor Mrs. Williams was a genuine resident of Nevada, that state did not have jurisdiction over them and,

"Nope, I won't trade. Mom put Swift's Premium *Bacon in this sandwich!"
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Swift's Premium BACON
Meat
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therefore, North Carolina did not have to give full faith and credit to its decree.

Although ignorance of the law is held to be no excuse, there is some ground for the opinion that Mr. and Mrs. Williams were sentenced for ignorance of what the Supreme Court had not yet declared to be the law. Justice Black said: "They have been convicted under a statute so uncertain in its application that not even the most learned member of the bar could have advised them in advance as to whether their conduct would violate the law."

He also said of another angle of the case: "It makes of human liberty a very cheap thing—too cheap to be consistent with the principles of a free government."

Before I went to North Carolina, several members of the bar in New York and Washington expressed great curiosity as to this fantastic prosecution and urged me to find out what was back of it.

Actually, nothing much was back of it. It was just the kind of thing that from now on can happen to anyone. First, there was a personal grudge. The record shows that Mr. Williams was subjected to a whole series of criminal charges before this one succeeded, and that the instigator was the first, now deceased, Mrs. Williams. An attempt was made to have him extradited from Nevada for abduction and elopement; after his return, there were successive charges for abduction, for embezzlement—growing out of the settlement of an estate years before—and for abandonment and nonsupport. All of these charges fell flat. The last one failed because he had made adequate provision for his first wife before leaving for Nevada.

### The State Carries On

By the time the first conviction of the couple had been reversed by the Supreme Court and they could have gone free, the first Mrs. Williams was dead, and Mr. Hendrix was remarried. Why didn't the state drop the case? There seems to be no very logical answer beyond the wonderful ways of the law and the professional pride of a state's attorney general who didn't like to be reversed by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Apart from their pastor and personal friends the Williamses' only supporter in North Carolina has been their lawyer. William H. Strickland of Lenoir is a human, shirt-sleeved country law practitioner who got his teeth in this thing and wouldn't let go because he believed that an important issue of human liberty was at stake. But he fought alone. There wasn't exactly a witch-hunt against his clients. It was simply that "good" local citizens wanted to see the pair convicted. When I asked various people why, the only answer was: "There's a lot of feeling here against foreign state divorces."

This is not without humor, because North Carolina is conducting a quiet little divorce mill of its own for the benefit of people from South Carolina—which grants no divorce on any grounds whatever. Recently North Carolina cut its residence requirement from two years to one and then to six months, to accommodate South Carolinians who wanted to slip over the border and escape the bonds of matrimony. Lawyers in the southern counties pick up a nice piece of change from handling these divorces, and hope the new Supreme Court decision won't ruin a good business. North Carolina's dislike for out-of-state divorces seems to be a case of whose foot the shoe is on.

All the lawyers with whom I talked were agreed as to the general effects of the decision. They foresaw that a good many wills would be upset in cases where a man dies and leaves his property to "my wife." They foresaw that a good many children would be illegitimatized, and that a glorious field day for blackmailers would be ushered in when ex-wives plus shyster lawyers can threaten criminal prosecution for bigamy. Most lawyers thought that people would keep on going out to Reno for divorces, but that this procedure would become tougher and more expensive.

To obtain an air-tight decree the best course is to persuade the opposing spouse to appear in court, at least through an attorney. The law back of that is that if he or she has once accepted the jurisdiction of Nevada or wherever, no one can question it afterward, and such divorces are solid. Incidentally, in the Williams case, neither of the discarded spouses had accepted Nevada's jurisdiction.

The next best method is to establish a real residence. You might get by with taking out an auto license and opening a local bank account—but you'd better close up your house back home and store the furniture, or have it shipped after you. At that, it's risky. In view of these difficulties lawyers believe that more and more people who live in a hard-divorce state—like New York, for example—will stay home and go through the grim business of fake adultery proceedings.

It would take an encyclopedia to do justice to the conflicts and contradictions of our divorce laws and the legal absurdities which result, but one example will highlight the whole mess. In the case of a soldier in the U.S. Army who has been divorced and remarried under the current cloud of uncertainty, the question of who is his real wife becomes the question of who draws the cash from Uncle Sam. But different agencies of the government hold opposing views of the matter. The second wife is the legal or cash-money wife to the War Department.

But if the soldier is killed and his wife applies to the Veterans Bureau for a widow's pension, she may be turned down and the pension paid to an earlier wife. Long before the Williams decision, the Veterans Bureau resolved to side with any state that refuses to recognize a "foreign" state divorce, while the more modern and streamlined War Department takes the view that a divorce and remarriage are good until successfully attacked in court. When the government itself can't make up its mind which of two women is the wife of a soldier, everyone agrees that something ought to be done.

Unfortunately, when it comes to getting something done, there is no agreement whatever. The easiest-sounding solution is a federal divorce law, though it immediately develops that we would have to adopt a Constitutional amendment covering divorce before such a law would stand.

The leading proponent of such a law is eighty-year-old Senator Capper of Kansas, who has called for it for many years. Typical of the opposition is Attorney General Tom Clark, who says: "No. It would be bad to clutter up the federal courts with divorce actions. Keep government close to the people by leaving such powers with the states."

### Answers to What Am I Ordering? (Page 67)

**1-a 2-b 3-c 4-b 5-a 6-b 7-b 8-c 9-b 10-a 11-c 12-b 13-c 14-b 15-b 16-c 17-a 18-c 19-a 20-b**

### Kickback from the Noble Experiment

However, the opposition to a federal divorce law and Constitutional amendment goes far deeper than that; it goes back to a rooted dislike of federal bureaucracy and the memory of a Noble Experiment known as the 18th Amendment. We have made one attempt at messing up the Constitution with legislation on people's personal habits, and a great many people say, "Never again."

The Junior Bar Conference of the American Bar Association—made up of lawyers under thirty-seven—has recently been discussing the question, and a very plausible solution has been put forward by Charles Rhyne of Washington, D. C., national chairman of the conference, and Nathan Lubar, who is the District of Columbia chairman. They propose a federal law, or a Constitutional amendment if necessary, which would establish what might be called minimum grounds for divorce, such as adultery, extreme cruelty and so forth.

The states would be empowered to allow additional grounds, such as mental cruelty, if they so desired. This would allow some latitude for different ways of thinking in different parts of the country, and it would an-

answer another objection by providing that the administration of a marriage and divorce act would be handed back to the states and the state courts. This has been done with the OPA and with labor laws, for example.

The big objection is that there would still be the problem of recognition by one state of another state's differing grounds for divorce.

Another solution put forward by many legal thinkers, and endorsed by Attorney General Clark, is a Uniform Divorce and Marriage Act to be adopted voluntarily by the states. They point out that such uniform action was taken successfully with the Negotiable Instruments Act, adopted around 1896, the Uniform Narcotics Law in the '30s, and now with the Stock Transfer Act, which is going over very smoothly. Why not a uniform marriage-divorce act?

The only trouble with this solution is that there is no very violent disagreement over control of narcotics and no religious convictions tied up with the subject of bank drafts. But as for marriage and divorce—whew!

### Discouraging Record

A body known as the Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, more or less connected with the American Bar Association, sponsored the other uniform acts and has tried one on divorce. Its experience was not encouraging. In 1907, it proposed a uniform divorce act which was liberal by then prevailing standards but which expressly barred recognition of "foreign" divorce decrees. Just three states adopted it and, after lingering on for twenty-one years, it was withdrawn.

In 1930, the conference proposed a uniform divorce jurisdiction, with a uniform period of residence of one year.

Only one state accepted this idea, and it, too, was withdrawn. Mr. Charles V. Imlay of Washington, D. C., who has sat with the conference for twenty-five years, makes the mournful observation that if you want to obtain uniform legislation on any matter you have to have practical uniformity in the first place.

He does offer one ray of hope, however, in the thought that many states now show a tendency to liberalize their divorce laws. New York, for example, the celebrated one-cause state, is now considering such a change, while others have relaxed their adultery-only laws within the past ten years.

With such appalling obstacles in the way of solving the problem by legislative means—under the Constitution—it is no wonder if people keep looking hopefully to the Supreme Court to lead them out of the wilderness. Thus far, however, that august body has shown the greatest agility in side-stepping. The recent decision is an outstanding illustration. It does not resolve a single question concerning the legality of Nevada divorces but leaves the whole matter up to a jury to decide on a finding of fact—whether "domicile" was genuine—in each individual case. Said an eminent member of the bar and former federal judge, who refused to be quoted: "The Court hasn't made foreign state divorces illegal, it has simply made them dangerous."

Prolonged effort at finding out just what is proved by the two Supreme Court decisions in the Williams case results in the following summary:

1. Neither Mr. Williams nor Mrs. Williams was ever properly a resident of Nevada, and this invalidated the divorce.

2. No, it didn't invalidate it; it only invalidated it in North Carolina, because, don't you see, they were divorced and married in Nevada, only—well, anyway, they were still convicted and sentenced.

3. Since the Nevada domiciles established by Mr. Williams and Mrs. Williams were adjudged not to be bona fide, any similar domicile can also be declared phony. Therefore the Supreme Court decision means that "Reno divorces" or "foreign state divorces" are no good.

4. It doesn't mean anything of the kind, because the next time a Nevada divorcee gets arrested for bigamy the jury may find that six weeks in an auto court is a perfectly good domicile. So the divorce and marriage are also good, and we're all right back where we started.

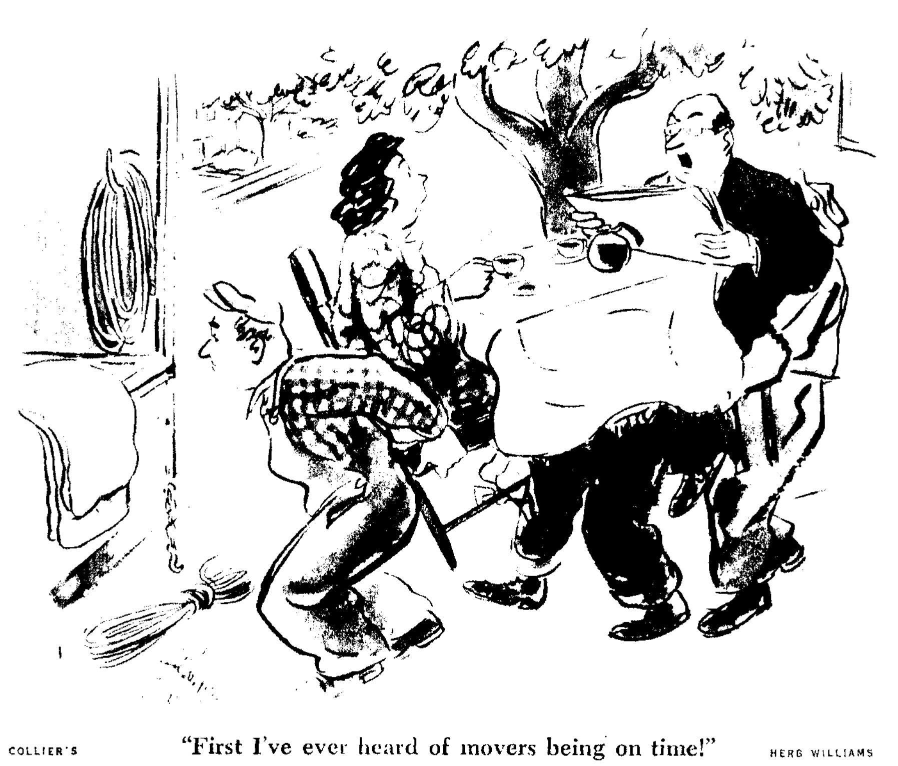
5. Nobody knows what this Supreme Court decision means. If you're looking for a straight answer to the simple question "Am I divorced or not?" it doesn't mean anything.

6. In this sweet land of liberty two people can be sentenced to prison for violating a law when Solomon himself wouldn't be able to tell them what the law is.

### No Solution in Sight

Eventually, perhaps, the Supreme Court will change its views. It has happened before. Or perhaps some acceptable federal compromise will, at long last, be threshed out. But thus far the movement toward straightening out the divorce tangle, if you can call it a movement, is strangely leaderless. Except Senator Capper's, no nationally known names are connected with it. It is significant that while the American Bar Association and its Junior Conference discuss the matter, they don't propose any program. Hardly anybody does. If the American people, or that section of it now presumptively guilty of bigamy, gets tired of legal uncertainties, it will have to get behind the situation and push. And experience proves that when the American people push hard enough, something usually gives way.

THE END



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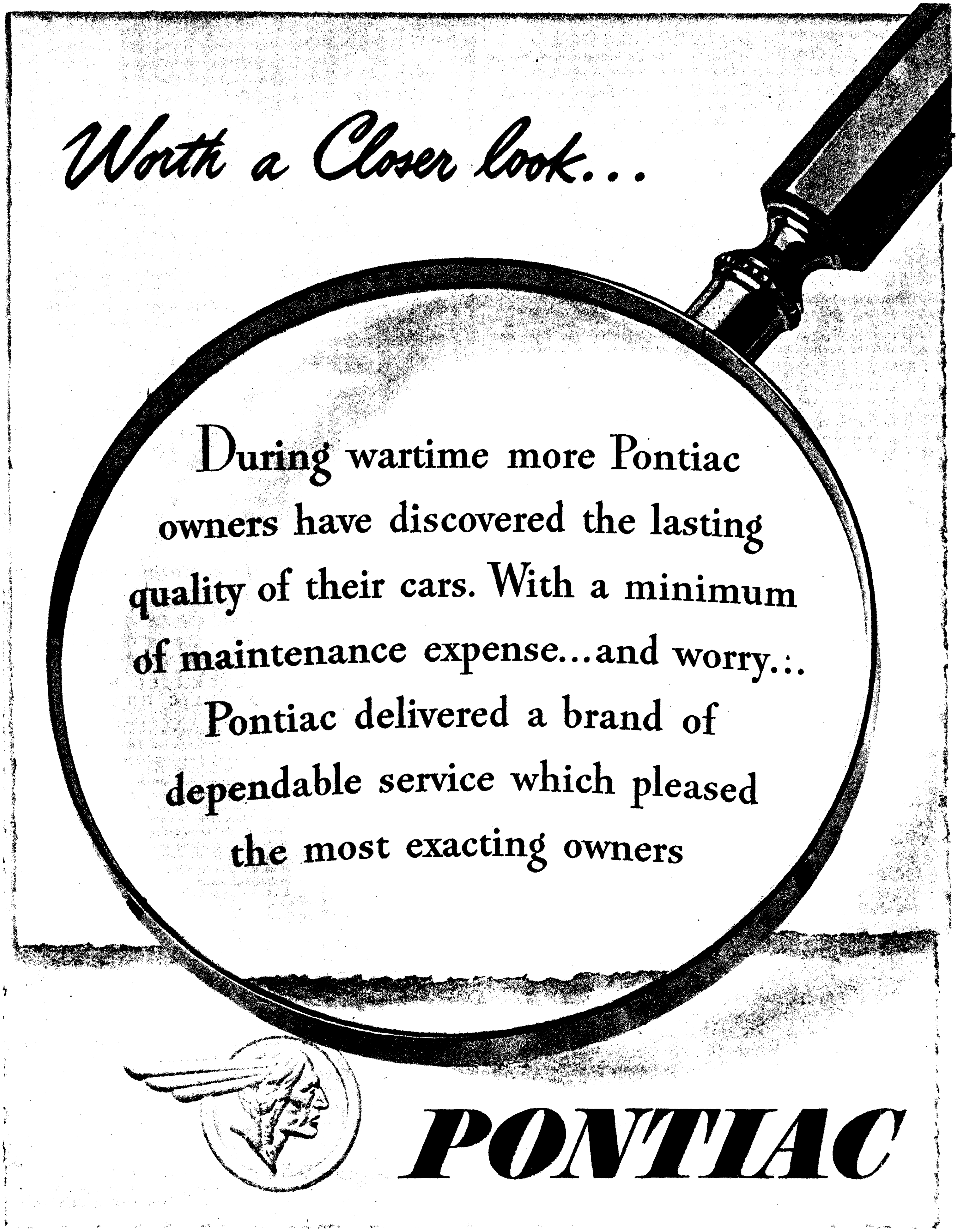

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# TEST-TUBE DETECTIVE

### BY JIM BISHOP

IFOR THOMAS

**Dr. Gettler examines a hatchet which was once used to resolve a difference of opinion. In his laboratory are hundreds of murder weapons**

**eet Professor Alexander ettler, New York City's re- owned toxicologist, who is eadly poison to murderers**

OE would like the setting. It is behind the Psychiatry Building at Bellevue Hospital in New York. The mists ng low there until noon. There is a red ick courtyard and a black sign beside a or. It says "Mortuary." Inside is a disal vestibule and a black bird-cage elevator. iere is a great squeaking of wheels and the und of dry steel on dry steel, and the car eeps to the fourth floor. To the left, now, a large square room. It is full of rerts and microscopes under glass bells, and unters like you see in self-service grocery ores, and framed exhibits of poisons, and ist and books about chemistry, and, in the ght foreground, an old roll-top desk. Bend it sits the master of toxicology, Alexder O. Gettler. His knowledge of poisons s placed more murderers in the electric air than any detective in the country.

It is doubtful whether Poe would have ed Gettler. The professor is as colorless his sodium chloride. He is sixtyish and imccable. He squints his eyes and rolls his gar between his lips. His ankles are braced th high-laced black shoes. He seldom iiles and his sentences are terse. He has en New York City's toxicologist since 18.

You don't find out much about Gettler m Gettler. You ask about his private e and he says: "I am married. I have a n. Joseph D. He is twenty-seven and he t his Ph.D. at Columbia, 1942." Then he irls the cigar again. He has exhausted the bject. So you look him up in the great iemistry Who's Who and you find out a tle about his professional side.

"Gettler," it reads, "Professor Alexander Oscar. Chemistry. Austria '83. B.S. College of the City of New York '04, A. M. Columbia '09. Pathological chemist Bellevue, French Hospital, Jersey City Medical Center. Silver Medal American Medical Association."

The laboratory speaks eloquently of the professor. In big frames the chemical evidence of New York's murders stands dusty and irrevocable. The bottom shelf of a bookcase is heavy with rusty hammers and knives and ice picks and guns, all of which once moved briefly to solve a problem. Each has a neat white tag attached with name of victim and date of demise. Browsing, you find a long vial with a thimbleful of translucent liquid in it. Gettler removed that alcohol from the brain of Albert Snyder in 1928. He was drunk. The amount of alcohol proves that Judd Gray lied when he said that Snyder struggled in bed as Judd hammered his head with a sashweight.

"Too drunk," says Gettler. "Snyder was almost comatose."

The professor is an expert on alcohol. His discourses on the subject are now booklet bibles to the medical profession. The stages of intoxication are plainly shown on a chart in the laboratory. They range from one plus to four plus. The amount of alcohol found in the stomach or intestines has no bearing on the individual. But alcohol absorbed into the blood stream and carried to the brain is what gives the inebriate that lovely lilt. Gettler's chart proves that a man accustomed to alcohol will burn it up without becoming intoxicated. For instance, five rye highballs may leave him with a one-plus brain. The same five may leave his non-drinking wife with a 4-plus brain, and her words will slur and her gait will be unsteady. But the husband will become intoxicated if he drinks more than whatever his system is accustomed to burning up.

However, it is in the chemico-criminal field—toxicology it is called; the science of poisons—that Gettler shines brighter, perhaps, than any other chemist in the world. Here he is the ray of hope to the baffled police and the well of despair to the defense attorneys.

For more than twenty-six years, Gettler has averaged 2,800 bodies a year in tests to determine cause of death. That comes to better than 70,000, and most of them have followed a defined course of examination. It works like this:

In all cases where death is not proved to be from natural causes, a medical examiner is called in. He will note the position and attitude of the body, and the police photographer will make photos. If the medical examiner, Doctor Thomas Gonzales, or his assistants, suspect poisoning as the cause of death, they will call Gettler to the scene.

He, too, will note position and body attitude and will search medicine chests and other places for poisons. Refuse receptacles and empty glasses will come in for a going-over, and he will ask numberless questions of kin and friends about the deceased's state of mind before death, how much insurance is involved, who is the beneficiary, etc. Then he will do a superficial examination on the body and order it removed to the morgue.

There, the clothing will be examined first. Pocket linings, hems, cuffs are all inspected minutely. Then the clothing is removed and the exterior of the body is examined for wounds, bruises, discolorations and cyanosis. Then the chest wall, abdomen and brain are opened. Gettler knows how normal organs should look and can detect even slight changes.

The organs are next examined microscopically and undergo chemical tests for poisons. This examination includes stomach, liver, lungs, brain, kidneys and intestinal contents. If all pathological, toxicological, bacteriological and serological tests are negative, the case is closed and marked "Cause of Death Undetermined."

Three years ago there was a big apartment-house fire in Brooklyn. In bed, three charred bodies were found. They were identified as a grandmother and two grandchildren. The fire had started in the old lady's apartment, and it seemed evident that she and the youngsters had been overcome by the smoke. The police joshed the medical examiner at the scene, saying: "Well, you won't have any work to do here. There's nothing mysterious about these deaths."

However, an autopsy was done, and the organs were sent to Doctor Gettler. He took a little blood from each heart and was mildly surprised to discover no carbon monoxide. Thus they must have died before the fire started. This proved that they could not have died by fire or smoke. The medical examiner then found that, under all the charring, each had a fractured skull.

### The Police Take Over

The police took the job over from there. The grandmother had adopted her dead daughter's two children. She wasn't strong enough to earn a living for them, so she rented a large apartment and took in boarders. One male boarder gave her excuses instead of money. On the day of the fire, she told him she couldn't afford to keep him any longer. He became angry and hit her with a blunt instrument. He was about to leave when he saw two tiny faces peeking at him from behind the living-room door. He went inside, chased the children until he caught them, killed both, and then placed all the bodies in bed and set fire to the apartment.

One evening, two young men were found dead in a Brooklyn basement, lying peacefully on the cement floor. There was no evidence of violence. A few feet away was a cold furnace and some paper and wood and rubbish and some old 5-gallon tins which had once held benzine and gasoline. There was a tendency to write the case off as heart deaths, but Gettler couldn't reconcile himself to the simultaneous deaths of two young men in apparent good health.

He was perplexed when he learned that each of the men had exactly the same amount of money in the same denominations—two ten-dollar bills and a five. He examined the bills and found that they were folded identically.

Gettler analyzed the organs after autopsy.

(Continued on page 96)

COAL STOKER

[illegible] SAVED -STILL WITH 1/3 LESS LABOR?

Yes, and it's not so startling. With a fire-bed that actually "breathes," a Combustioneer Automatic Coal Stoker accomplished easily this economy and gave a big motor car company also increased and more uniform heat, and new, far better control of their entire heating system.

Combustioneer *frequently* saves, over hand-firing, as much as 35% of the usual coal consumption, and easily up to 50% of the fireman's time as well.

Its Automatic "Respirator" detects the *slightest variation* in conditions of the fire-bed—prescribes the *technically correct* air-volume for *scientifically ideal* combustion. Then it gently or vigorously, as required, *forces* this metered amount of air into and *throughout* the burning coal!

Moreover, *every burning particle* is "aerated." Combustioneer avoids the "packing" of all old-fashioned coal stokers. Instead of merely "grinding in" coal, to burn by hit or miss, Combustioneer's amazing transmission feeds by "impulses." Each impulse stirs the fire—keeps it "loose," free-burning!

Combustion is absolute. Smoke and soot impossible. Over-and-under-feeding wastes are all eliminated. With this pulsating "breathing" fire-bed, more and *extra* B.T.U's are delivered from *every pound* of coal! *Soon* Combustioneer *more* than pays for itself!

Accept a complete diagnosis of all wastes by your present heating equipment FREE. A word from you brings an experienced heat-engineering consultant, to survey your heating system and make recommendations. No obligation. Prepare against *alarming* coal shortages. Write us, today.

The Steel Products
Engineering Co.
1234 W. Columbia St.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

*Designers, Engineers and Manufacturers of Precision Products Equipment*

# New Car . . .
# [illegible]!

## Simoniz Now . . and You Won't Mind Either!

**Your Car will Sparkle Again with Exquisite Beauty . . . that Lasts and Lasts.**

Yes, you may have to drive an *old* car many months or even years longer. But you don't have to drive a *shabby* car now or ever. With surprisingly little of your time and effort *Simoniz Kleener* and *Simoniz* make that faded lifeless-looking finish sparkle like new. More important still, as your car will stay glamourously beautiful month after month, you'll fall in love with it all over again! And that's only the start.

**SAVES TIME AND WORK** . . . *Simonizing* saves you hours and hours of hard work later. Car washing is almost never necessary. A dry cloth whisks off dust and dirt in a jiffy and your car shines as brilliantly as ever.

**WEATHERPROOFS FINISH** . . . What's more, the tough, weatherproof protection of *Simoniz* keeps injurious elements entirely away from the finish so they can do no damage. Protection doubly valuable during the coming winter, when severe weather quickly ruins any unprotected car finish. So, *Simoniz* now . . . winterproof your car's finish . . . restore and preserve the beauty that means higher trade-in value when it's possible to get new cars again.

MOTORISTS WISE

# SIMONIZ

HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE

Liquid
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
KLEENER
SIMONIZ

Always insist on world-famous *Simoniz* and *Simoniz Kleener*. Sold at grocery, drug, hardware, paint and auto-supply stores, service stations and garages everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

# An Informal History of The Hobo News

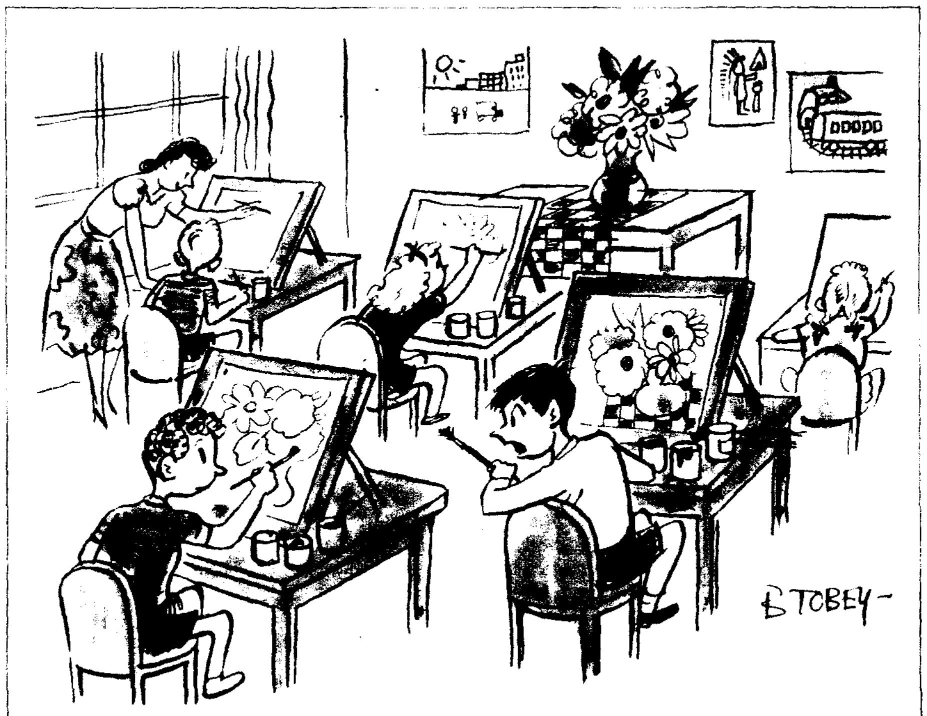
Continued from page 26

Pat's experience around a newspaper office as a young boy stood him in good stead. He had worked for the McKees Rocks Gazette, sticking his choirboy face into everything, and keeping his bandit blue eyes busy. When he got a little older and started hoboing around the country, he occasionally took jobs in publishing houses and printing shops, all of which helped him to learn the general idea of publishing and printing.

The first newspaper copy that was ground out on the hand press in the basement on West 17th Street was on one sheet of paper, folded so as to make eight pages. The color scheme of the paper could be called dynamite yellow. The first headline in big letters, that took up almost half the front page, almost shouted at you: "Fair to Fair with No Fare." That was the time of the World's Fairs—at San Francisco and New York. This was written by Dan O'Brien, who explained how to beat your way from coast to coast by riding blinds, rods, etc. There were over a dozen cartoons lifted from the best mags. Two had run in Esquire at one time.

And Pat even chuckles to this day, "The best at any price—no price, the better," as he fondles a large pair of scissors always handy on his desk.

As soon as the press had ground out a thousand copies, Rodgers, Shaeffer, Ike and Bozo would grab armfuls and hustle to different barrooms and places like Union Square, Columbus Circle, and occasionally to Park Avenue where a velveted hand would buy one for a laugh for a dime.



"I'd hoped that in the second grade, we'd start coming to grips with things"

COLLIER'S SGT. BARNEY TOBEY

Lots of people bought the paper for a variety of reasons understood by any student of human nature. First, there were those who loved to make a gesture of "Why, here, my good man." Others loved to buy it to shock their friends by sending them a paper with such an untouchable origin. But, most important of all, quite a number of readers bought it because they enjoyed the sexy humor of this daffy paper.

The paper sold so well that Pat bought a Kelly printing press, price $3,200, putting $400 down, and every three months, with Pat using shears, a new issue appeared.

Rodgers would often complain, "Dey'll pinch yuh if dey ketch yuh."

But Pat was wise. Who was going to sue a paper with an unholy name like The Hobo News? "Bah!" he rasped, as he clipped and assigned to the Kelly.

To Chicago, riding the cushions this time, went Rodgers with ten thousand copies as baggage. He got distributors interested in the paper. To obtain agents to go out and peddle the paper on the streets, he'd always get a bed in a 25-cent flophouse and take his cap off and there in the room, where the flopperoos would congregate, start counting a lot of dimes and quarters—twenty dollars worth acting as bait.

"Dem bums' eyes wud pop out," Rodgers remembered, "and den dey'd ask, 'Where'd yuh git all dat dough, Bo?' And I wud say, 'Sellin' dat phony paper The Hobo News.' Den and dere, dey'd become salesmen."

## Working the Flophouse Circuit

Rodgers would then go to Detroit, Cleveland and other large cities, duplicate the stunt, and in a short time The Hobo News appeared on newsstands, besides being advertised from arm to eye by peddlers in the streets and barrooms. That's the way it's still being sold, and Pat thinks he's got the best distribution system ever invented. It costs him two cents net to produce The Hobo News, and the newsstands pay six cents, no returns. The peddlers pay four cents, and no returns, either, but Pat kindly dates every issue way ahead, so the boys won't get stuck with old copies.

Pat's got twenty guys peddling his paper in New York, and they and the newsstands get rid of 35,000 copies there each and every week. About the same number of peddlers are working in other big cities. There's also a large sale of papers made by bums who pick up abandoned copies and peddle them for drinks. Pat don't get anything out of this, and he don't like it. He's trying to figure out a way to stop it.

The paper changed its policy in several respects not long after Rodgers went out on the road, and Pat hired a publicity director, Harry Baronian. He had strong ambitions to be an editor and a writer, and agreed to work for Pat for a few bucks a week if Pat would publish some articles by him. But somehow or other nothing Baronian wrote ever got into print. "I'm saving Harry's stuff for the revolution," Pat used to say. Baronian had spent years studying sociological problems and wanted to uplift the Bowery derelicts, which Pat thinks is like trying to make a lady out of Broadway Rose.

Baronian's salary was short, but that did not faze him, because Pat promised him a huge bonus when things began humming.

"You know me," said Pat, and he even says so to this day if you are a sucker believer. "When I make money, you'll get yours. Let not the two of us worry about it."

Pat got the idea of soliciting original articles, poems, stories, etc., from different struggling writers. Price, fifty cents for poetry, a dollar for cartoons, and two or three dollars for articles and stories. A writer who got the enormous sum of $3 for a story called The Hell with Hitler, gave Pat an idea, and the next headline, front page in very large type, was The Hell With Hitler. After that, another one: Mussolini Goes Nuts.

In two issues he carried advertising, but he cut it out. Even to this day, when anybody asks, "Why not carry ads?" and there are plenty of requests, Pat says, "What? And let a lot of patent-medicine guys tell me how to run my paper?"

Recruits came in. The Brakebeam Kid, Seldom Seen, Boxcar Annie, Hobo Benson, afterward crowned King of the Hobos, and other genuine products of the road, volunteered to sell the sheet.

On September 4, 1942, after four years of struggling in the basement on West 17th Street, Pat Mulkern pushed back the barrel which he always used for a chair, pulled a cigar out of his baggy pants pocket, lighted it slowly and comfortably, and asked of Harry Baronian, "What have we got in the bank?"

When Baronian told him $18,000, the answer threw him into a reverie.

"We're goin' to move uptown," Pat said. "We're goin' to spread out amongst the swells. I've rented a new spot. Close the shop. Everybody out. We're goin' to celebrate."

The new home of The Hobo News was 105 West 52d Street, rent $300 per month, no lease. They moved into the place as soon as Pat recovered from his celebration and the most recent of a coming series of his domestic struggles with his wife, Lucy, who objected to a particular crony of Pat's, Pete Roth by name.

## Two-Bottle Bodyguard

Pat likes Pete as a drinking partner. He calls him Churchill. It's the Irish in Pat. He bought Pete a black Homburg, and with Pete's round face, he does resemble the great Englishman, except when Pete talks, and then you'd swear he was Tony Galento. All he's called upon to say is, "I'll moider the bum if he tries to touch ye, Pat."

The new home, in the heart of the night-club district, was a splurge. Bright neon signs lighted up the window, and a mint-stick-candy awning that Pat had bought for $200 swung down from the top. On each side of the awning, in bold letters was The Hobo News, a Little Fun to Match the Sorrow. That was an outer touch. Inside were signs like No Papers Sold to Bums, Mission Stiffs (that means bums who attend missions for a bowl of soup and get reformed) and Jungle Buzzards (a name for tramps).

There were desks for Baronian and several others, and a roll-down for Pat with a sign on it: Don't stare at the publisher. You may be crazy yourself some day. Pat's desk was and is today loaded with manuscripts, socks, shirts, cheese, all kinds of belly medicine, cigars and always a bottle of whisky.

The office not only had a sumptuous telephone switchboard, but a big swinging door. Pat had bought another Kelly press, this time for $4,000, a linotype machine for $6,000 and a huge, expensive press that set him back $10,000, all for cash. And instead of monthly, a new issue was printed every two weeks.

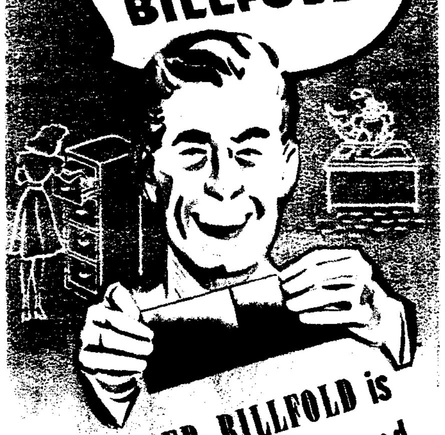
He had eighteen employees working for him now, all union help, salaries running as high as a hundred per week. The pay roll was $1,500 weekly. Baronian's salary went to $70 a week. Writers received $10 for stories, poets $2, and cartoonists $3. Pat hated to do it, telling Baronian, "I hate to spoil those guys."

Sex stuff had to be withdrawn from the paper. The post office prevailed upon Pat, not too politely.

"Okay with me," Pat said. "We'll print plenty of pin-up girls on our front page. They're morale builders, I hear."

The only touch brought over from West 17th Street was the shears on Pat's desk, where at any moment they might be used as they had been so many times before, to clip a cartoon, article or story from Collier's or the New Yorker or the Saturday Evening Post. Pat still believed in that old motto of his: Only the best is worth clipping. But he

MEEKER MADE BILLFOLDS



This MEEKER BILLFOLD is your Portable Office and Social Secretary Combined!

Has a Place for Everything, and Everything in Its Place

PASS CASE MAY BE CARRIED IN BILLFOLD, OR SEPARATELY

...Yes, this clever, useful new MEEKER Billfold not only has room for bills, checks, etc. (there's even a secret pocket), but its Removable Pass Case holds 8 passes, cards, licenses, snapshots, etc. Yet it's sleek, compact, smart-looking!

Handsomely-fashioned in Fine Morocco leather, black or brown. Also in Hand-Colored Pigskin.

SHE'LL Love THIS Billfold!

This beautiful, generous-sized MEEKER-MAID creation is of fine Morocco Grain leather, in black, brown, red or blue. Has secret pocket, removable coin purse, and removable case to hold 4 standard size passes.

MEEKER-MADE Billfolds give you Pre-War Quality, Post-War Styling, Expert Craftsmanship, Latest Features. Some styles with zippers. Various prices. At Dealers Everywhere.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC., JOPLIN, MO.

MEEKER MADE Fine Leather Goods

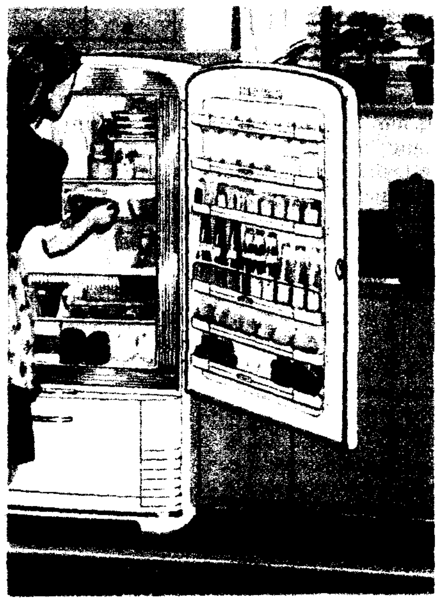
Marriage or Career?

( I opened the door to both )

**Fred was bringing his Mother to dinner. I was anxious to prove to her that a career girl (I'm an illustrator) can be a good housewife, too.**

**I liked her** the minute I met her. We got along wonderfully. And when I finally asked her to excuse me while I served dinner, she insisted on helping. I was sure she'd like my kitchen.

**She did** and was quite pleased when I told her I'd designed it myself. But it was the Shelvador* that bowled her over. "My dear," she exclaimed, "how convenient! All that extra front-row space!"



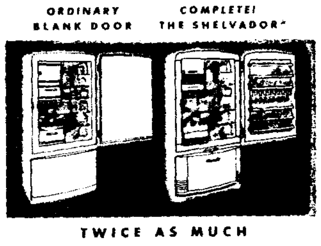
**"Fred," she said** at dinner, "you're a very lucky young man. Your fiancee is as practical as she is pretty. As a matter of fact, she's taught me a lesson in housekeeping. Take that Shelvador*—like owning two refrigerators. I'm going to buy one as soon as they're made again!"

**THE CROSLEY** refrigerator is not designed as a matchmaker. But *it is* designed to give you everything you will want in a refrigerator.

It incorporates every modern improvement and development in home refrigeration—plus the Shelvador*—the patented door. It doubles your front-row storage space—gives you two-refrigerator convenience.

Only Crosley has the Shelvador*—no refrigerator can be truly complete without it.

Now is the time to start saving for *your* Crosley.



TWICE AS MUCH
FOOD TO THE FRONT
WITHIN EASY REACH

CROSLEY

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION • CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

RADIOS • RADIO PHONOGRAPHS • FM • TELEVISION • SHORT WAVE • ELECTRONICS • RADAR
REFRIGERATORS • HOME FREEZERS • HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES • HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"

was extremely careful. He started publishing the paper every week now. The circulation had risen to 70,000 weekly; he was getting up among the big publishers and was well worth suing. So he had to be very careful with the scissors.

Baronian kept on writing his humanity uplift articles, but somehow or other they never appeared in print. He sold Pat a swell trick to get publicity for his paper. It's still called by the boss "the great powwow that happened at the Waldorf Astoria."

Baronian had gone to this grand hostelry, rented a suite, casually remarking to the clerk, "I expect a few guests of mine—hobos you know," he added, laughing.

The clerk laughed with him at the apparently humorous remark, but several hours later the clerk realized what Baronian had meant, for there, across the three-inch carpet to the elevator, on their way to the suite that Baronian had rented, were Ike the Bum, Bozo, The Brakebeam Kid, Boxcar Bradley, Toledo Slim and a couple of new ones.

All eyes in the foyer had turned to this motley group. A few women coming out of the elevator all but fainted, others thought it was a masquerade, but those who were very close to this collection of boes knew for a certainty that it was no fake, and ran from the scene as if a stink bomb had exploded.

The manager was brought face to face with this problem in a few minutes and the only thing he could do was to go to Baronian with his hat in his hand and almost with tears in his eyes, and beg him to leave at any price. But Baronian phoned Mulkern first at The Hobo News.

"Okay," said Pat. "Ask him if he'll okay us at the Ritz."

When they finally did leave, Baronian made sure the story was carried by every newspaper in the country, which it was, and the circulation that brought to The Hobo News was tremendous and up to brackets it might not have reached in years: 80,000 and coming out weekly. It was a grand success from everybody's viewpoint except that of wife Lucy, who had taken her role of being married to a prosperous publisher in a proper feminine way. The contact with old boxcar passengers who were coming in and out buying copies of the paper to sell, offended her, and as a consequence, she went off in a huff on an extended air trip to the Coast.

## A Visit from the Wandering Mind

A lot of new writers and new reporters came to The Hobo News. One of these was Georgina Campbell, a former hoboette, so she said, of the British Isles, who called herself "The Wandering Mind." She it was who brought the first surprise interview. She had made a trip to Washington to get a personal story from Lord Halifax.

Pat, to this day says, "Why, he give Georgina the interview so I could put him on the front page. That's why he even admitted he was a hobo—you know—travelin' 'round countries!"

A week or so later, Jeff Davis, former King of the Hoboes, begged Pat to give him the title of King as he heard that Hobo Benson, the present king, was abdicating. "Can't do it," said Pat. "I've promised myself to give it to Halifax."

Not long ago Roy McCardell joined Pat's staff as Society and Financial Editor. Roy is an old-time newspaperman and used to be a big-shot feature on The Evening World. He's making things hum in the money and hotsy-totsy departments.

I came along about the same time that Georgina did. I'd been trying to be a writer, and had been sending stuff to Pat—jokes and things like that—for half a dozen years, but my career was interfered with by a brown-eyed soprano. My advice is: Keep away from brown-eyed sopranos. So I never made any dough out of Pat until one day about three years ago, when I said to him, "Pat, how about starting a horse column in your paper? I'll call it Horses to Watch, and I'll predict winners, and maybe once in a while one will win."

Pat liked the idea, even if he didn't know the difference between a horse and a corned-beef sandwich. So he put me on the staff. And what did I do first? I got mixed up with a black-eyed soprano. My advice is: Keep away from black-eyed sopranos.

The country was almost as horse-minded as I was soprano-minded, and circulation rose to 100,000, and Pat had to leave 105 West 52d Street. He had no lease, and the landlord gave him two months to find new quarters.

So, in a hurry, he bought a building down the street at 119 West 52d Street, for $90,000 on February 5, 1944. Everybody laughed. "What does that mick know about real estate."

Two months after he had moved in, a real-estate firm offered him $150,000 for the building, and Pat started reading the real-estate column in The Times, of all papers, and wanted to know, "How long has this real-estate racket been goin' on?"

The paper was going in for big names. I interviewed Somerset Maugham for The Hobo News. He wrote 600 words for the paper on How to Become a Writer. It was good, but almost failed, because Pat, who didn't know whether Maugham was the name of a new chewing gum or a baseball player, didn't like the photograph of Maugham.

## Old Wounds Never Heal

"I know," he said, "you just told me he's a great writer, he wrote Human Bondage. I saw the picture, but I don't like guys with thin lips. They used to turn me down always when I was hustlin'."

But the Somerset Maugham interview went in and went over big. It gave The Hobo News prestige. I had no trouble selling Pat the interview on Lauritz Melchior's advice to young singers, although he is allergic to opera singers.

"But there's a guy I like," he said. "These fat-face guys never turned me down when I was on the bum."

The Hobo News definitely was going higher and higher, and even newsstand distributors in the remotest districts of the country were sending in for it. Soldiers and sailors liked it. It was being mailed all over the world, even to India. Circulation rose to 123,000.

Christmas had come. Pat broke his heart and gave everybody working for him $100. Nobody got more, no one got less. That even went for the kid who sweeps the floor. Harry Baronian asked Mulkern about the bonus promised him. Pat just shrugged his shoulders. "What bonus?"

Baronian left The Hobo News, and Dan O'Brien, with the white beard, got fired, because (of all reasons): "I smelled whisky on his breath," Pat said.

One day Pat read an article in The Times about a man fitting Dan O'Brien's description and known as Daniel O'Brien, who had been found dead and sent to the morgue. Without investigating, Pat contacted a local undertaker and paid for a flowery send-off for the deceased.

Two weeks later who should stumble into the office of The Hobo News but Dan O'Brien in the flesh, and full of life and whisky?

"Git out, you bum!" hollered Mulkern. Later he said to me confidentially, "Could you imagine the dirty rat!" It seemed that Mulkern couldn't forgive such treachery and treason.

Mulkern was becoming a big shot now. He was getting write-ups in papers. A movie was even made called The Hobo News.

Somehow or other, Pat Mulkern drinks plenty of whisky, and somehow or other he can think better with a bellyful of it than most people who never touch it, like Cliff Mack, who took Baronian's place as editor. Pat always asks Cliff's advice and always never takes it.

"Cliff never touched whisky; only wine. What de hell can he know?" says Pat.

One night when Rodgers and I poured Pat into his cot, a little offside the press room, which he keeps to remind himself of his hobo days, he said in a barely perceptible voice, "I think I'm goin' in the real-estate racket. There's damn' too much trouble about paper," and then he rambled on, "that Radio City Buildin' would make a corkin' spot for The Hobo News, won't it?"

THE END

# Whatever You Call It

Continued from page 17

ware suddenly that she was beautiful, as he had always wished to be. It was miracuous, but brown eyes, neither large nor espeially long-lashed, and a round childish face nd plain, straight brown hair, shiny in the un, were beautiful.

As she rose, John rose too. "Is it all right I walk along with you?"

She nodded, too full of an expanding hapiness for speech. It wasn't the kind of hapiness that made her feel like skipping. It ad a deeper rhythm: it was something he wanted to enjoy slowly and completely.

ELLIS knew then that she wasn't going to have dinner with Betsy Winters. That ould be settled before they had crossed the ark. She would call Betsy and make her pologies, and she and John would probably ave dinner at the Three Feathers Inn. It was ear by, and John's eye would be caught by s red-brick front and its Georgian pillars. he wasn't even surprised at herself for knowng this. She had picked up a stranger in a ublic park, and after that nothing was surrising.

In the garden behind the Three Feathers nn, over shrimp cocktail and crackers, John sked, "How old are you, Ellis?"

"Nineteen."

"Nineteen. That's just right."

"Right for what?"

"For me. I'm twenty-two." And then, as f one statistic naturally called for another, e went on, "My home is on the south shore f Lake Superior, near a little town called agle Bay. I build boats for a living—or I id, before the war. I've got an eight-room ouse that I built a couple of years ago a nile up the shore from town. It's right beween the lake and the pines, so you can go o sleep listening to the waves and the wind n the trees. And there's a clearing behind he house—big enough for a garden. My ad teaches math and coaches football at the igh school in Eagle Bay. My mother—but ou'd have to meet her to—"

He paused and added, "But I think you're oing to meet her. I'm taking the train for ome tomorrow, and I think you're going vith me. We can be married as soon as we et there. I'm sure we can get around the vaiting period."

Ellis took it calmly because of course it vasn't a real proposal. Real proposals came fter you'd known a boy for years—as she'd nown an Elm City boy named Billy Morrison—and after he'd been taking you out regularly for a long time—as Billy Morrison had been taking her out. Then, if he liked you well enough, he asked you to marry him, and if you liked him well enough, you accepted.

"Why," she asked practically, "do you want to marry me?"

John gave her a reproachful look. "You know very well that there's only one good reason why people get married."

"That's silly," said Ellis. "People don't fall in love at first sight, not really."

He didn't argue. "How do you shop?" he asked.

"Shop?"

"Sure, for clothes and stuff. Do you say, 'I'm going to buy a green coat next week, and a green dress to go with it next month, and around in July I'll get a pink dress with purple sleeves'?"

Ellis laughed. "Of course not. I wait until I see something I like, and then I buy it."

"Well, then," said John, "you see . . ."

She swallowed three shrimps deliberately, without tasting them. "How did you happen to build a house?"

"I got the lumber in trade for a boat. And then, I figured I might get married some day."

"Is it furnished?"

"It's got a stove and a refrigerator. We can buy the rest easily enough."

The waiter came and took their plates. Ellis looked at the splashing fountain. "I like to garden," she said. "I've had good luck with flowers—" She swung her eyes around to meet his. "You don't mind if I just talk, do you? I mean, it's all impossible, but it's kind of fun to dream aloud about it."

"Keep talking," said John encouragingly. "Only remember it isn't a dream. You're going with me tomorrow on the noon train. Got any luggage?"

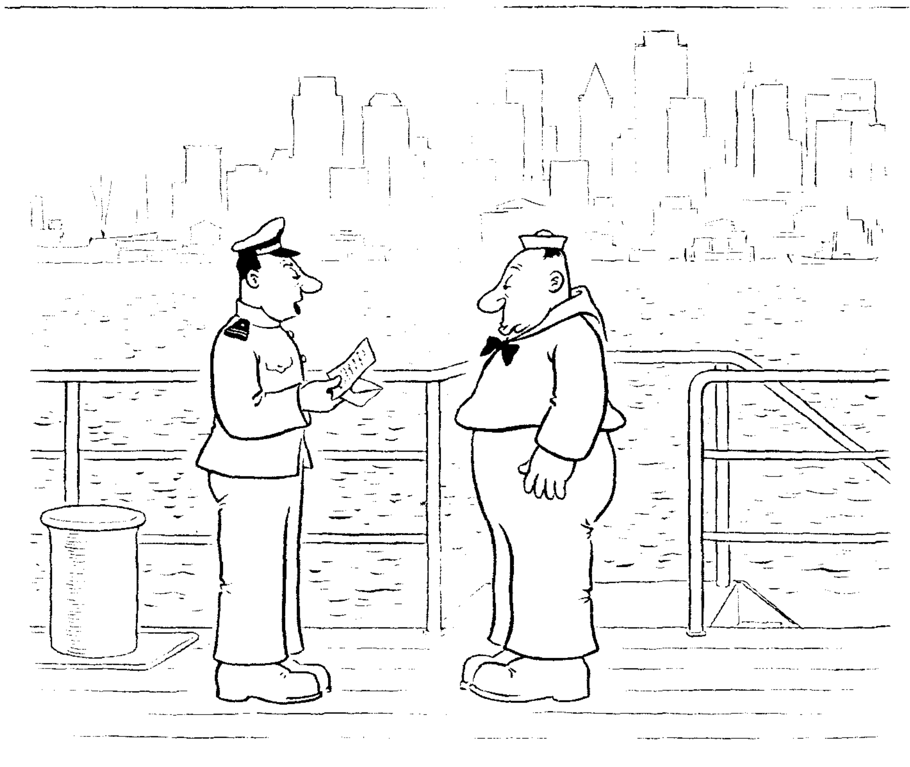
"An overnight case."

"That isn't enough. We'll buy some in the morning. I've got to shop for myself, anyway, because I haven't got anything. We were torpedoed in the Channel on the way back and everything I had went down. Even this suit I'm wearing is borrowed."

A hand of iron had closed around her heart, and her throat felt twisted tight like the neck of a toy balloon. "How—how soon do you have to go back?"

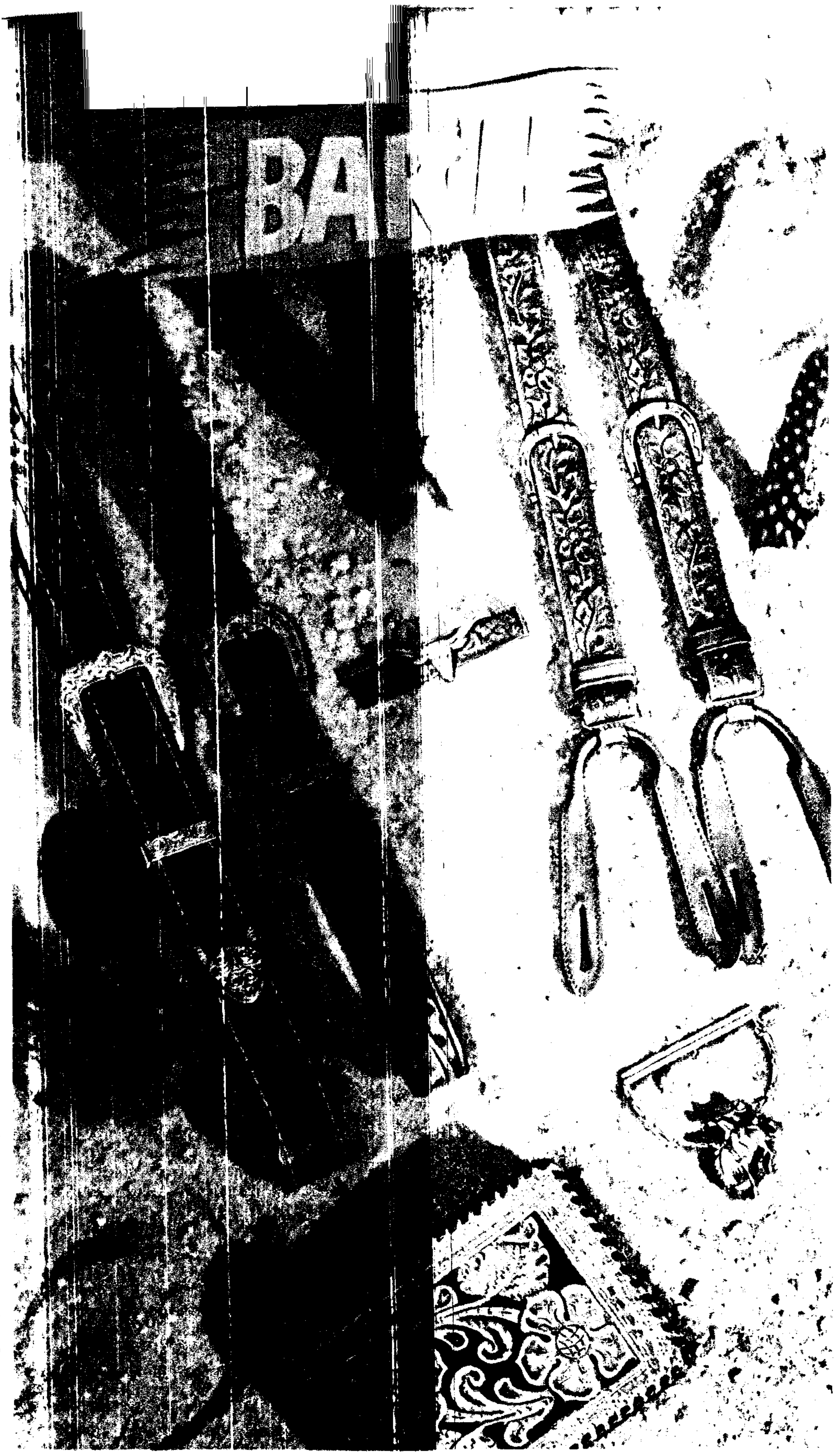
"The first week in June. But I'm shipping out of New Orleans this time—I promised a fellow I've sailed with before that I'd meet him there and sign up with him. That means

**ALFRED** by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Alfred, when you are late returning from shore leave, a tardiness excuse from your mother will not suffice"

COLLIER'S



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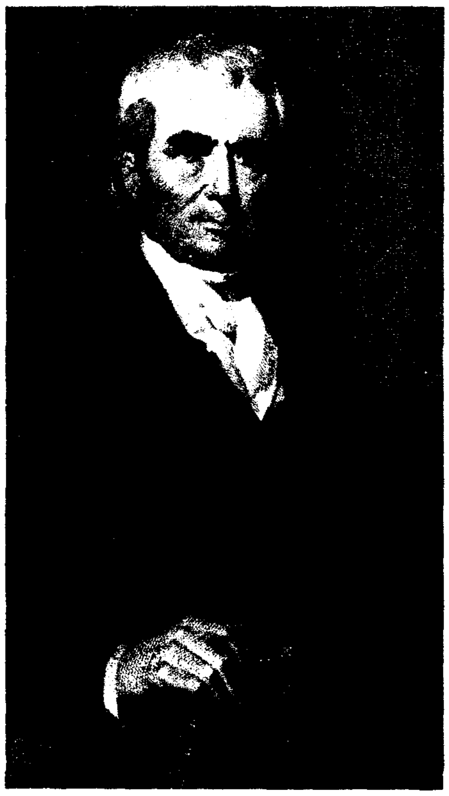

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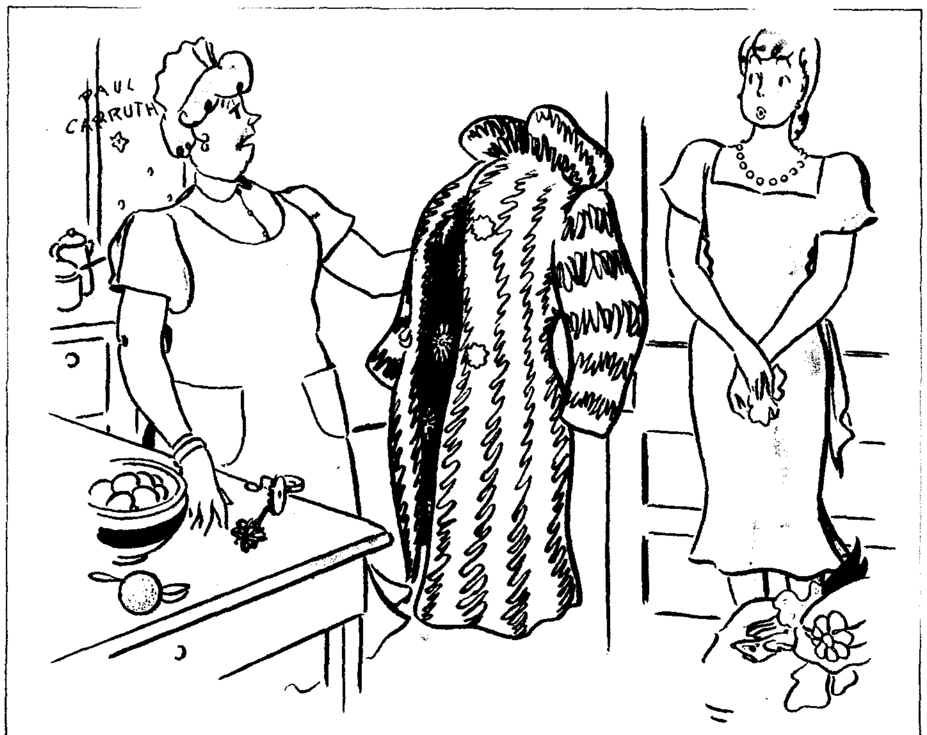


COLLIER'S "Like to have my mink, ma'am? I'm tired of it" PAUL CARRUTH

I won't be coming back this way, and I've only got two weeks to get you settled at home.

"The weather's nice up there this time of year," he added coaxingly. "Just right for starting your garden."

Ellis laughed, but at the back of her mind she thought it very queer that he should keep talking about the subject when he couldn't possibly mean a word of it. . . .

After dinner they walked toward town. "I saw a furniture store on the main drag," John said. "It had the kind of stuff that looked right for my house. Let's go see what you think."

Ellis looked at him with increased respect. The display at Blaine's was silvery cypress furniture, very new to Elm City and surpassingly right for a lake shore house.

"Drapes," said Ellis dreamily, as they stood before Blaine's window. "I'd like drapes on pulleys and no curtains, so we could see the lake all the time. A rusty color, I think, or —what color are the walls in your house?"

"Kind of a light gray-green," said John. "You're right on the button with those rusty drapes, honey."

"I'm just talking again," she warned him.

"Sure." But he grinned at her, and his hand slid down her arm, tightened around her fingers. And then it happened: somewhere between the warm wide grin and the clasp of the warm big hand, Ellis found herself wondering what it would be like to be kissed by him. "It's just curiosity," she told herself severely, recalling the time she had wondered the same thing about Billy Morrison—and recalling, too, the feeling of disappointment when she had found out.

Nevertheless, once implanted, the idea would not be driven out. As they went on to Vega's decorating shop, Ellis caught herself watching John's face as he talked, looking for the grin. And it was unsettling to discover that a wide-mouthed, weather-reddened face could be so appealing that she wanted to touch it, wanted to run her finger along the line of cheekbone and jaw.

At Vega's they furnished the house completely except for shower curtains and a breakfast table, the only items not on display. "Those," said John, "we can hunt up tomorrow when we shop for luggage. Right now, we ought to celebrate. I noticed a place this morning—The Palms—and it looked kind of nice. Is it?"

"It's nice," said Ellis. The Palms was the best dining-and-dancing place in town, and Billy Morrison took her there every other Saturday. There were gardenias at her plate on those occasions, and Billy always made the date well in advance, so that Ellis would have plenty of time to have her hair done or to get a dress back from the cleaners. Ellis had always cherished a sneaking desire to drop in at The Palms on impulse—dressed just as she was dressed today, for instance, in casual summer cotton and low-heeled shoes. As a sop to her conscience, she added, "I *ought* to go home—"

At The Palms, they danced only twice. It wasn't that there was anything wrong with their dancing together; it was that just sitting looking at each other was like dancing, and they were more alone at the table than on the crowded floor. They drank most of one drink; a second went flat while John held her hand, gently turned over her palm, separating her fingers. Then, as if his touch had been so much electricity, Ellis' mouth began to shake and John said abruptly, "Let's get out of here," and they left The Palms.

IT WAS eleven-thirty as they stood outside the canopied entrance. "I ought to go home," Ellis said again, and John stepped to the curb to call a taxi. Ellis put her hand on his arm. "The trolley's slower," she suggested.

They took a trolley, and as they rode, Ellis' mind was straining ahead, counting off the blocks. Fifteen more blocks, ten more blocks, five . . . and then she would be home, and he would be gone, and it would be over.

Finally she said, out of a dry throat, "The stop after next is mine."

John seemed not to have heard her. He asked, "How far out does this thing run?"

"Out to Lake Arden."

"Is it a pretty place?"

"It is in the daytime. I've never seen it at night."

Two stops later John made no attempt to ring the bell, and Ellis turned her face to the window to hide her relief.

They rode out to Lake Arden—an unfamiliar place at night with the soft-drink pavilion shuttered, as formal and stately white as a Greek temple.

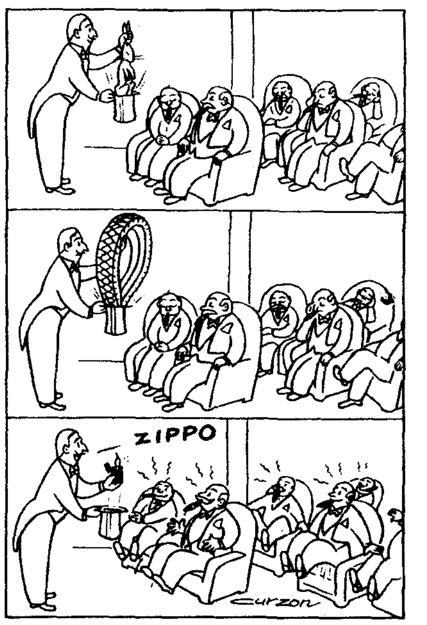
John drew a deep breath. "*Lake* water," he said. "This is the way it smells at home, only there you have the pine smell, too."

Ellis smiled and murmured something appreciative, but a faint hope that he might remain in Elm City a day or two longer died stillborn at the very way he pronounced the word "home." They followed the path that led through the picnic grounds to the lake, and they sat down on a bench that stood on a little promontory so that before them there was nothing but sky and stars and water, and above them the soft talking of the trees. Far out on the lake a white blur moved. "Sailboat," John said. "Do you like sailing?"

"I've never been sailing."

"You will," he promised. "I've got a sailboat. It's bigger than these you have here, and it really needs two to handle it. You see, you've just got to go with me tomorrow."

Ellis shook her head, and as her head went back, her lips were lifted. It was almost a calculated gesture. He would kiss her now, and then maybe he would stop this crazy talk about her going home with him and begin to act the way a boy acted when he really liked a girl. They could write to each other,



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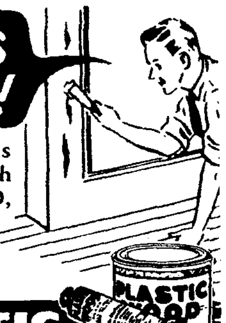

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and perhaps after his next voyage John would come to Elm City to visit her. . . .

She had known that he would kiss her, but she had not known that his head would blot out the lake and the sky so that there was nothing in the world but John, nor that her own mouth would cling without her will at all, would cling as if she could never let him go. When he released her she was shaken and speechless, and she could only blink and swallow and raise her mouth for more kisses.

John said, "Oh, honey—" and he sounded almost fearful. Then she was quickly, firmly turned about on the bench, cradled in his arms. "Honey," he whispered, "stop it. Ellis, sweetheart, don't cry."

The flat of his hand pressed her face to his shoulder, held it until she stopped trembling, until the stars stopped spinning and the universe settled down to its normal pace.

She didn't know when she slept. She knew that John was holding her closely, securely—only they weren't on a bench beside Lake Arden; they were on the cypress couch in John's house at Eagle Bay. Then she was digging in the garden in the back yard at Eagle Bay, and somehow she had fallen asleep over the flowers, and John had come up and had put his arms around her and was shaking her.

"It's late," he was saying. "Honey, wake up. Like a fool I fell asleep, too—"

"Look out," said Ellis clearly, "for my nasturtiums." And then she started up and stared wildly. The stars had faded and the trees were still, and the whole world was black and silent with the waiting silence that precedes dawn. *"How late?"*

"I don't know. My watch went down with the rest of my stuff. But it's good and late."

Miraculously, the house was peacefully dark when they reached it. Ellis gasped with relief and exhaustion after running the two blocks from the trolley. "Thank heaven, I thought they'd have the police out—"

John kissed her quickly. "I'll wait to see that you get in all right. And I'll call for you in the morning. We've got shopping to do—"

"No—"

But there was no arguing with him. He was holding the porch door open, pushing her toward it. "Do you want to wake the whole house?" he demanded. "Get inside."

IN THE morning when her mother woke her, Ellis was back in Eagle Bay.

"Ellis, it's eight-thirty! You'll have to hurry if you're going to ride down to work with your father."

Ellis raised her head from the pillow and plopped it down again. "I'm not going to work. I'm going shopping."

"Shopping?"

"With a man. A redheaded man in the park," and then discretion penetrated her sleep-fogged mind and the sentence ended in an indistinct mumble.

Her mother placed a plump, firm hand on her forehead. "Fever," she pronounced. "You've caught a cold. It's from wearing that thin cotton dress yesterday. Don't try to go to work this morning. I've got to see Evie Morrison about the benefit tea, but I'll be back before noon—"

Ellis went back to Eagle Bay. An hour later, when the doorbell rang, she padded down to answer it in bathrobe and slippers, and walked straight into John's arms.

"Get dressed," he ordered. "That noon train leaves on time. I checked."

She nuzzled her face sleepily against his shoulder. "It's crazy," she muttered.

"It's perfect," said John. "Now git."

He had a taxi waiting and they went directly to Garvey's Leather Goods where John selected a large, substantial cowhide bag. "Now yours, honey," he said to Ellis. "You'll want a big one—"

"No," said Ellis. "I mean, I don't want any sort of bag at all."

"Now, honey," said John patiently. "Why did you come down if you're not going with me?"

Ellis marshaled her forces: nineteen years of being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Seton of Elm City, ten months of keeping "steady company" with Billy Morrison. "To say goodby to you. You know that things just aren't done this way."

The clerk tactfully moved toward the back of the store. "How are things done then?" John demanded.

"Why—" She floundered helplessly. "People get to know each other—their likes and dislikes, and the things they have in common, and—"

John's smile stopped her. "Honey," he said ruefully, "the books you read!"

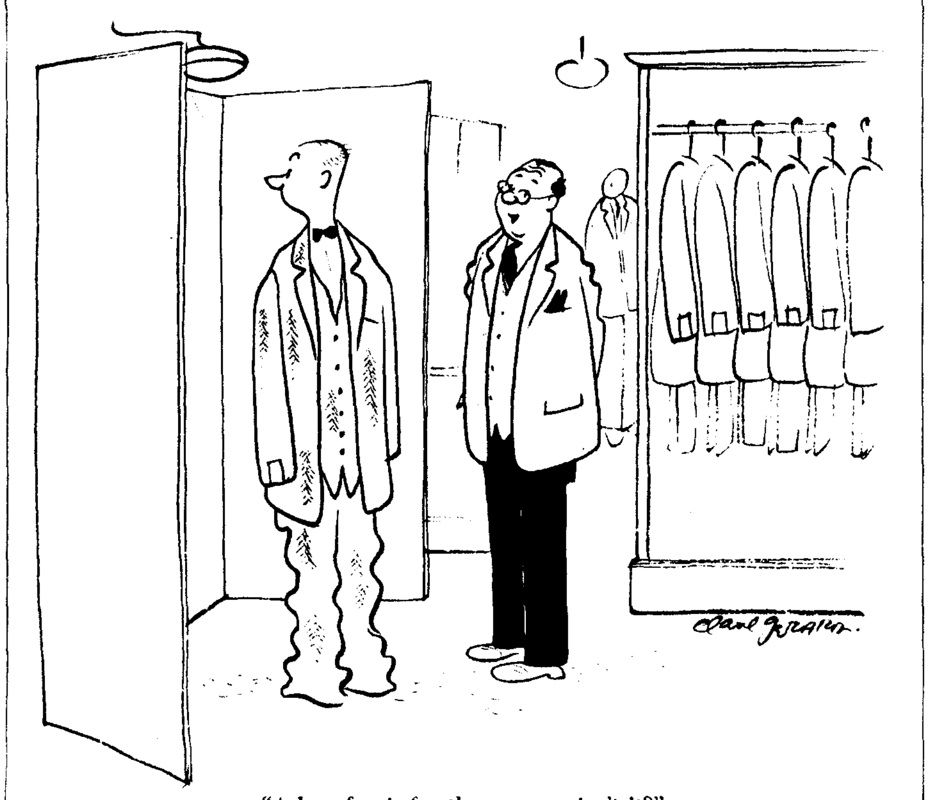
She flushed.

"You see," he said, "that isn't your heart talking. It isn't even your mind talking. It's something you've read some place. Now are you coming with me, or aren't you?"

Ellis looked out at the sunny street, at the scalloped pattern of shade the awning made on the sidewalk. "No."

She could feel John's eyes upon her, and she could not meet them. She had a dizzy feeling as if she were standing on the edge of a cliff, waiting to be pushed over—waiting, she realized, for John to disregard her refusal and to order another suitcase and to take her home and see that she packed it—wanting the insane decision to be his.

Then John said, "Well . . . maybe some day you'll change your mind," and Ellis told herself that she was relieved—only the scal-



COLLIER'S "A lot of suit for the money, isn't it?" DAVE GERARD

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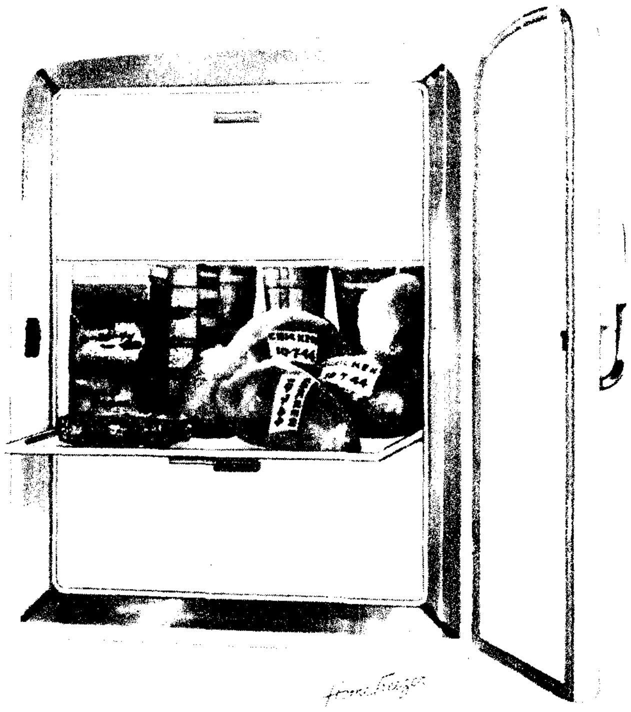

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ped pattern of the awning set up a crazy ance before her eyes, and her heart hurt as a stone had lodged there.

Ellis never did remember the rest of the orning very clearly. The future, which only little while ago had seemed inexhaustible, ad telescoped suddenly into one short hour hen they ordered scrambled eggs at a resurant, into fifteen minutes when they hailed taxi, into five minutes when they stood on e station platform, waiting for the train.

"I'll write to you," she promised, as if he ad asked her to.

"Write if you're coming to Eagle Bay," aid John. "Or better yet, call me long disance, and I'll send the fare. But I'd rather ou don't write after I'm at sea."

She stared at him uncomprehendingly, the hock of learning that he didn't want her letrs counteracted by the second shock of eeing the train in the distance, of knowng that in a moment or two he would be one.

"I see," she said tightly. "It's—a kind of ow-or-never thing, isn't it?"

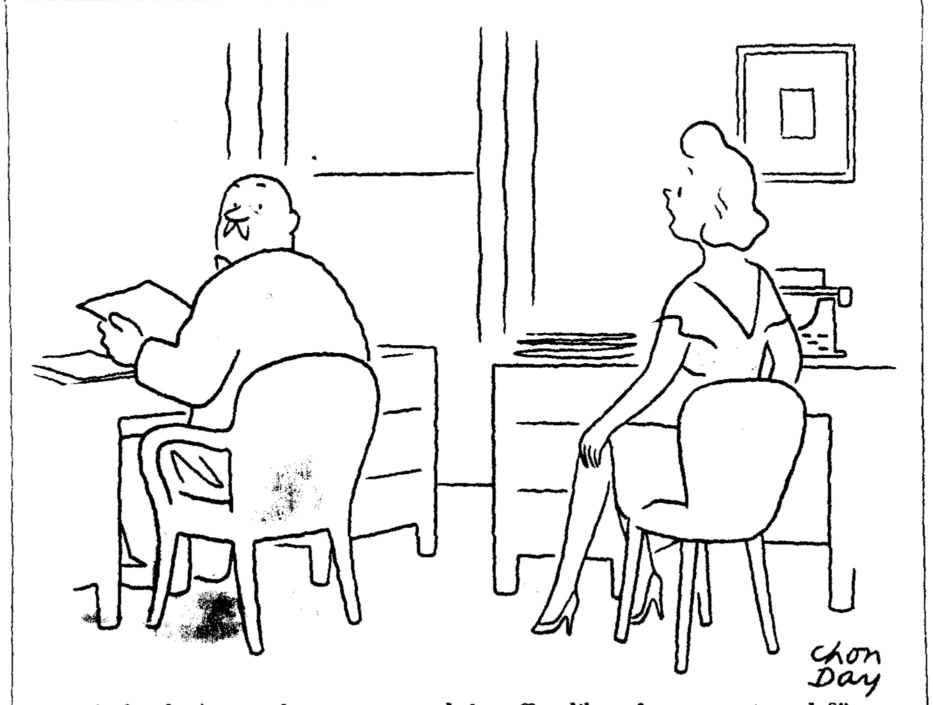
"Not at all, honey. You've got a couple f weeks in which to make up your mind. nd after that— Well, I'm coming back some ay. I told you I promised I'd ship out of ew Orleans next trip, so I don't know hether it'll be two months or two years beore I'll be back—but I'll get here."

Ellis swallowed. Two months or two years —and the train was flying toward them. She ould hear it now, could see the shining bulet of the engine. John was saying, "I don't now how you feel about yesterday and toay, but for me it was like a light being urned on, making everything clear and cerain. I'd like to think that the light went on or you, too, but you've got to be sure. That's hy I don't think we ought to write to each ther. Memory and time and distance can lay funny tricks, honey, when you're no ore sure about a person than you are about ne. I wouldn't want you to start building me p in your imaginaion—and then maybe find ut that you'd been waiting for a guy who idn't exist. Do you understand?"

Ellis nodded tentatively. The train swept p behind him; its roar filled her ears. Two ears. She might not see or hear from him or two years.

She knew that she sounded pleading, but he didn't care. "How will I know you're oming back, or how will you know where 'll be if we don't write?"

His smile was the smile she'd seen in the uggage shop when he'd said, "The books you ead!" "How does anyone know anything?" e asked. "Either you believe something, or ou don't—and that's part of what I've been rying to tell you. *I* know I'll be back—and people like the Setons don't move around without leaving a forwarding address."



"Why don't you chase me around the office like other executives do?"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

And then he was gone. She remembered his hair flaming red against the silver train. She remembered his arms around her, hurting her, jolting the stone in her heart until it throbbed painfully. She remembered walking away from the station, blinking because the sun was suddenly unbearably bright. . . .

IT WAS after this that time, heretofore an orderly progression of days and weeks accented by holidays and by Billy Morrison's coming to call on Wednesdays and by Billy's taking Ellis out on Saturday nights, went suddenly berserk. It dawdled tantalizingly for two weeks after John left, while Ellis haunted the mailbox and jumped when the telephone rang. It came to a dead stop at the end of the third week when she knew beyond doubt that John had not foresworn friendship for love, as she had wildly hoped he might, and that he was perhaps already at sea with the shipmate he had promised to meet in New Orleans.

Thereafter, time moved again, but erratically, although Billy Morrison continued to call on Wednesdays and to take her out on Saturday nights. Somehow the rest of the year slid by, but Ellis was relatively unaware of the calendar or of the seasons until the second week in January, when a thaw brought the smell of spring and winds soft beyond all reason, and when Billy Morrison reminded her that this was also the week in which the Elm City Board of Aldermen approved the rezoning of certain sections of the town, a decision which would directly affect her.

"It means," Billy Morrison explained, "that if I buy before July, when the rezoning becomes effective, I can get that Dutch colonial in Elm Views for half of what it will be worth next year. Ten rooms, fireplace, oil heating, three tile baths, double garage—"

"I see," said Ellis, but she was not looking at the envelope on which Billy was rapidly sketching. She was looking at Billy's hairline, telling herself that it was really a very nice hairline. She had lately begun to tell herself nice things about Billy. She said that he was good-looking and good company, and that it was all to his credit that he was so important to his father's machine-tool factory. She said that he was dependable and that it wasn't his fault that he wasn't red-haired and homely. She said that a good many girls in Elm City would give their eyeteeth to marry him.

Still, when on a Saturday night in April Billy asked her to marry him, Ellis refused. Billy was upset, although ordinarily he would have thought it only proper for her to refuse him at least once before she accepted him.

"Of course, dear," he said, "I don't want to rush you. But I hope you won't take too long to decide. There's the house—"

"I don't want to live in a house, anyway," said Ellis perversely. "I'd like to live in a hotel, or in a furnished apartment. It's gayer. It's—less rooted." Billy was so shocked that he stayed away for a week.

The truth was that Ellis expected something of spring, something different, something happy. She began to take special pains with her dress and she thought often, for no particular reason, of Memorial Day when the water would be turned on in the creek, and for the first time in many months she watched the mailbox and listened for the telephone.

But nothing at all happened.

In June, when Billy again asked her to marry him she consented, and she even withdrew her objections to living in a house. It would be an October wedding because Billy couldn't leave the factory for an extended honeymoon until then, so Ellis had four months in which to get used to the idea of being Billy's wife, a lifetime in which to get to like Billy's kisses.

She and Billy went to look for furniture at Blaine's on a Saturday afternoon in early fall when the sunshine was like powdered gold and the air was warm and drowsy with the breath of sleeping summer. By contrast Blaine's was dark and cool, a big dim sea of

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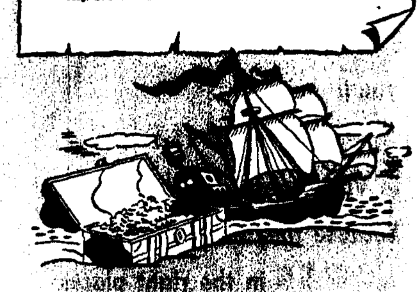

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a room in which floated the shapes of davenports and chairs and lamps and tables. A clerk came nosing up to them, exactly, Ellis thought, like a fish looking for a fat worm.

While Billy and the clerk dug out catalogues and fabric swatches, Ellis drifted toward the rear of the store. There was summer furniture here, awaiting storage and another spring. There were sets of wicker and bamboo, and there was also a set of silvery-gray cypress. At the sight of it, an astonishing thing happened to Ellis: Her mind suddenly parted cleanly into two separate, independent sections, one of which was aware of the Dutch colonial house in Elm Views and of the ring on her finger and of Billy thumbing through catalogues with the clerk. The other half of her mind darted back, like a bird released from long confinement, and picked up a conversation that had been dropped a year and a half ago.

*"Rust-colored drapes,"* it commented. *"They would go well with gray-green walls. . . ." "You're right on the button with those drapes, honey. . . ."*

Ellis looked up, half expecting to see, almost seeing, a homely face and a grin. Her hand moved instinctively, as if to trace the line of a weather-reddened cheek.

Billy came up behind her, bearing an open catalogue. "Dear, this is what I mean by— Are you looking at that cypress stuff? It won't do at all."

The rebel half of her mind swung into full control. "It's perfect," she said.

"But, Ellis—"

"There aren't any buts," said Ellis. "Billy, I can't marry you."

Billy glanced quickly behind him. The clerk was a good distance away. "Ellis, my dear, you don't know what you're saying—"

SHE did know. She was setting one day against years; she was setting a fickle, insincere man—no, not even the man himself, only the memory of him—against Billy, whom she had known all her life. She was throwing away security and reality and comfort for something as uncertain as April weather. And none of it mattered.

What *did* matter was that once, for nearly twenty-four hours, she had been exquisitely happy. She might never be that happy again, but she had to give herself a chance, she had to know that it *could* happen. And it would never happen in a Dutch colonial house in Elm Views.

She was working Billy's ring off her finger, fighting a rising panic.

"Ellis," said Billy tightly, "suppose I take you home, and we can talk it over later—"

"No." He backed away, refusing the ring, and she dropped it into his pocket. "And don't take me home. I'll go by myself." . . .

Outside, she felt better. She stood for a moment on the sidewalk, drawing deep breaths of the soft air. And then she began to walk, very fast. She knew that she hadn't heard the end of it. Billy would wait for a day or two, and then it would begin, the arguments and the reasoning, and her parents brought into it, and all her friends. And she would never be able to explain to them that she did know her own mind, finally, surely, as if a light had been turned upon herself. . . .

She was tired when she turned into her own block, and her side ached from the rapid walk. She sat down on the front steps to gather her wind and her courage.

That was when she saw John.

He was coming down the block, walking slowly, his head turned, looking at the house numbers. Ellis shut her eyes. Things did not happen this way. You were not saved like this at the last moment any more than you could fall in love, in one day, with a man you picked up in the park.

SHE heard footsteps. They came directly to her, and there they stopped. Ellis opened her eyes. He was even homelier than she remembered him being, and he was utterly beautiful.

She said weakly, "Hello." She didn't expect him to answer. She expected him to vanish, leaving only empty sidewalk and a clear view of the house across the street.

"Hello," said John.

Ellis cleared her throat twice. "I didn't *believe it.*"

He sat down beside her, peered into her face. "No," he agreed, "I suppose not. I told you I'd be back and I told you I'd find you, but you never were very long on believing things."

There was something different about him, something she missed—his grin. There wasn't a vestige of it. He was studying her soberly.

She clasped her hands tightly. She would have, if she could, put both of them over her heart to hold it down. Her fingers, interlaced, were smooth and bare; the bulk of the ring was gone.

"But I am," she protested suddenly. "I was *going to be married.* I was engaged to Billy Morrison. I gave him back his ring this afternoon, about an hour ago."

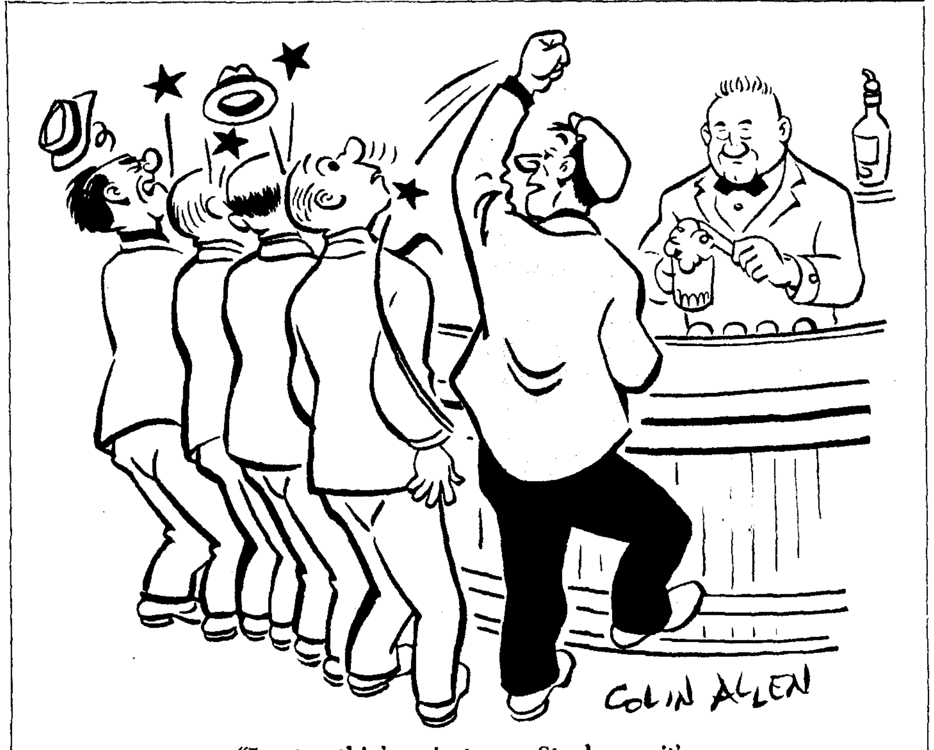
It came too fast—the quick lighting up of John's face, her own shattering response to it.

She made a last desperate attempt at rationality. "Or maybe it was mental telepathy—"

"Telepathy!" he scoffed, and then his voice caught. "Oh, sweetheart, I don't care what you call it—"

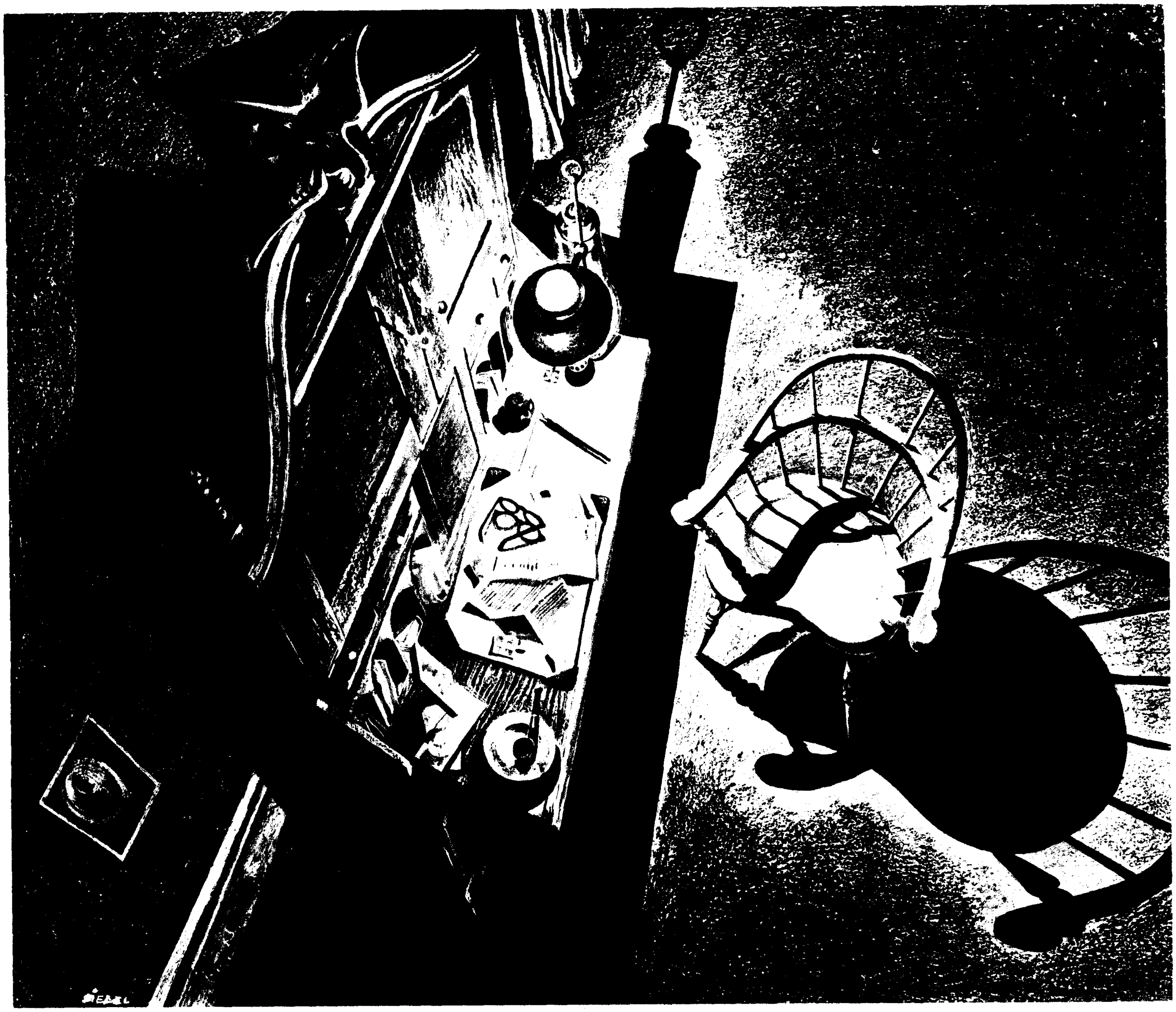
With his arms around her, Ellis didn't care either.

THE END



"I got nothin' against you, Stanbery—it's George Dow at the end who I don't like"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN



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4. Have you enough cash to pay off the mortgage on your house so that you no longer need life insurance to provide for such payment in the event of your death?
5. Does the cost of your life insurance deprive you or your family of *needed* food, clothing, or shelter?

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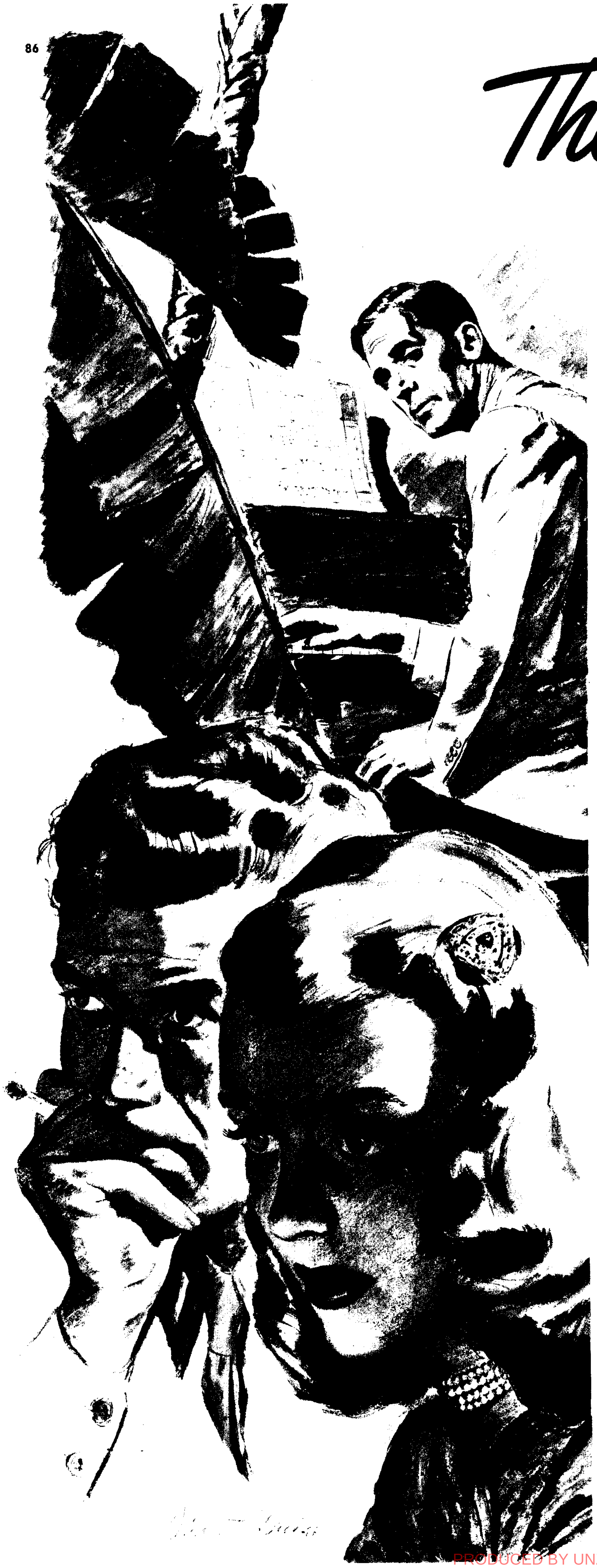

# The Dedication

### BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

MITCH KENNEDY played the piano at Edna's, a little place down in the Village. Mitch played the kind of background music that people liked when they were sitting around over a drink or two. He'd just let his fingers slide over the keys, picking out soft, mellow tunes that went well with cozy thoughts and small talk.

Mitch preferred it that way. It gave him a chance to study the people he played for. That was one of the things he liked best about working in the small intimate spots like Edna's. And after pounding the keys halfway around the world for thirty-five years Mitch Kennedy got to know the people who listened to his music.

Now, as he glanced over his shoulder again at the young couple seated close to him, Mitch knew they'd just hit a rough spot somewhere along their particular road to romance. It was in their faces, in their eyes, in the way they sat and drank *individually* instead of together. He could see them in the wall mirror. And they weren't listening to the music the way they should.

It always made Mitch sad to see kids falling out of love, and he felt sad now, as he took another look at these two. The boy was an Air Force lieutenant, a curly-haired kid of twenty-three or so. He had a nice crop of freckles on his nose, and he had strong, tanned hands. Right now his hands were interlocked morosely around his glass.

The girl was a slender blonde with large brown eyes, dusky golden skin and a fresh, enticing mouth.

MITCH noticed both their mouths, of course. That's where he always got some of his best clues. Both were set very firmly at the moment. Stubborn, Mitch thought. Both of them stubborn—the kind of stubbornness born of small misunderstood trifles.

Too bad, Mitch thought as he started on Stardust for the third time that night. They had a certain unmistakable class that he liked to see in kids. The kind of class it took for two people to make things click all the way.

Mitch got through Stardust and two choruses of Nola and saw they hadn't even changed their expressions. Or even their positions in their chairs, for that matter. Outwardly they seemed completely oblivious to each other's presence.

Between songs Mitch turned around and leaned toward them, turning on a big smile. "What's *your* song?" he asked easily in a soft, confidential voice. They swung around to face him, startled. He looked first at the boy, then at the girl, letting his smile linger longest on her.

"Whose song?" the lieutenant asked.

Mitch placed his hands on his knees, elbows out. "Yours . . . both of yours. You know—*your* special song. . . ."

"Our song?" the boy echoed slowly.

Mitch nodded smilingly. "Sure. Every couple's got a song. Sometimes it's the song they heard the night they met, or the night they went to their first dance together. . . ."

Mitch paused. "Sometimes it's the one everyone was playing or singing that summer down at the lake, or—well, you know what I mean. . . . *Every* couple has a song—*their* song." Mitch beamed expansively.

Neither the boy or the girl said anything. For a fleeting second the boy looked at her, then back at his glass.

Mitch tinkled the keys idly with his le hand, just playing soft chords and tiny run "It's hard to believe you folks don't hav one," he said slowly. Mitch was feelin sadder by the second.

"Well, we haven't," the boy said matter-o factly. To Mitch it sounded like the truth

"Amazing," Mitch murmured.

He gave full attention to the piano agai and fooled around with Begin the Beguine After a few minutes he turned around. "U —I was just thinking," he began tentatively and then tacked an uncertain smile onto th tail end of a shrug.

"What?" the girl said.

"Well—" Mitch leaned over again. "It' like this: I guess I'm a sentimental old cuss but somehow I feel every couple should hav a song." His left hand continued to roam lightly. "I don't want to seem presumptuous but I think you folks ought to have one, too and—well, I have one for you."

"You have?" They both said it at once both giving the words the same value in polit but slightly edged curiosity.

"Uh-huh," Mitch said. "It's something I'v just composed. Probably won't get anywhere but I think it's pretty. I'm going to play i now for the first time. . . ."

His left hand continued its idling. H looked down at the keys for an instant, then back at them. "I hope I don't sound too silly but you seem like two nice kids and I'd like to sort of dedicate it to you." He smiled "May I?"

"Why to us?" the girl asked quietly.

Mitch shrugged. "Every tune ought to be dedicated to someone. And inasmuch as you don't have a special song, why I jus thought . . ." His voice trailed off insecurely

The girl smiled. "It's very nice of you.'

There were critics who swore that genius dwelled in Mitch Kennedy's ten fingers— genius released and exercised only when Mitch felt like it. Mitch could do things when he really wanted to, and he seemed to want to right then. People who previously appeared barely aware of his music while they talked became acutely aware of it now

"I call this Believe in Me," he said over his shoulder to the boy and girl.

IT WAS noticeably quieter in Edna's when Mitch finished. "That was beautiful," the girl whispered. "Beautiful. . . ."

"Thank you," Mitch said. "Would you like to hear it again?"

"Please," she replied. Then she turned to the boy. "Wouldn't you like to hear it again, Don?" Mitch detected the appeal in her voice. Not much. Just enough, just the exact, right amount. The boy didn't say anything, but he nodded.

Mitch played it again. During a second chorus he thought he heard a movement at their table, but he didn't look up. When he finally turned around they were gone. Mitch smiled softly to himself and caressed the keys silently for an instant.

Edna came over to him a minute later. "That was especially lovely, Mitch," she said.

"Thanks, Edna," Mitch said.

"You're a swell guy, Mitch," she sighed, "and you put on a great act. . . . But I wonder if it *really* ever does any good. That must have been the fifth time you've played it this week alone. . . ."

Mitch fingered his left hand lightly and looked at the table where the two nice kids had been sitting. He frowned slightly, but the frown faded into a small reflective smile.

Mitch shook his head slowly. "You're wrong, Edna," he said at last. "It was the first time I ever played it. It's *always* the first time. Really it is. . . ."

**Mitch felt sad as he watched the lieutenant and the blonde. He hated to see kids falling out of love**

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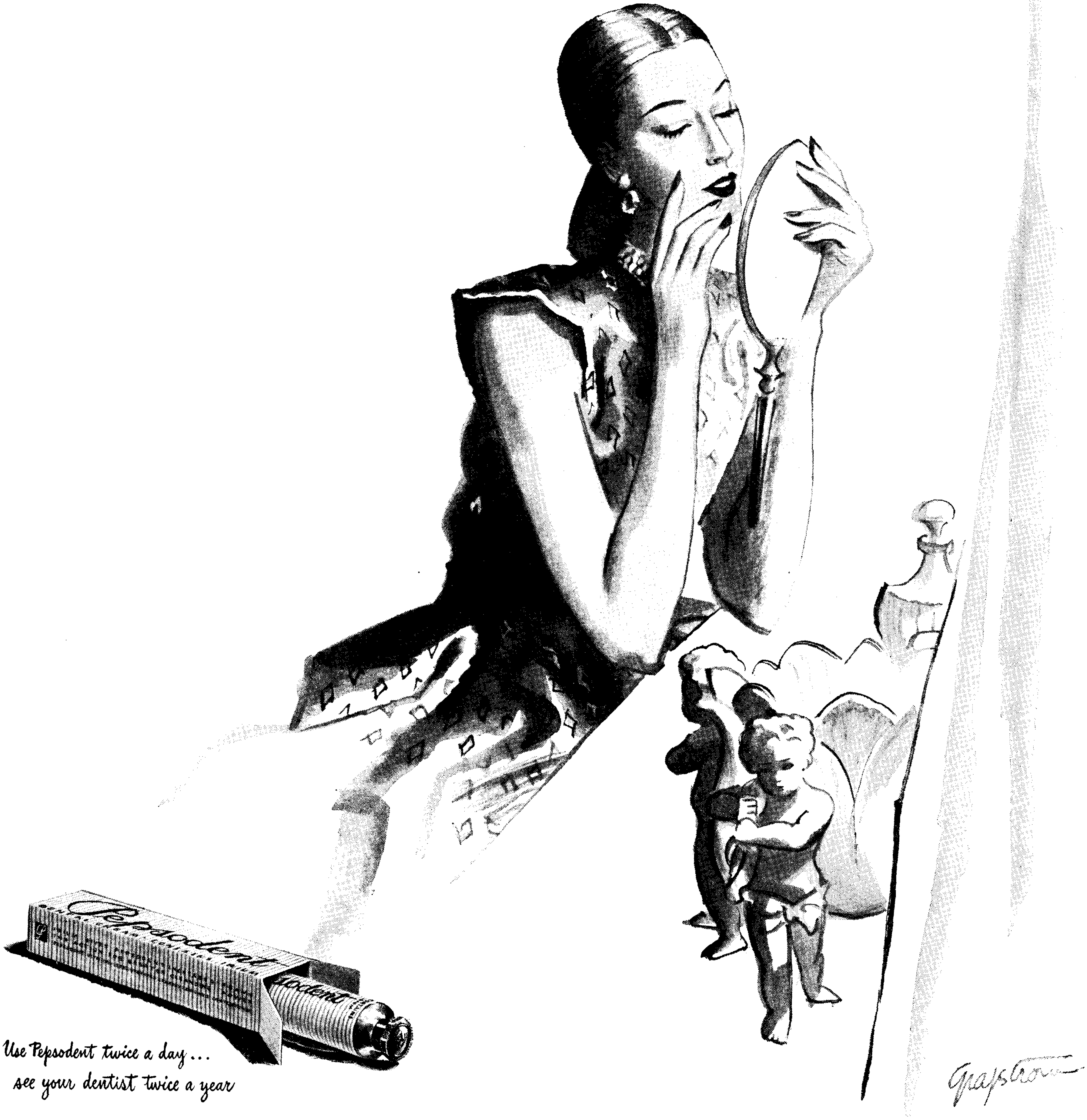
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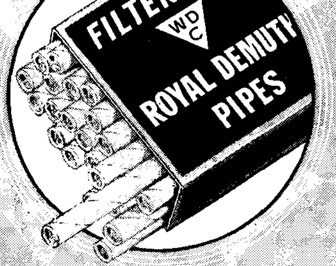

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# Cloak and Dagger

Continued from page 13

Health Institute, to the ill-concealed discomfort of the erstwhile residents, who had barely time to pack up their experimental monkeys and baby chicks and ants before they were tossed out into the street. During those first hectic days, Intelligence officers worked elbow to elbow with test tubes and crates of guinea pigs, and a secretary opening a filing cabinet was apt as not to come on a family of white mice nestling in the secret papers. It was at least six months before they got rid of the last of the ants, they said.

Secrecy was the watchword: not the tiptoeing cloak-and-dagger mumbo jumbo of spy fiction, but the cautious silence of discreet men who realized that a careless word might endanger lives and jeopardize the entire project. Individuals tapped for this hush-hush society did not mention the fact even to their families. Your husband or son, if he had joined, would have told you merely that he was being sent on some special Army work. Probably a brief training period in this country, then he'd be heading overseas. No, he wouldn't have an address for a while.

He would not even have a name. He would become a number. With a group of other numbers, all in the anonymity of Army uniforms, he would be driven in a car with curtains drawn to a secret area outside Washington. Under the skilled eyes of psychiatrists, he would be put through a grueling three-day screening. If he qualified mentally and emotionally for the task ahead, if he did not crack, he would be moved to another and even more closely guarded area: a super-secret training ground in subversive warfare that flourished for three years, unsuspected by the public, less than an hour's drive from the heart of the capital.

### Taught to Meet the Enemy

Here he would be taught to meet the enemy on the enemy's terms. He would park all idea of clean sportsmanship along with his name, and learn to fight barehanded, gutter style, with all the dirty tactics of gutter fighting: a knee in the groin, a savage slash with the side of the hand across an Adam's apple, a jab at the eyes with fingers stiffly hooked in a tiger's claw.

With a masked instructor at his elbow, he would move with drawn revolver through a cleverly designed Scare House that rivaled any Coney Island Chamber of Horrors in one-a-minute thrills. Boards would teeter realistically underfoot as he felt his way along a dark hall, footsteps would echo mysteriously ahead of him, a concealed phonograph would grind out the rumble of guttural German voices around a poker table, the clink of glasses and slap of cards. A turn of the corridor would reveal a suddenly lighted dummy dressed in the uniform of a Nazi Storm Trooper, confronting him. Whirl, fire. Careful, now, there's someone in the room just ahead. Reload, safety off, hammer cocked. Burst open the door, fire; fire again.

He would be taught other black arts: to blow a safe, to photograph secret documents in an office at night, to set a demolition charge or remove the fuse from a time bomb. This is the proper way to get abrasives into a truck's motor, for example. This lethal instrument, planted in an airplane, will explode automatically when the ship gains a certain altitude—a secret device that grounded much of the Luftwaffe at a critical moment during Rommel's advance on Egypt. These secret documents can be smuggled across an enemy border by an innocent-looking peasant leading a cow whose teats have been dilated and stuffed with rolls of microfilm. He would study counterfeiting enemy money or ration stamps in order to disrupt war economy. He would practice short-wave radio, code, sending spot weather reports. He would learn to be alert, resourceful, silent.

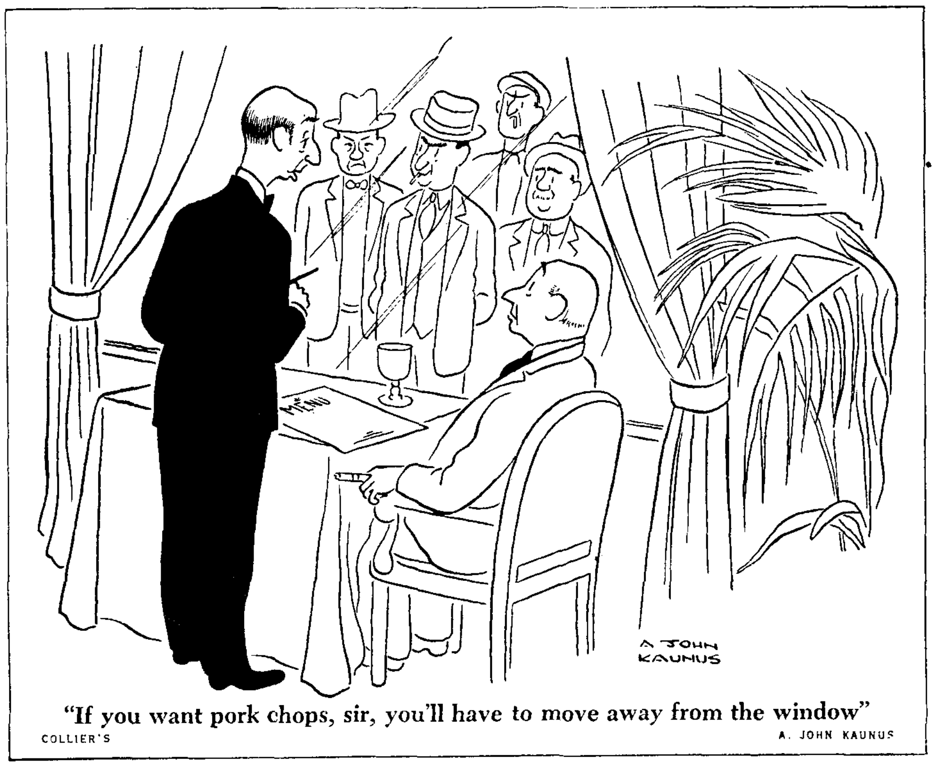
### Everything in Strict Secrecy

Perhaps he would return home for a brief visit before heading overseas. He would not tell you what he had been doing, of course. Just some routine training: Army stuff. He would be just as casual about where he was going next. He didn't know for sure. Hoped he might get to drop in on some interesting places. He'd send you a postcard.

So you thought of him safe and secure in a headquarters somewhere overseas; and at night, as you sat down to supper, you wondered whether you would get a letter from him tomorrow. And at that very moment, somewhere over the enemy country, he would be crouching beside the open door of a speeding airplane and staring down into the midnight darkness. His parachute would be securely fastened, his map and K-rations and compass and knife would be in place, he would pat the .45 in its holster at his belt.

His mouth would be dry, but the palms of his hands would be wringing wet. The enemy was down below him, waiting. Perhaps their radar had picked up the airplane. Perhaps their patrols were alerted; perhaps they had already surprised and overpowered the underground group with whom he was to make contact. The jump master would motion him to get ready. He could not make it, he knew. He would have to quit. And then he would hear the signal, and suddenly he would be over-ending into space, straightening with a stunning jolt, drifting earthward in the most terrible silence he had ever known: alone, irrevocably on his own. . . .

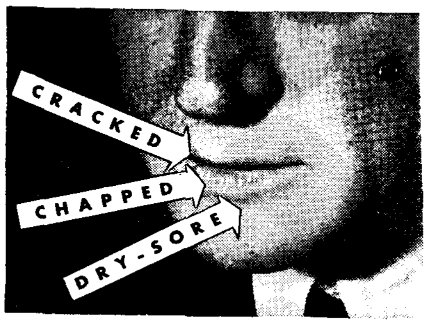
It was perilous work. A careless word, a single false move, would alert the ubiquitous enemy. He might be betrayed at any moment



"If you want pork chops, sir, you'll have to move away from the window"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

When your LIPS take a "WEATHER-BEATING!



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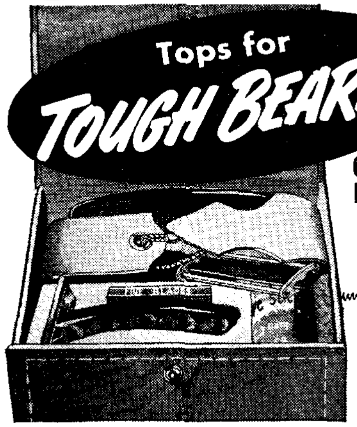

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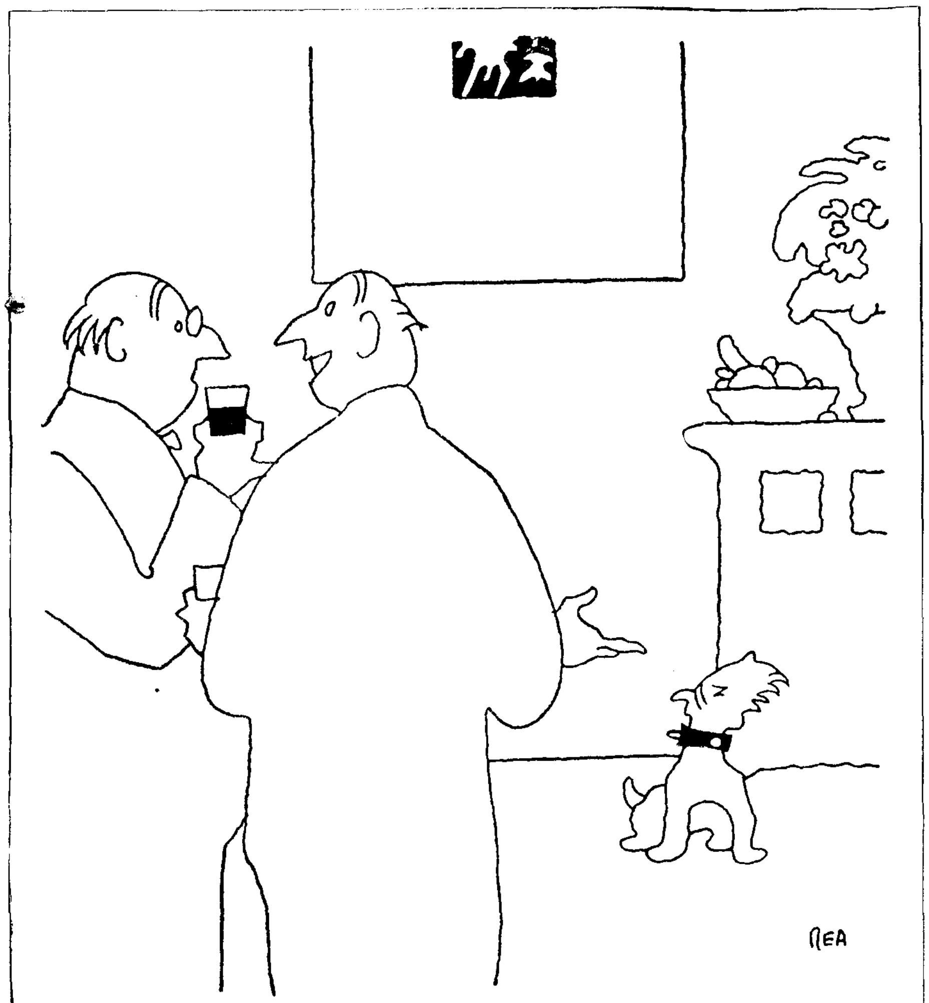

"Brightest damn' dog I ever owned! Knows every trick in the book, and won't do a single one"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

by quislings in the underground. Then he would learn that the price of enemy information comes high. There was Navy Lieutenant James Harvey Gaul, a brilliant young archeologist from Harvard, who parachuted into Czechoslovakia to work with the local forces of the interior in maintaining an underground railroad for evacuating downed American fliers. Ambushed behind the lines, young Gaul retreated with his team of Partisans through the enemy-infested mountains to a hideout near Polomka. It was hopeless: they were surrounded by two hundred troops, and after three hours of fighting were forced to yield. Gaul was dragged to the notorious Malthausen Concentration Camp near Linz, Austria. He was executed by a firing squad without revealing any word of his secret mission.

Or there were the fifteen soldiers from the 267th Special Reconnaissance Battalion of O.S.S.—mostly New York youngsters of Italian descent—who volunteered to dynamite the main tunnel of the coastal railroad running from Genoa to La Spezia. Two Navy PT boats, waiting offshore to pick them up after their mission, were surprised by German E-boats; one was sunk, the other driven off. Later attempts to rescue the stranded party of fifteen were unsuccessful, and weeks of air reconnaissance could discover no sign of them.

They were found a year later. A G.I. who had been in the searching party told us the final chapter of the story back in Washington. He was working at a switchboard in O.S.S. headquarters when we saw him: the heels of his combat boots still gray with Italian mud, were hooked on the lower rung of an operator's stool, and his big hand moved back and forth across the switchboard as he talked: "They'd all been dumped together in a slit trench after they were shot. They were still in uniform, only the shoes had been stolen off their feet. When we turned them over, the bones of their wrists were still tied with rope." His hand trembled a little as he plugged in a telephone cord. "We untied their wrists before we buried them. . . ."

In Europe, in the Balkans, in Burma and Indo-China the long fingers of the fast-growing agency were probing, groping their way deeper and deeper into occupied countries, reaching to the heart of underground resistance. In Yugoslavia, for example, an O.S.S. team established the first official military liaison with Marshal Tito and his Partisan army, directed Allied bombing of special targets in support of their operations, rescued over 800 American and British airmen who had been forced down in Tito's area. Another team penetrated Venice before its liberation, successfully prevented the planned German destruction of hydroelectric facilities and port installations, stole a complete chart of the mines planted in Venice harbor.

Half a year before Rome fell, several O.S.S. officers with the Fifth Army infiltrated the heart of the Italian capital. One agent lived for months in the house of a prominent Fascist, while 300 loyal Italians in his secret employ cased every road leading in and out of the city, keeping a twenty-four-hour watch on all troop and matériel movements heading south toward the threatened invasion post. When the trail got too hot, he joined the Italian secret police, doing Gestapo work by day and continuing his undercover activities at night.

### Securing German Plans

Another of the group actually subverted a liaison officer on Field Marshal Kesselring's staff and secured detailed defense plans of the German High Command, which were radioed to Fifth Army Headquarters at Anzio. During the beachhead crisis, their secret radio in Rome was on the air five times a day, sometimes for an hour at a time. Once a warning of a German counterattack at an unexpected point was flashed to Sixth Corps Army Intelligence, in the nick of time to move up reinforcements and save that section of the Anzio beach. The message was the last ever received. The radio operator was surprised at his set and shot through the back of the head by the Gestapo.

Biggest blind spot in our international intelligence in the early days of the war was Japanese-held South Asia. Not a word had come out of this inscrutable country after the Japs' swift conquest. Allied airmen forced down in its jungles disappeared without a trace. Military information, knowledge of enemy strength and fortifications, advance weather data were desperately needed by our Air Forces. Somehow the mysterious heart

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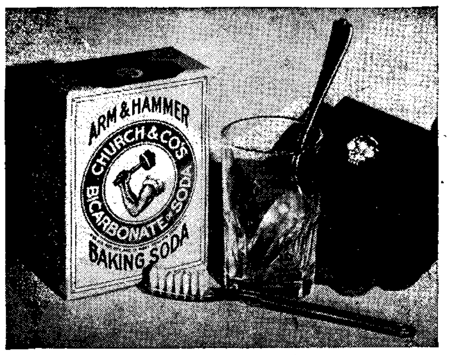
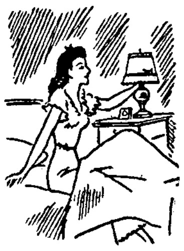


OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA



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of Thailand must be penetrated, the patriotic Free Thai underground contacted and organized. Bangkok, the capital of the Asian kingdom, was the logical key to this double-locked door.

Selected for this storybook mission was a group of twenty-one Thai students, winners of competitive Thailand scholarships who were taking postgraduate courses in the United States. They were the most brilliant young men of their country, M.A.s and Ph. D.s enrolled at Harvard, M.I.T., Ann Arbor, Stanford. Slipping surreptitiously from their classrooms, they were taken to the closely guarded O.S.S. schools near Washington and trained for their secret assignment. Early in 1943, they were whisked in closed cars to the airport, flown direct to China.

There General Claire Chennault of the Fourteenth Air Force, craving word of some of his own A.V.G. fliers who had vanished in the Thai hinterland, co-operated to the full. A special airfield was constructed for them in southern Yünnan; and Lieutenant Colonel Nicol Smith of O.S.S., nationally known lecturer and author of the best seller Burma Road, led the group to this final jump-off point, ready for one of the war's greatest adventures.

Barefooted, dressed in tattered clothes to resemble Oriental cooks and peddlers, the party set out through the unexplored Yünnan jungles, their precious STR-1 radios hidden at the bottom of hampers packed with bright-colored cloth, combs, pins, mirrors and trinkets to trade with the headhunters. They went down the wild Mekong River a couple of hundred miles, left their canoes and started on foot across some of the fiercest headhunter country in the world, fighting their way step by step through the thunderstorms and flash floods of the tropical monsoon.

That monsoon was their best ally. The Japs never dreamed that anyone would infiltrate through headhunter country, particularly at that dreaded season of the year. Leading their mules, they walked for 400 punishing miles. Their guide was a Chinese priest, whose family had been Catholics since the 17th century. He was amateur boxing champion of China, spoke nine languages, had been educated in Switzerland and Russia and was political adviser to the 93d Chinese Division. At night, the ragged and nondescript group would halt to rest, and the steaming jungle camp would be the scene of as cosmopolitan a conversation as ever was heard in a seminar at Harvard. Oblivious to the weird noises of the tropic night, or the mitten-footed Jap patrols near by, they would discuss grave questions of philosophy or world events, or play a quiet game of contract bridge beside the trail with headhunters for kibitzers.

The journey was expected to take two weeks; it lasted 87 days. The party lived off the land, fighting disease and starvation. Several nearly died of amoebic dysentery. Two were captured and killed by the Japs. Only four out of the original twenty-one reached the capital of their native country. Two years later, when Lieutenant Colonel Smith rejoined them at the secret O.S.S. hide-out in Bangkok, one of the Thai agents proudly revealed that he was still using the original STR-1 radio he had lugged in a hamper all the way from China.

### The Headquarters in Bangkok

O.S.S. headquarters were in an innocent-looking building in the center of Bangkok's residential area, surrounded by a high iron fence; for two years it was undetected by the thousands of Jap troops occupying the capital. American officers reached the hideout by devious means. From Rangoon a C-47 would fly to a secret O.S.S. field, where the agent would transfer to a four-passenger Fairchild of the Thai Airways, marked with a white elephant. Just at dusk, the Thai plane would land at Don Muang, scoot past the parked Jap planes and the hundreds of soldiers guarding the runway and wheel into the single Thai hangar on the west side of the field.

The hangar doors would close, the sweating passenger would crouch low and scurry to a waiting car that sped him through the safe darkness. Once in O.S.S. headquarters, the American officer never ventured out of his room, eating and working and sleeping in the same tiny cubicle, starting at every footfall in the corridor outside his door. One American major spent three months in a room ten feet square, collapsed at last in a complete mental breakdown.

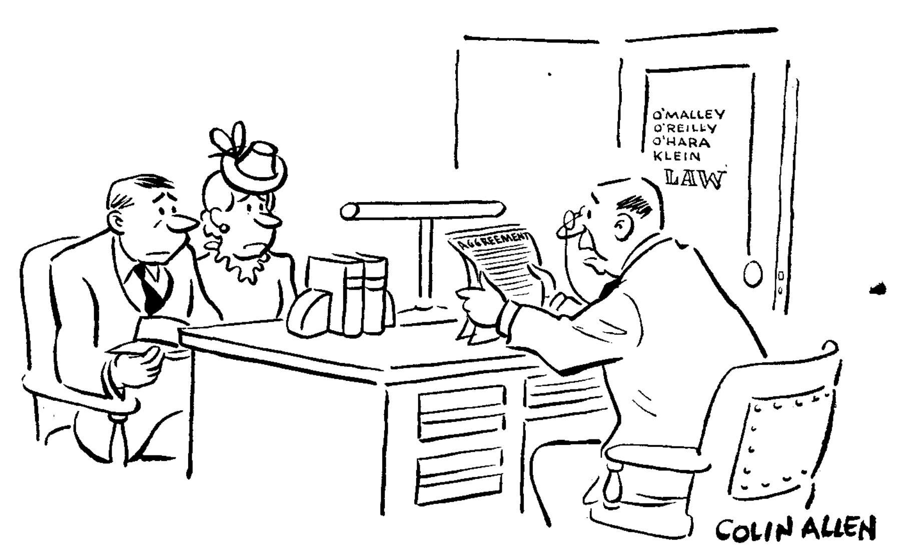
Swiftly the underground resistance increased, guerrilla camps began to dot the wild back country, much-needed weather reports reached the 10th and 14th Air Forces in ever-increasing numbers. Tiny radios flashed locations of targets for pinpoint bombings, intelligence on Jap troop movements across Thailand to Burma, information about enemy divisions with names and strength of units.

### Rescuing War Prisoners

For the first time, rescue of captured fliers was possible. One of Chennault's best AVG pilots, Lieutenant William McGarry, had crashed somewhere on the Burma-Thai frontier in midsummer of 1942. "From the way his plane landed in the trees, we are sure it did not burn," General Chennault told Colonel Smith in Kunming, "and I have a hunch that Mac is still alive. Ask your underground to find him." Smith flashed the signal from Kunming to all O.S.S. field-units in Thailand. The tireless agents infiltrated every Jap internment camp, located McGarry in a jungle stockade, bribed the Jap guards to look the other way while they spirited the dazed and emaciated flier to O.S.S. headquarters in Bangkok. A Catalina landed at a rendezvous point off south Thailand. McGarry was returned safely to Chennault.

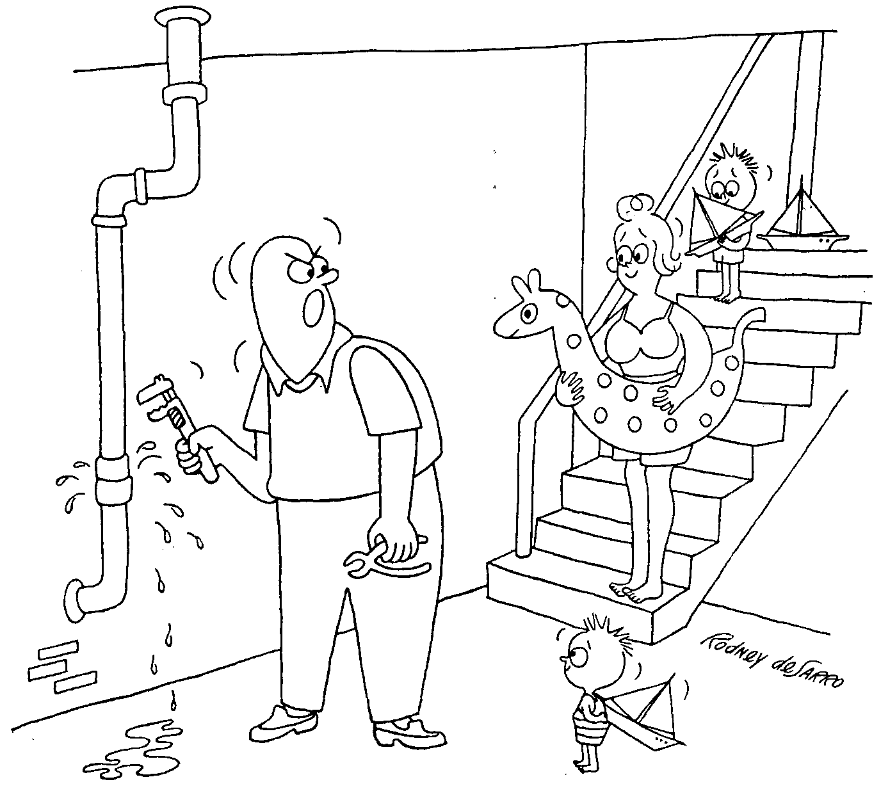
The climax of their rescue activities came in late summer of this year, when O.S.S. discovered that 300 members of the ill-fated cruiser Houston were alive in a Jap concentration camp in Thailand. The U.S.S. Houston had disappeared mysteriously in the Java Sea battle back in March of 1942. No word of the ship or its complement had ever been received, and the Navy Department had given up hope of any survivors. Now, after three years, native O.S.S. agents found two gaunt and bearded U.S. sailors wandering in a Thailand jungle. They were brought to Major Robert Bartlett of Los Angeles, chief of the outpost camp, where they told their nightmarish story, and revealed the incredible news that over three hundred of their shipmates were still alive, despite torture and disease and starvation. The result of this startling bit of information was that medical supplies, doctors, nurses and cooks were parachuted in immediately following the Japs' capitulation, and no time was wasted in leading these 300 Americans back from the land of the dead.

*(To be continued next week)*



"Now, what this means in simple ordinary everyday terms is that the party of the second part for themselves, their heirs and assigns, covenants and agrees to and with the party of the first part, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns that they . . . Do you follow me?"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN



COLLIER'S "All right, all right! That was last time!" RODNEY DE SARRO

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## but how about *your* car?

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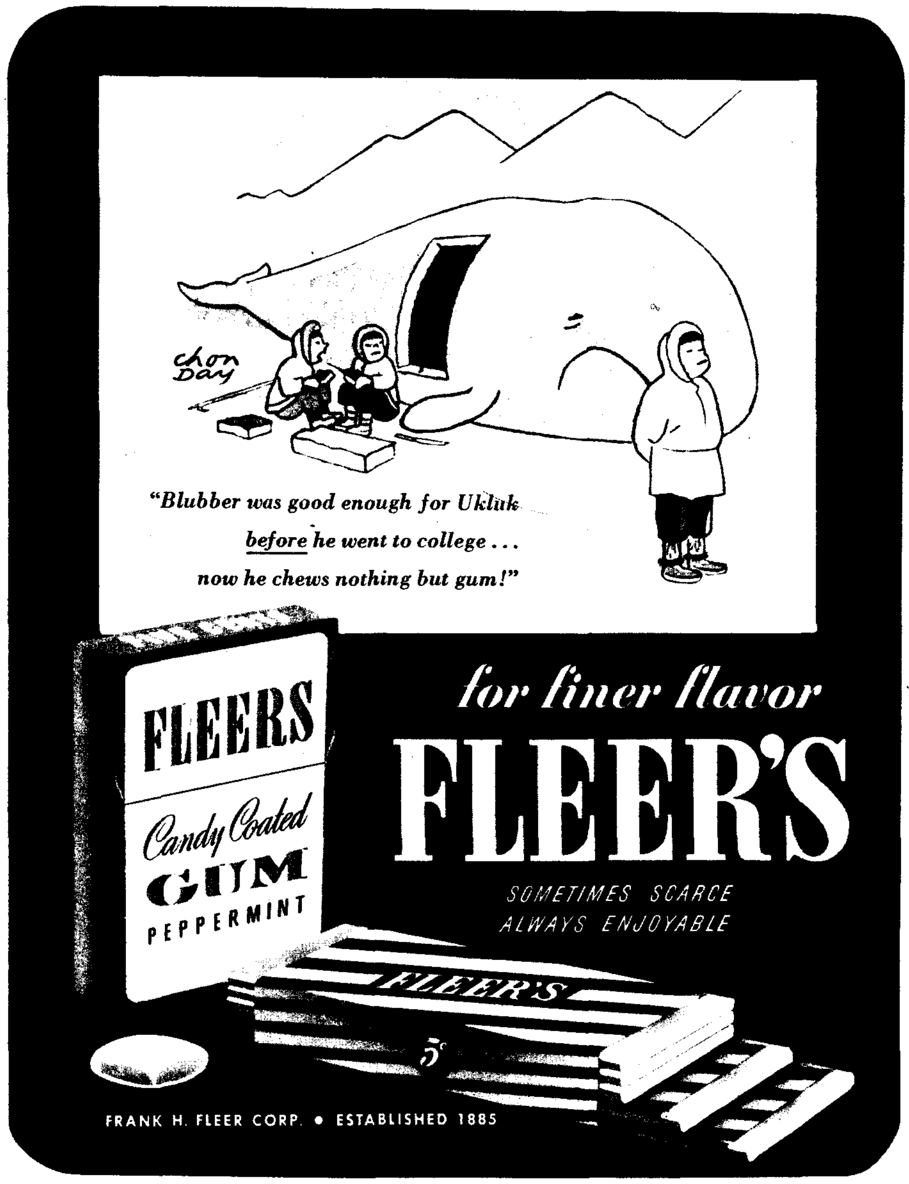

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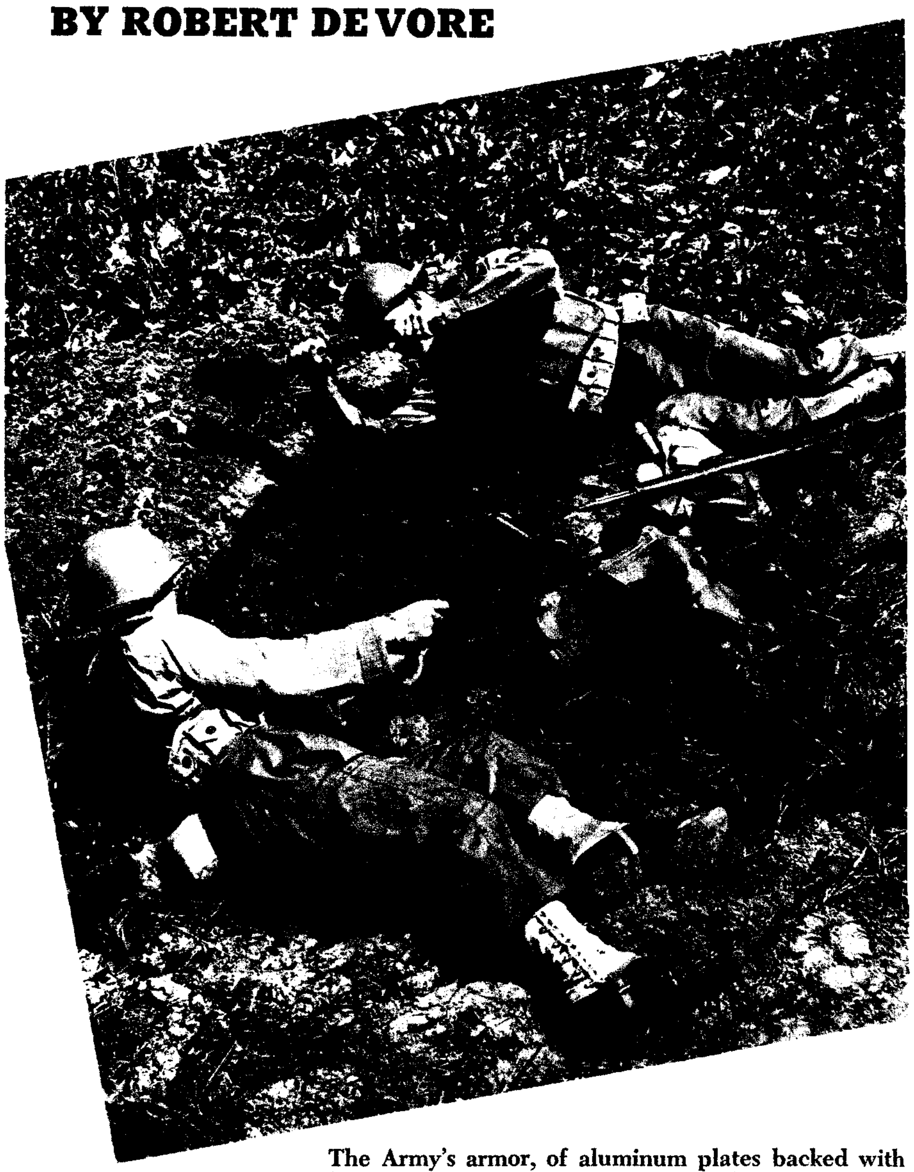
# ARMORED IN GLASS

## BY ROBERT DE VORE



**The Army's armor, of aluminum plates backed with lon, is so flexible men can dig foxholes while wearin**

**Lt. Comdr. A. P. Webster fires a .45 at Lt. Comdr. E Corey to test the Navy's armor. Corey caught the bu**

### Body armor, made from nylon and other materials you wouldn't expect could be used, saved the lives of many American soldiers and fliers

IN a shack near the Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Maryland, Lieutenant Commander Andrew Paul Webster fired a .45 caliber automatic pistol at his friend. The friend caught the bullet in his hand with serious damage to the bullet. Some months earlier, a 20-millimeter shell exploded 18 inches from the lap of a bombardier in a Flying Fortress over Germany. He was wounded slightly.

Lieutenant Commander Edward Lyman Corey, the Naval officer who caught the bullet, was not the beneficiary of a miracle. Neither was First Lieutenant Jack Charles Fisher, Jr., of Fresno, California, the bombardier, who is now a major and still in the Army Air Forces. They escaped serious injury because Corey's hand and Fisher's lap were armored. Yet these two events, unmiraculous but dramatic, were significant since they initiated an otherwise unaccountable flowering of the art of making body armor, an art—old as warfare itself—that nearly died in the middle of the seventeenth century.

In the search for modern body armor, many strange things happened. Among them the discovery that materials most pe would never have thought of using as ar can render relatively harmless some of vicious stuff men use for killing. One of materials is nylon. Plastics also are use armor making. So are glass cloth and, exp mentally, magnesium and new aluminum loys.

Many twentieth-century suits of armo basic design, are reproductions of a sleeve dress made by an English armorer for Richard Fitzhugh, constable of Chester, years ago. Constable Fitzhugh's suit was very highly regarded in his day as it offe an opponent too many sword openings. the first modern versions of it saved the l of Jack Fisher and hundreds of men who with the Eighth and Ninth Air Forces. T were flak suits, first worn by Army bom crews and later by Navy fliers and the Bri The Army improved the fliers' armor from it, evolved the new doughboys' ar while the Navy used an all-nylon armor fliers and another armoring material kn as Doron for shipboard personnel.

Doron is a glass-plastic-laminate mate that looks like white wallboard and is of sheets of glass cloth laid down with la of plastic and bonded under pressure.

Lieutenant Commander Corey had Do taped to his hand the day he caught a caliber bullet fired by Lieutenant Comma Webster at Bethesda.

Doron is used as an armoring mate only in the Navy. Both services use ny

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN—PIX

share a high regard for it. Some of the rts for months have been in dispute, however the way nylon should be used and the effectiveness of Doron. In the Navy, materials are employed without the adnal protection of metal.

ıe services are fully agreed armor must or slow down not bullets, but fragments ell, bomb, mortar and grenade—if any iderable reduction in casualties is to be ɜved. Studies of battle wounds show that 65 per cent of all deaths and injuries— studies run as high as 90 per cent—are ed by fragments. And more than one of them strike in the vital areas of head, t and abdomen.

ccept in those places where the greatest ible flexibility is imperative, the Army nylon in body armor to backstop plates luminum alloys.

ıe initial impacts of fragments are taken he aluminum where, if not stopped, they broken, blunted and slowed down, and be snagged in the nylon behind the s.

any fragments are small, sliverlike and le-pointed. Frequently they travel point-

Army Ordnance is convinced that it ins more efficient protection against this of fragment for a given weight of alumı-nylon armor than it would for a simweight of all-nylon armor.

the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, on the r hand, it is maintained that all-nylon or not only is as good as aluminumn but also lighter.

Each service tests armor differently. The Navy causes exploding shells to hurl fragments against armor samples at greater than combat velocities—sometimes more than 3,000 feet a second—and thus it feels that its tests are, if anything, too severe. But Army Ordnance experts point out that their methods test 87 per cent of the fragments a shell produces when it explodes, whereas the effect of only six per cent of the fragments is examined by the Navy's technique. Furthermore, say Army experts, the fragments produced by the Navy's method are relatively large and chunky and not representative of the majority of fragments—the small sliverlike ones—that do the killing and wounding in war.

Recently, the Navy began experiments to measure the killing power of penetrating fragments. But, as this was written, it was still accepting nylon and Doron from manufacturers on the basis of penetration tests. Nylon was accepted if no more than six holes could be counted in a piece of test armor, Doron if no more than 35.

Always modern armorers have striven for lightness. Always they have been successfully confronted by the primary necessity of mobility of the warrior. Not until the airplane became a major weapon did they have a chance to get the generals to agree to put armor on more than the head of the twentieth-century fighting man.

A flying soldier generally fights from one position. So the weight of the first flak suits mattered only a little. At the beginning,

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• Back in 1942 all of our production of Schick Blades went to our fighting men. Hundreds of thousands of civilians had no choice but to lay aside their Schick Injector Razors and use some other type of razor on the market. That condition lasted *for almost a year!*

THE TEST

Then Schick Blades became available again in 1943, and the Schick Injector Razor was put to a crucial test—a test probably unequalled in all razor history. Would the hundreds of thousands who had been forced to use other razors now keep on with these razors? Or—now that Schick Blades were again plentiful—would they return to the Schick Injector Razor?

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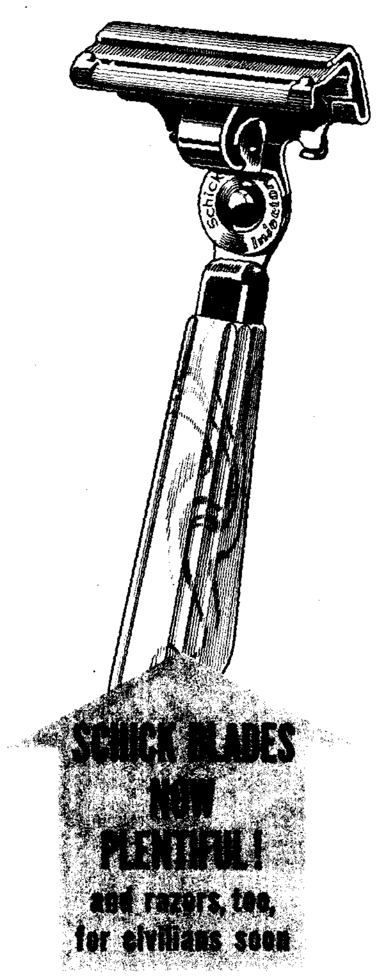
SCHICK BLADES
NOW AVAILABLE BUT—

All the Schick Injector Razors we can produce are still going to the armed forces. We expect to resume civilian production shortly—so in a few months your store will have one for you. Then we hope you, too, will try the razor that passed the supreme test of razor loyalty.



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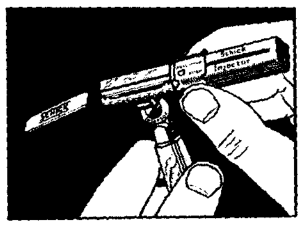

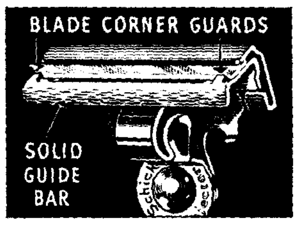

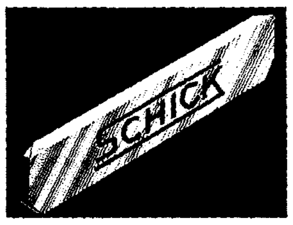

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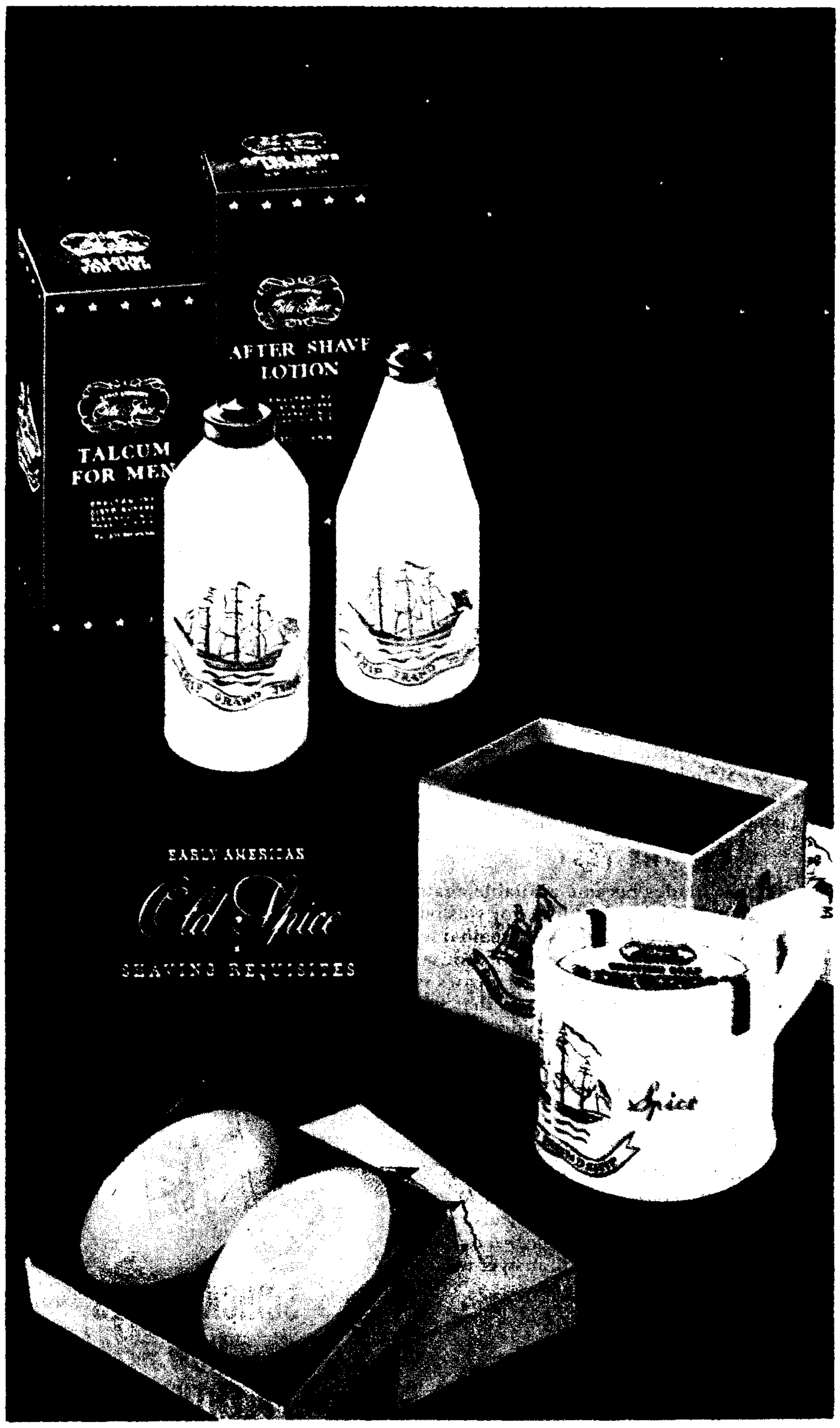

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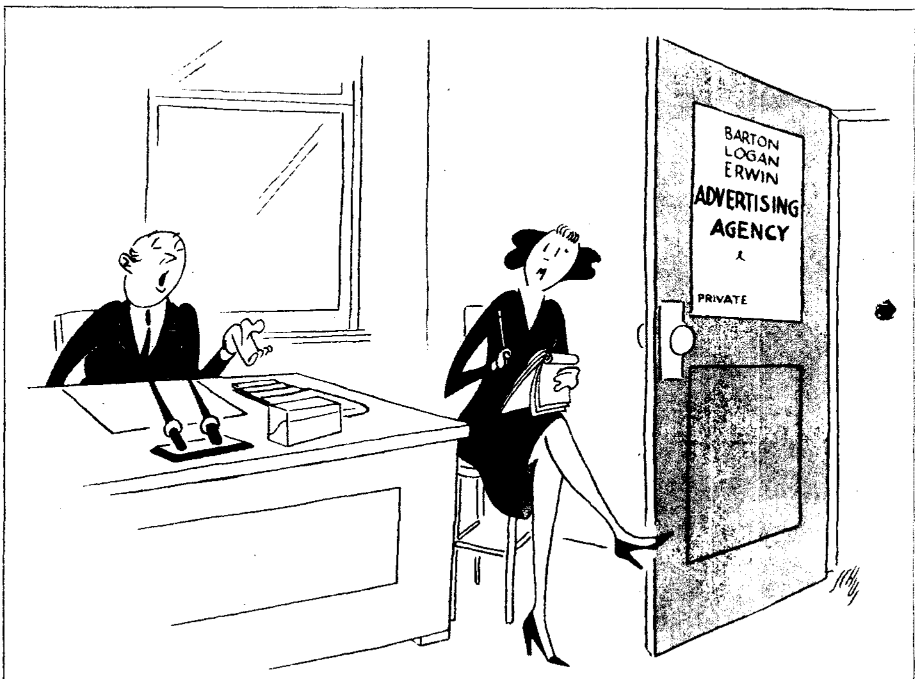


COLLIER'S "Now, read it to me backward!" ADOLPH SCHUS

however, the fliers refused to wear them.

A full suit of the new armor weighed about 27 pounds. It covered a man's back, chest and abdomen and had an apron to protect his lap and groin. It was made so that by yanking a single strap a man could free himself of its burden in a fraction of a second, a feature of major importance to a flier about to take to his parachute. The suit was built of two-inch-square plates of Hadfield manganese steel sewn into pockets which, in turn, were stitched onto a backing of linen fabric. It was faced with khaki duck.

The latest fliers' armor is made of overlapping plates of aluminum, backed by nylon fabric. It shields the neck and collarbone, in addition to parts covered by the steel suit. Meantime, the problem of making helmets small enough for movement in the restricted quarters of a bomber—one design was 5/32ds of an inch too large—was solved by an armored adaptation of the football headgear. Eye armor also was designed with horizontal and vertical slits for vision.

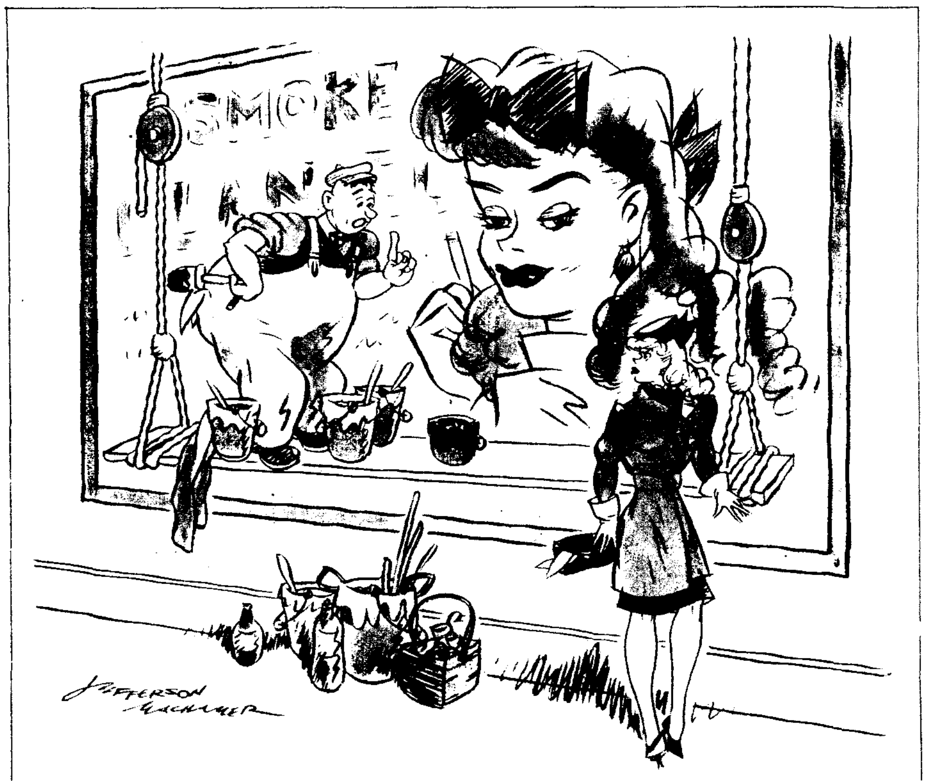
From the front, the armor that was made for the doughboy looks like a baseball catcher's protector. It covers his chest, abdomen and back with aluminum plates—better than the metal in the fliers' armor—which also are backed by nylon cloth. The groin is protected with an all-nylon apron. No metal is used in the apron to gain maximum flexibility. Since the Army lacked the Navy's confidence in nylon, used alone, half again as many layers of cloth were employed as the Navy has in its fliers' armor.

Ground forces armor now comes in two weights—12 and 9½ pounds. It is believed that the suits will not be too heavy for special assault troops, engineers engaged in mine-clearing operations, snipers, tank men, drivers of bulldozers and other soldiers whose battle jobs do not call for the highest degree of mobility. If the armor should prove to be too heavy to be worn by the fastest-moving infantrymen during a sustained advance, it could be brought up to them when they are pinned down by enemy machine guns.

Navy fliers' armor is made of 32 quilted layers of basket-weave nylon cloth of an extra-heavy yarn. Like Army fliers' armor, it comes in three pieces—back, front and apron—and a man can make it fall from his body almost instantly. The suit weighs five pounds less and gives more protection in the region of the collarbone and under the arms than the steel armor which Navy airmen had been wearing.

Doron is used as an armoring material in kapok life jackets worn by sailors in landing craft, P-T boats, rocket ships and other amphibious vessels. Before the war ended the Marines had tested Doron-armored battle jackets. In each case, large panels of Doron were inserted into pockets in the jackets to give a man some protection from shoulder to waist.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Pardon, lady—are my lips straight?" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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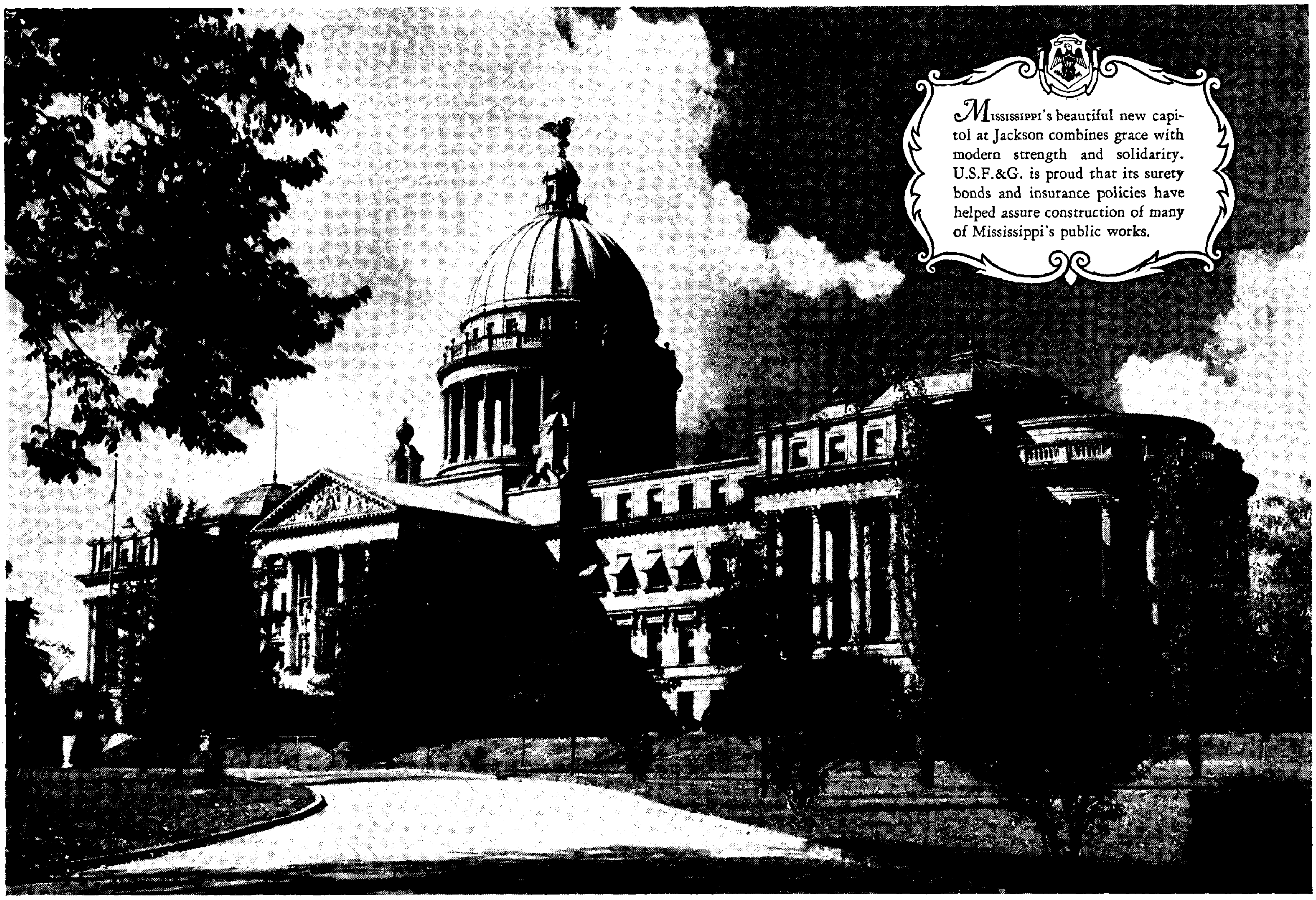

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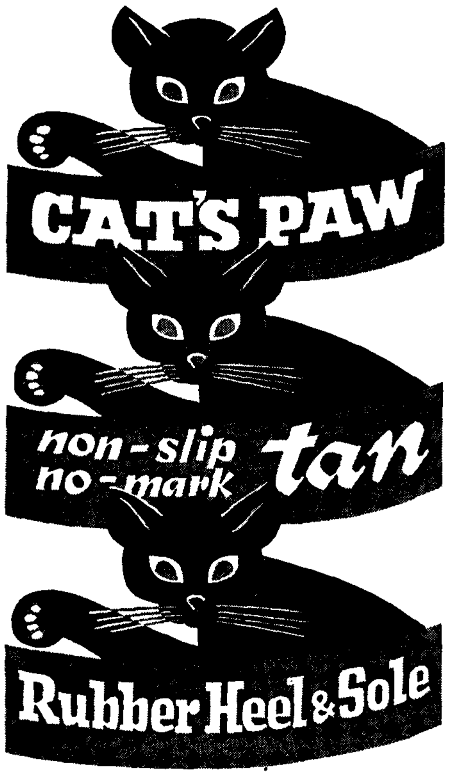
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## Test-Tube Detective

Continued from page 75

The medical examiner had found no cause for death. All organs appeared to be normal. Doctor Gettler isolated two drops of gasoline and benzine in the brain and lungs of each man. There were traces of lead in the lungs. In the stomachs, he found nothing. That meant that the men had not swallowed ethyl gasoline. They had breathed it. Little by little, he worked backward to a solution. The young men were arsonists. They had been paid twenty-five dollars apiece to set fire to the building in which they were found. They had poured the gasoline and benzine onto the rubbish. The professor reasons that they were ready to strike the match when they saw people on the sidewalk in front of the cellar door. So they decided to wait. And the fumes killed them.

Gettler has no particular pride in any one of the cases he has solved. But his young associates pick out the murder of Louise Almodovar as one of his great achievements. Louise was young and married to a 21-year-old Puerto Rican who tired of her and who liked to dance with other girls. His first name was Anibal, and he was shocked when the police told him that Louise's body had been found in a ravine in Central Park—and that there was some evidence that it might have been a rape murder. They questioned him routinely, and he laughed at their suspicions and said that he hadn't been in Central Park in three years but had been out dancing in a local ballroom the night Louise had been done in. The cops took a statement from him to that effect and he signed it. Then the police tried to crack his alibi. They got nowhere. The young man insisted that he had not killed his wife.

The professor visited the scene in Central Park. There was an excavation, and a lot of dead weeds. The earth was pocked with footprints. He stepped carefully down to where the body was found, and picked up a pinch of earth and a fistful of weeds. The earth was placed in a handkerchief. The weeds were stuffed into his pockets. Then he picked up some grass. He went back to his laboratory.

Anibal had pawned a green suit the day after the murder. Gettler asked for it. He pulled down the cuffs, removed some lint, found a few grains of what appeared to be earth, and a few dried stems. He put his own specimens under a spectrograph, a machine that registers the intensity of the ninety-two chemical elements and registers this intensity by color bands. He did the same with what came out of Anibal's cuffs. They matched perfectly.

"These specimens were botanical," he says. "I am not a botanist. So I phoned the D.A.'s office and told him that I needed a botanist. He called a professor from City College, and I gave him both sets of specimens and told him nothing about their relationship to the case and asked him to find out if they matched perfectly and, if they did, to tell me what year the weeds grew.

"His report was that they matched and that the weeds in both specimens had grown this year. I then asked him to walk around Central Park and to pick up similar specimens of weeds and earth and grass, and to try to match them up with the first two sets. He tried, but when weed specimens matched up, the earth and grass didn't, and when he found earth that matched, the weeds were out of line. Then I took him to the ravine where the homicide took place and I asked him to take earth and weed and grass specimens. He did. And they matched."

That testimony put Anibal Almodovar in the electric chair on September 16, 1943.

Gettler has testified many hundred times in court. He has a fine knowledge of what constitutes relevant testimony, and his witness-stand statements have never been successfully challenged.

"I always worry about my tests," he says crisply. "I know a man may be electrocuted or freed, depending upon the results of my tests. That is why every test is done in duplicate. On reactions which can be termed suspicious, we do three or four tests—each one in duplicate."

He likes baseball and the voice of John Charles Thomas. He reads a lot, but what he reads is mostly chemistry. He is in favor of capital punishment. He has a great admiration for people who came up the hard way.

### Chemistry His Favorite Subject

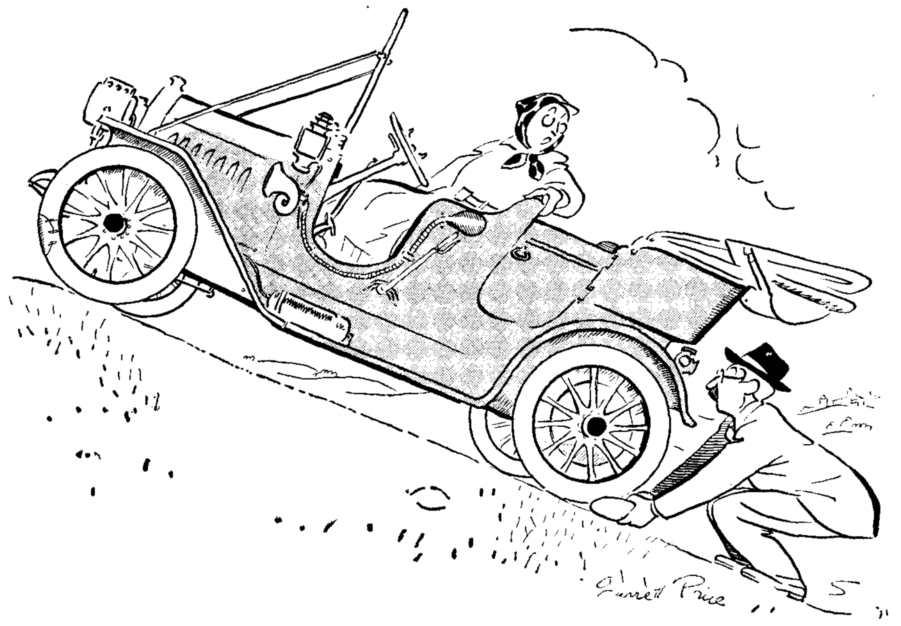
Gettler grew up around Ninth Street and Avenue D. That makes him an East Side boy. "My parents wouldn't let me run around," he says with grim pride. He later attended City College. "I thought I was going to teach, but when I finished City, I found that teaching in the public schools is too dull. I decided to take more chemistry. I seemed to like it more than the others."

To take a postgraduate course at Columbia University, he sold ferry tickets in an East River slip from midnight until 8 A.M. He got his master's degree in 1910 and his Ph.D. in 1912. A teacher of his, Professor Sherman, told him that there was a job open for a good chemist in Bellevue Hospital, teaching medical students. Gettler took it. Later, when the coroner system was thrown out of New York, Doctor Charles G. Norris, the late, great spade-bearded master of murders, became the first chief medical examiner.

Norris needed a toxicologist and picked Gettler. The old Board of Estimate decided that it could save money by having one man do toxicology and all the hospital chemistry for Bellevue. The professor took the job in 1918 and has been there, mixing potions and unscrambling homicides, ever since.

Since 1918, Doctor Gettler has become world-renowned. In that time, the City of New York has raised his salary four dollars a week.

THE END



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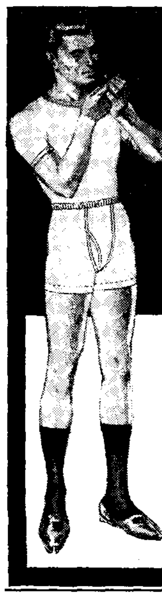
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DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS 25

# The Week's Work

IN HIS years of newspapering, before he joined Collier's staff, Jim Bishop used to cover murder stories. He got to know the scientist whose amazing skill solves many of New York's mysteries. He tells you about this man, Alexander O. Gettler, New York City toxicologist, in an article that has something of the fascination of a good murder tale—Test-Tube Detective, p. 75.

Bishop comes of a family of Irish policemen. His grandfather was a patrolman, and his father was a lieutenant on the force. He would have been a policeman, too, he says, if he'd been a little taller. And if he hadn't been so interested in writing. He got a job as a copy boy on the Daily News. Then pretty soon they let Jim do obituaries and the weather, and his city editor, the late Frank Carson, made him rewrite some piddling little item nine times, which was good for him, and Columnist Mark Hellinger encouraged him, and told him how terrible his copy was, and eventually it wasn't so terrible. He shifted to reporting on The Mirror, where he stayed for 13 years. Thence to Collier's, where his particular concern has been the editing of war articles.

But Jim is an industrious fellow, so he kept on writing in his spare time—of which he hasn't too much by the time he finishes his nightly roughhousing with his two children, Virginia Lee, eight, and Gayle Peggy, two. The result is a book, The Glass Crutch, which Doubleday, Doran & Co. is bringing out in November. It is the biography of an alcoholic, from his pampered infancy as the son of a Philadelphia Main Line family, through tortured years of drinking up to his cure, and his new life as a psychotherapist who cured others.

PETE MARTIN

Hector Chevigny

WHEN Collier's bought and published the article Brother Leatherneck, by Hector Chevigny (issue of Sept. 8, 1945), we didn't know what we know now: that the sale of that article represented one more step in the rebuilding of a career that had been shattered.

All our dealings with the author were through the mails, and it was by chance that one of our staff members later met Chevigny and discovered that he was blind.

Chevigny, a Montanan who began his writing career as editor of the Spokane (Wash.) County News, had been successful as a writer of movie scripts, magazine fiction and books.

Chevigny was heading toward large-scale success when suddenly in November, 1943, he lost his sight. Three months of treatment and several operations proved futile, so he set about the study of braille and touch typing, and acquired his remarkable Seeing Eye dog Wizard.

Through all this his wife and daughter stayed by him. When he so much as moved from one room to another in his New York apartment, one of them was there, hand at his elbow. Still, somehow, he couldn't get started writing again.

Chevigny decided he would never be fully independent until he could manage all the details of living by himself. So he persuaded his family to go to the country and leave him in New York quite to himself. Then, all alone, he learned his way about his house. He cooked his own meals and discovered to his surprise that food cooked in total darkness can turn out to be good.

At last he was able to work again. Within the past year, he has resumed his former working pace, dictating to his secretary, Beatrice Dal Negro. The major part of his work has been dramatic radio scripts, including a series for the Treasury Salute War Bond programs.

His Collier's article, about the young novice who left the monastery to become one of the heroes of the Marines, was an outgrowth of his War Bond work.

WE'VE just heard from the author of The Emperor Said No (see page 20). Captain Merillat says: "On August 22, 1945, the garrison of the island referred to in my story surrendered to Negro troops of the 24th Infantry regiment. At last their commanding officer had received the 'word from the emperor or his representative' without which surrender was not possible according to his lights.. With the end of the war and surrender of Japanese forces throughout the Pacific and Asia, it can be revealed that the island was Aka Shima, one of the Kerama group lying off Okinawa. The officer commanding the garrison, a special suicide boat unit, called in the story by the name 'Watanabe,' was Major Noda, a young officer with a long black mustache. The American naval lieutenant, called 'Tucker,' is Newton Steward, whose parents have been missionaries in China. His father was in the hands of the Japanese at the end of the war.' . . .

A. P.

Jim Bishop

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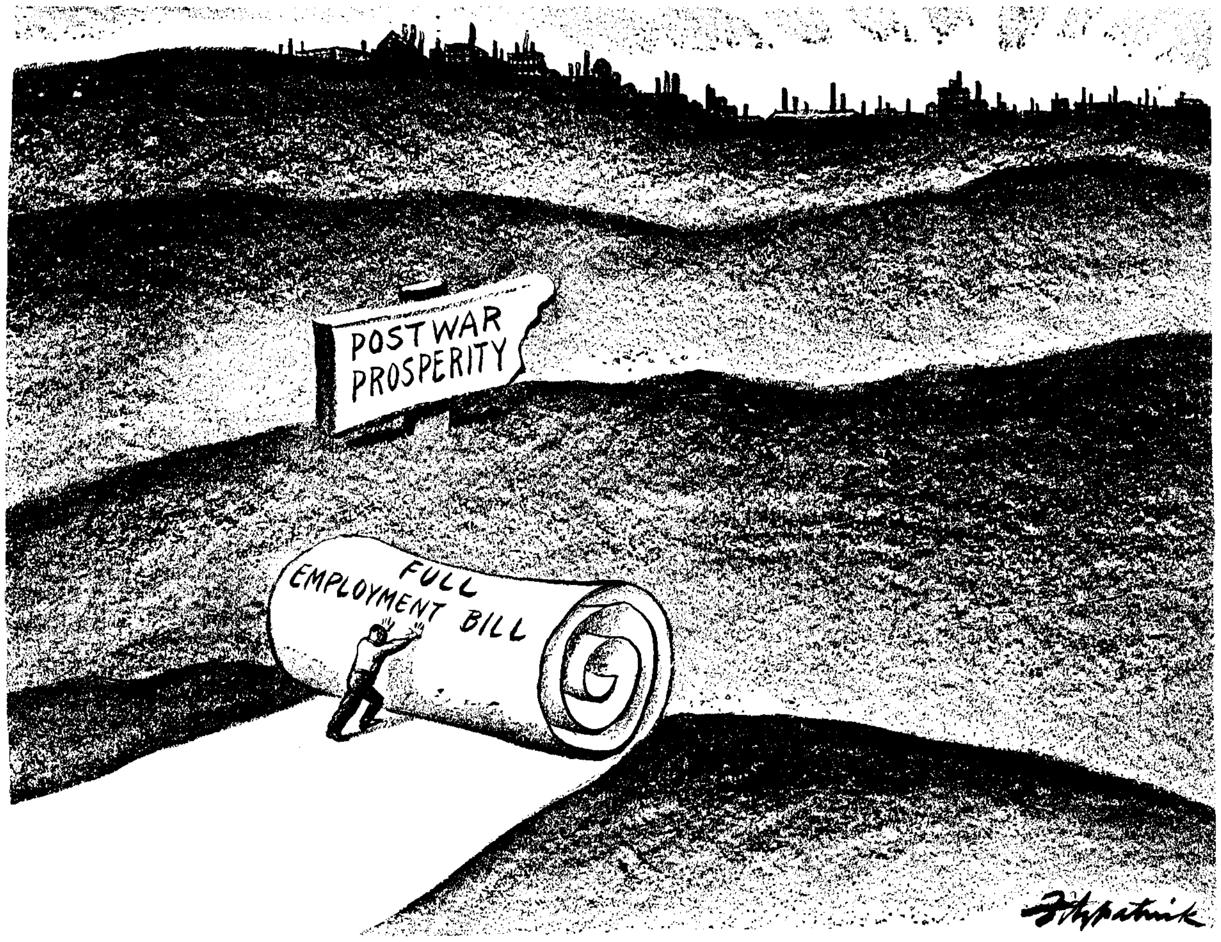
# THE FULL EMPLOYMENT BILL



SO MUCH heat has been generated in discussions of the Full Employment Bill, and so much more heat promises to be forthcoming, that we thought it might be a good idea to try to throw some light here on just what the Full Employment Bill is.

It is a short, concise document which starts off with a preamble to the effect that every American has a right to a good job. Then it goes into a number of generalized instructions to Congress and the President as to how the government is to try to keep our economic climate favorable at all times to the employment of as many Americans as want to work.

The preamble about Americans' right to jobs is what has fanned up most of the heat, because this broad statement leads many an honest thinker to suspect that this bill masks a plot to make the United States totalitarian—meaning Communist or Fascist.

As we see it, it would be a good idea to toss that statement out of the bill before it goes to a vote in Congress. The Declaration of Independence says we all have a "right" to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The government, however, can give us none of those things. It can only see to it that we all have an even chance to attain what we most want, by our own efforts. Neither can the government see to it that we all have good jobs, at all times, and continue to be a democratic government.

With the rest of the Full Employment Bill, though, it is hard to see how a valid quarrel can be picked.

If it should become law, it would require the federal government to estimate at the beginning of each year the prospects for employment in the United States during that year. All available information on that question would be taken into account, weighed and synthesized in making this estimate. When the estimate showed that there probably would not be enough jobs to go around, the government would be required to take action of various kinds to stimulate employment. The President would recommend the steps to be taken, and Congress would have to give its consent before they could be taken.

Tariffs could be lowered or raised, for one thing. For another, corporation taxes could be reduced, to encourage business to hire more people in the ensuing year. Wages and farm prices could be manipulated with a view to stimulating creation of more jobs.

As a last resort, public works projects could be stepped up—and this bill rules out boondoggling, and calls for useful and wealth-creating public works only, such as highway and bridge construction.

There is no guaranty that this or any other scheme will operate to keep at work all Americans who want to work, at decent pay and mainly for private enterprise instead of for the government. But this bill does offer a mechanism whereby the government can work toward that objective by all the means legitimately within the province of a democratic government.

It seems highly unlikely that our democratic system can survive another such depression as the one that began with the great crash of 1929. Harried by another of those things, we might easily jump from the democratic-depression frying pan into the totalitarian fire.

Let's give the Full Employment Bill a try, with any amendments Congress deems advisable. It can always be repealed if it fails.

# THE YALE-HARVARD REFORMS

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been kicked up in educational circles by a series of changes adopted at Yale, to go into effect a year hence, and by similar changes which Harvard is more than likely to adopt soon. This excitement can be expected to spread to parents of college-age youngsters as news of the nature of the changes gets around, and to the youngsters themselves.

The Yale-Harvard reforms add up to a radical curtailment of the elective system, practiced enthusiastically by most American colleges and universities beginning about 1875.

The philosophy underlying the elective system is that students will learn most easily and thoroughly whatever interests them most, and that therefore they should be allowed the widest latitude in choosing what they will study. It is hoped that this freedom of choice will make the bulk of them intellectually curious, deeply versed in whatever subjects they prefer and lifelong seekers after more and more knowledge.

Unhappily, the elective system has not produced those results in all cases, or nearly all. It appears to be a bit too idealistic for human nature, particularly young human nature. To be frank about it, the elective system has encouraged many a student to choose the easiest courses on the college list and just idle happily along through four carefree years.

The Yale-Harvard reforms are aimed at cutting down some of that waste, while carefully conserving the virtues of the elective system for students who really want to study and know what they want to learn. Those who show such self-knowledge and determination, an
say it with grades averaging 80 and up in their first tw
years in college, will be permitted to go on from the
to any reasonable combination of courses they pleas
Those who don't, won't. They will be required, by an
large, to take courses prescribed for them by the colle
authorities. The object will be to cram good, wel
rounded educations into those who can absorb the
and to weed out those who can't.

Yale, too, has mapped out a thorough trial of th
progressive system of education as against the trad
tional system, the results to be carefully measured an
analyzed for the benefit of educators everywhere.

Far be it from us to go overboard editorially f
these innovations. Maybe they are wise; or maybe
lot of professors are just unduly alarmed about wast
and lost motion, which it may be impossible to avoi
in the complicated job of growing from late childhoo
into adulthood.

But the fact that Yale and Harvard thought o
these experiments at all argues that these institution
are alive to what is going on in the world, and are de
termined to adjust to changing times. Their adventure
with these new ideas should be of the greatest value t
American higher education in general, and of the grea
est interest to all of us who are interested in educatio
Our tip to all such persons would be to pay caref
attention to what happens at Yale and Harvard in th
next six or eight years. It may be an indicator of wha
will happen in American education during the nex
fifty years.

# AGAIN, THE NATIONAL WAR FUND

IT IS always a pleasure to recommend generous contributions to the National War Fund. It was 40,000,000 contributors' privilege to oversubscribe the fund's appeal, together with local Community Chests' appeals, for $250,000,000 last year. Out of the total asked for, the National War Fund got $115,000,000.

The money was well spent, as will be the money raised this year. Again the appeal is for $250,000,000, and the campaign for it is scheduled for the month of October.

Agencies participating in the National War Fund are the famous USO, the United Seamen's Service, War Prisoners Aid, Philippine War Relief; Belgian, British, Chinese, Czechoslovakian, Danish, French, Greek, Dutch, Italian, Lithuanian, Luxemburgian, Norwegian, Polish and Yugoslavian relief societies; American Field Service, Refugee Relief Trustees and U.S. Committe
for the Care of European Children.

That is the list at this writing. The end of the wa
and improvements in the postwar situation may eras
the need of some of these organizations as time goe
by. But as we all know from the tragic reports flowin
in from war-ravaged areas, much of the world is in
very bad way, and needs help that we are able to offe

The way to make your relief contributions cou
most heavily is to give them to the authorized and bon
fide National War Fund—and later this fall, of cours
to the American Red Cross. These contributions ar
deductible on income-tax returns. How about as bi
an oversubscription to the National War Fund this year
in proportion to the size of the appeal, as we've bee
in the habit of rolling up for the war loans?

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